



H. A. Grant

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH

GENERAL GRANT:

A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT, EX-PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES, TO VARIOUS COUNTRIES IN
EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA, IN

1877, 1878, 1879.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

CERTAIN CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT ON QUESTIONS
CONNECTED WITH AMERICAN POLITICS AND HISTORY.

BY

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

WITH EIGHT HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME I.

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TO MRS. JULIA D. GRANT.

MADAM :

Two years ago to-day we embarked at Ville Franche for Italy, Egypt, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Mediterranean—a journey that in time was to extend around the world. In closing my narrative of that journey I recall many events which will live with the history of our time, many days of pageantry and splendor, many scenes of beauty, antiquity, and renown. I am conscious that my printed chronicle will appear feeble and cold to one who saw what I have endeavored to describe. But to have had the honor of telling that story, even in a barren fashion, to have been the companion of yourself and your illustrious husband, I regard as a supreme privilege. Now that my work is done, and our journey around the world becomes a memory, I dwell on nothing with more pleasure than that grace, kindness, and courtesy, that consideration for all, which was ever present to every member of our party, and which brightened many a weary hour of travel. As a token of my grateful remembrance I dedicate to you, Madam, this work, and ask you to accept it as a tribute of my friendship and esteem.

With great respect,

Your sincere friend,

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

NEW YORK, December 13, 1879.

PREFACE.



THE circumstances under which this work has been compiled are so apparent in the narrative, that it is hardly worth while for me to write a preface. But one or two facts may be of interest. It was not with any purpose of writing a book that I accompanied General Grant in his recent travels. That suggestion was made to me during the progress of our journey.

It was my intention to have completed this narrative on my return to the United States. The fact, however, that various publishing concerns in this country—half a dozen, I should think—began at once, upon learning of the intention of the American News Company to print this book, to issue rival editions, based upon letters and dispatches of mine printed in the *New York Herald*, compelled my own publishers to print the early parts of the first volume before my return. The compilation and arrangement of seven of the chapters in the first volume devolved, under the circumstances, upon others, to whom I desire to express my thanks. I refer to Chapters XII., XIII., XIV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and XXII. The substance of these chapters was embraced in the correspondence to the *Herald*—the arrangement of the book is that of Mr. C. R. Parsons. With this slight exception, the work, as it now goes to the reader, is entirely my own.

I have embodied, in various parts of this work, memoranda of certain conversations with General Grant concerning history and politics; also, in some instances—where it could be done without offending—conversations that took place between General Grant and some of the famous men whom he came to know. Wherever I have quoted General Grant, as expressing an opinion, I have asked his permission to do so; and, in fact, he has in most instances obliged me by revising the proof-sheets. This revision, however, applies only to those portions of the text where General Grant himself is quoted. For all the rest I alone am responsible.

I am also under many obligations to my old friend M. C. Hart, for having taken care of the proof-sheets of those parts of the work that appeared before my return to the United States. To James Gordon Bennett, the editor and proprietor of the *New York Herald*—under whose auspices the journey was made—I am indebted for permission to use, in the preparation of the work, the letters I wrote for the *Herald*. I have only partially taken advantage of his kindness, as a large part of what is now printed appears for the first time.

J. R. Y.

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J. H. Richardson
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J. Karst.
Meeder & Chubb.
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AROUND THE WORLD
WITH GENERAL GRANT.





DEPARTURE FROM PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER I.

PHILADELPHIA TO LONDON.

IN the month of May, 1877, the Department of State issued to its representatives in foreign countries the following official note:

“DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 23d, 1877.”

“To the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the United States.”

“GENTLEMEN: General Ulysses S. Grant, the late President of the United States, sailed from Philadelphia on the 17th inst., for Liverpool.

“The route and extent of his travels, as well as the duration of his sojourn abroad, were alike undetermined at the time of his departure, the object of his journey being to secure a few months of rest and recreation after sixteen years of unremitting and devoted labor in the military and civil service of his country.

“The enthusiastic manifestations of popular regard and esteem for General Grant shown by the people in all parts of the country that he has visited since his retirement from official life, and attending his every appearance in public

from the day of that retirement up to the moment of his departure for Europe, indicate beyond question the high place he holds in the grateful affections of his countrymen.

"Sharing in the largest measure this general public sentiment, and at the same time expressing the wishes of the President, I desire to invite the aid of the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the Government to make his journey a pleasant one should he visit their posts. I feel already assured that you will find patriotic pleasure in anticipating the wishes of the Department by showing him that attention and consideration which is due from every officer of the Government to a citizen of the Republic so signally distinguished both in official service and personal renown.

"I am, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"WM. M. EVARTS."

This action on the part of the Government was a fitting manifestation of its esteem and regard for one among the most illustrious of its citizens. These sentiments had been still further emphasized by the people of one of our chief cities, this homage serving to introduce General Grant to the nations of the Old World. General Grant had been from the hour of his retirement on March 4th, 1877, the recipient of more flattering testimonials of respect and admiration than had perhaps ever before fallen to the lot of any American. The successful conducting and victorious termination of the late war between the opposing sections of the country; the judicious direction of the Executive branch of the Government for eight years; the re-establishment of peace and harmony with a great foreign power, when these relations had been seriously threatened; these acts had secured for General Grant a hold upon the heart of the nation which could hardly be too strongly manifested.

Having, as President of the United States, extended to the representatives of foreign states the welcome of America to its Centennial Anniversary Celebration, General Grant was now, in the capacity of a private citizen, about to visit those countries to obtain needed rest, and to inform himself concerning the characteristics and customs of the people of the Old World. It will be generally conceded that no more appropriate occasion could occur for a special recognition of great public services.

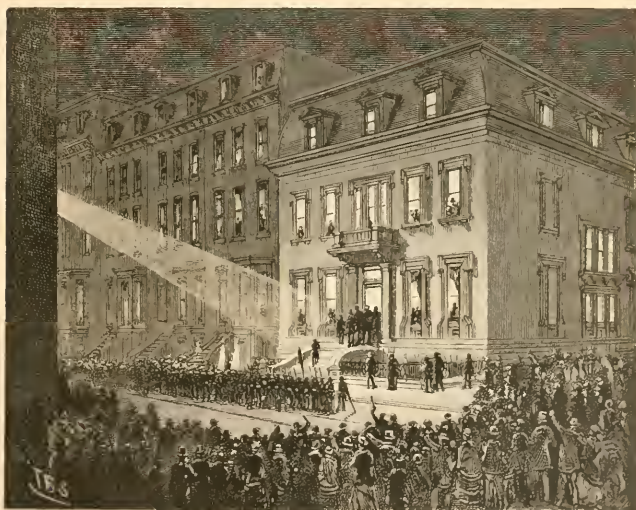
General Grant selected as a medium for the transportation

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of his party to Liverpool the "Indiana," one of the only American line of steamships crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

Having thus chosen this particular steamship line, it was natural that the Philadelphians should take pride and pleasure in extending their hospitality to General Grant; and accordingly, from the hour of his arrival in Philadelphia, its citizens vied with each other in doing him honor.

During the week which elapsed before his departure, the General was the guest of George W. Childs, Esq.



RECEPTION AT THE HOUSE OF G. W. CHILDS.

On May 10th, the day following his arrival in Philadelphia, General Grant visited the "Permanent Exhibition" Building, on the occasion of its opening. The 11th, 12th, and 13th were passed in the enjoyment of the hospitalities of prominent Philadelphians, and on the 14th a reception took place at the Union League Club, the reception closing with a review of the First Regiment Infantry of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. On the 16th a very pretty ceremony took place, when the

soldiers' orphans—wards of the State—marched in procession past Mr. Childs' residence. Generals Grant and Sherman stood on the steps of the house, extending to each little one, as they passed, a pleasant word. On the same day General Grant received the veteran soldiers and sailors, to the number of twelve hundred, in Independence Hall, after which he lunched with Governor Hartranft at Mr. Childs', where in the evening he was serenaded, the house being brilliantly illuminated.

On the 17th, the day appointed for the departure of the "Indiana," Mr. Childs entertained at breakfast, to meet his distinguished guest, the late Secretary of State, Hon. Hamilton Fish, Governor Hartranft, General Sherman, and Hon. Simon Cameron. After the breakfast the party proceeded on board a small steamer and visited the Russian corvette "Cravasser." After a brief stay the steamer proceeded down the river. The party on board now included Mayor Stokley, Henry C. Carey, Esq., General Stewart Van Vleet, Colonel Fred. D. Grant, Major Alexander Thorpe, Hon. Isaac H. Bailey, of New York, U. S. Grant, jr., General Horace Porter, the members of the City Council of Philadelphia, and others. Mrs. Grant and a party of friends were taken down the river to the "Indiana" by the United States revenue cutter "Hamilton," on board of which were Admiral Turner, George W. Childs, Esq., and Mrs. Childs, Hon. A. E. Borie, and Mrs. Borie, A. J. Drexel, Esq., and Mrs. Drexel, Mrs. Sharp—Mrs. Grant's sister—Hon. Morton McMichael, A. Bierstadt, the artist, Hon. John W. Forney, and others.

The wharves on the Delaware were lined with people, who made the air resound with their cheers. Steamers and small craft filled the stream, all decorated with bunting and crowded with enthusiastic people.

A brief stoppage was made at Girard Point, and the following telegraphic dispatches were received by General Grant :

"NEW YORK, May 17th, 1877.

"GENERAL GRANT, *Philadelphia* :

"Mrs. Hayes joins me in heartiest wishes that you and Mrs. Grant may have a prosperous voyage, and, after a happy visit abroad, a safe return to your friends and country.

R. B. HAYES."

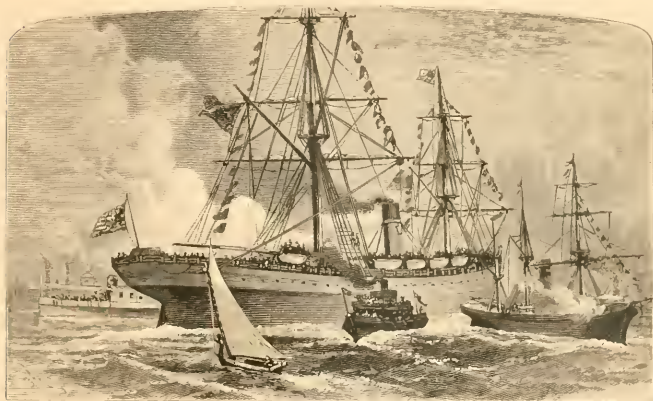
To this General Grant replied:

"STEAMER 'MAGENTA,'

"DELAWARE RIVER, May 17th, 11 o'clock A.M.

"PRESIDENT HAYES, *Executive Mansion, Washington:*

"DEAR SIR: Mrs. Grant joins me in thanks to you and Mrs. Hayes for your kind wishes and your message received on board this boat just as we are pushing out from the wharf. We unite in returning our cordial greetings, and in expressing our best wishes for your health, happiness, and success in your



EMBARKATION IN DELAWARE BAY.

most responsible position. Hoping to return to my country to find it prosperous in business, and with cordial feelings renewed between all sections,

"I am, dear sir, truly yours,

"U. S. GRANT."

On board the "Magenta" luncheon was served, General Grant occupying the head of the table. The first toast of the occasion, offered by Mayor Stokley, was, "God-speed to our honored guest, Ulysses S. Grant." The General responded briefly, being evidently affected by the warmth of the greeting and the compliments which were being showered upon him.

The health of General Sherman was next toasted, and he replied:

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN : This proud welcome along the shores of the Delaware demands a response. General Grant leaves here to-day with the highest rewards of his fellow-citizens, and on his arrival on the other side there is no doubt he will be welcomed by friends with as willing hands and warm hearts as those he leaves behind. Ex-President Grant—General Grant—while you, his fellow-citizens, speak of him and regard him as Ex-President Grant, I cannot



AT SEA.

but think of the times of the war, of General Grant, President of the United States for eight years, yet I cannot but think of him as the General Grant of Fort Donelson. I think of him as the man who, when the country was in the hour of its peril, restored its hopes when he marched triumphant into Fort Donelson. After that none of us felt the least doubt as to the future of our country, and therefore, if the name of Washington is allied with the birth of our country, that of Grant is forever identified with its preservation, its perpetuation. It is not here alone on the shores of the Delaware, that the people love and respect you, but in Chicago and St. Paul, and in far-off San Francisco, the prayers go up to-day that your voyage may be prosperous and pleasant, and that you may have a safe and happy return. General Grant" (extending his hand), "God bless you, God bless you, and grant you a pleasant journey and a safe return to your native land."

Mayor Stokley then said :

"GENERAL GRANT : AS I now feel that it is necessary to draw these festivities to a close, I must speak for the City of Philadelphia. I am sure that I express the feelings of Philadelphia as I extend to you my hand, that I give to you the hands and the hearts of all Philadelphia" (cheers), "and as we part with you now, it is the hope of Philadelphia that God will bless you with a safe voyage and a happy return ; and with these few words I say God bless you, and God direct and care for you in your voyage across the ocean."

General Grant, who was visibly affected, replied :

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN : I feel much overcome with what I have heard. When the first toast was offered I supposed the last words here for me had been spoken, and I feel overcome by the sentiments to which I have lis-

tened, and which I feel I am altogether inadequate to respond to. I don't think that the compliments ought all be paid to me or any one man in either of the positions which I was called upon to fill.

"That which I accomplished—which I was able to accomplish—I owe to the assistance of able lieutenants. I was so fortunate as to be called to the first position in the army of the nation, and I had the good fortune to select lieutenants who could have filled" (turning toward Sherman)—"had it been necessary I believe some of these lieutenants could have filled my place may be better than I did." (Cries of "No.") "I do not, therefore, regard myself as entitled to all the praise.

"I believe that my friend Sherman could have taken my place as a soldier as well as I could, and the same will apply to Sheridan." (Cheers.) "And I believe, finally, that if our country ever comes into trial again, young men will spring up equal to the occasion, and if one fails, there will be another to take his place." (Great cheers.) "Just as there was if I had failed. I thank you again and again, gentlemen, for the hearty and generous reception I have had in your great city." (Prolonged cheers.)



ARRIVAL AT QUEENSTOWN.

Complimentary speeches were also made by Ex-Secretaries Fish, Chandler, Robeson, Senator Cameron, and Governor Hartranft.

The steamer "Indiana," having on board the officers of the

American Line of Steamship Company and a number of invited guests, was reached at 2.40 p.m. by the "Magenta" and "Hamilton." This was off Newcastle, and about thirty-five miles below Philadelphia. Here Mrs. Grant and her son Jesse were transferred from the "Hamilton" to the "Indiana;" after which General Grant, Governor Hartranft, and a few friends passed on board from the "Magenta." A salute of twenty-one guns was now fired from the "Hamilton;" deafening cheers from the crowded steamers were mingled with the shrill noise of the steam whistles; and presently the "Indiana" steamed out from the midst of the fleet.



RELIEF SHIP GEORGE GRISWOLD.

The "Indiana" made the passage to Liverpool in eleven days, arriving on May 28th.

During the voyage the only occurrence calculated to mar its pleasurable features was the death and burial of the child of a steerage passenger.

That reticence which had characterized the manner of the Ex-President during the many years of his onerous and toilsome employment in the service of his country, dropped from him as though it were a mask; now that he was free from official care

and permitted to display that geniality and sympathetic nature which more justly belonged to him. It was established by the universal testimony of those on board the "Indiana," that no more agreeable companion on a sea voyage could be chosen than the General. He smoked and chatted in the smoking room; entered with interest into the diverse games which were proposed; conversed freely on all subjects except politics; and charmed every one by his urbanity and good fellowship. It is even on record that he succeeded in winning the friendship of some persons on board who had been for years politically and personally opposed to him.



ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

General Grant appreciated highly the enthusiasm which had greeted him on his departure from his native land. Such a scene as had accompanied him on his way down the river had never before been witnessed in this country, and it made on its recipient a vivid impression. He could hardly refer to this scene without emotion, and it certainly repaid him, in his own modest estimation, for all his services to his countrymen. General Grant enjoyed the best of health during the entire voyage, never missing a meal. Mrs. Grant suffered slightly from *mal de mer*. According to Captain Sargent, the excellent officer of the ship, General Grant was the most interesting and entertaining talker he had ever met. "In fact," said Captain Sargent, "there is no one who can make himself more entertaining or agreeable in his conversation—when nobody has an 'ax to grind.' " This rough speech gives a better insight into the true reason of General Grant's distaste for talking while in office than could be otherwise expressed in a whole chapter. The fact was that in his official capacity he had always to be

"on guard," as few ever approached him without a selfish purpose, or "an ax to grind."

On the first morning at sea, General Grant said "that he felt better than he had for sixteen years, from the fact that he had no letters to read, and no telegraphic dispatches to attend to." Indeed, this sense of freedom from the strain of such unremitting devotion to severe application was not unnatural in the beginning of General Grant's journey, and was the predominant impression which his manners conveyed to those around him.



FORT OF LIVERPOOL.

General Grant smoked incessantly during the voyage, a test, as every ocean traveler is aware, of any one's capacity to resist the effects of the motion of the sea. The voyage was a rough one, and the weather did not improve as the ship neared port. Off Fastnet Light she had to lay to for eight hours in a fog; when this lifted, the Irish coast was in sight. On the day before arriving at Queenstown, the cabin passengers of the "Indiana" presented to Captain Sargent, her estimable commander, a letter of compliment and thanks for his courtesy as a gentleman, and skill as a seaman, General Grant being the spokesman.

At about seven o'clock on the evening of May 27th, the "Indiana" entered Queenstown harbor. Here a tug boarded the steamship, bringing to meet General Grant, Mr. J. Russell Young, and a number of prominent citizens, who welcomed the General to Ireland, and cordially invited him to remain for a time among them. This deputation was received in the captain's cabin, where General Grant heard their kindly expressions of welcome with evident satisfaction. He responded to



BROWN LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

these briefly, regretting that arrangements already made for the route of his journey would prevent his acceptance of the invitation until a later period, when he should certainly avail himself of their hospitality. Letters and dispatches which had been awaiting were delivered, and the "Indiana" again pushed out to sea, followed by hearty cheers from the kindly Irishmen on the tug. Among the General's letters received at this point, were a large number from the leading statesmen of England, conveying invitations to a round of receptions and dinners—a foretaste of the friendly hospitality which was to characterize his visit.

The "Indiana" arrived at Liverpool on May 28th. Here a bright and pleasant day welcomed the travelers; the ships in the Mersey displayed the American and other flags, and at the dock where the passengers from the steamships landed, the Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. A. R. Walker, was in readiness to receive General Grant, and to extend to him the courtesies of the great commercial city. Here also was General Adam Ba-

deau, the General's old-time aide-de-camp, now United States Consul at London. Friendly salutations having been offered and received, the Mayor of Liverpool addressed General Grant as follows:

"GENERAL GRANT: I am proud that it has fallen to my lot, as Chief Magistrate of Liverpool, to welcome to the shores of England so distinguished a citizen of the United States. You have, sir, stamped your name on the history of the world by your brilliant career as a soldier, and still more as a statesman in the interests of peace. In the name of Liverpool, whose interests are so closely allied with your great country, I bid you heartily welcome, and I hope Mrs. Grant and yourself will enjoy your visit to old England."

General Grant thanked the Mayor for his reception. The Mayor presented to the General several prominent citizens of Liverpool, and then the whole party drove off to the Adelphi Hotel. On the following day the General, accompanied by the Mayor and a deputation of citizens, visited the docks. The party embarked on the tender "Vigilant." The boat proceeded as far as the extreme north end of the river wall, and the party minutely inspected the new dock works in progress. On their return they visited the Town Hall, where they were entertained by the Mayor and a company numbering some sixty or seventy gentlemen and ladies, after which they passed some time in inspecting the Liverpool Free Library. The reception in Liverpool was closed by a banquet tendered to General Grant and his party by the Mayor.

On Wednesday morning, May 30th, General Grant left Liverpool for Manchester, where he was the guest of Mayor Heywood, and publicly received by that official in the Town Hall, being accompanied thither by a deputation of the City Council which met him at the station. He was then escorted on a round of visits among the celebrated manufactories of Manchester to the warehouse of Sir James Watts, to the Assize Courts, and the Royal Exchange. At the latter building a large assemblage of merchants were gathered who received the General enthusiastically. The party was met by the members of Parliament for Manchester—Mr. Birley and Mr. Jacob Bright, and by the Dean of Manchester. The Mayor presented

an address, preceding it by recalling the circumstance that when he previously held the office of Mayor, fourteen years before, it had been his duty to welcome the captain of the "George Griswold" relief ship, which came from America laden with provisions for Lancashire during the cotton famine. The address was then read by the Town Clerk.



THE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

In his reply the General said :

"MR. MAYOR, MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL OF MANCHESTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : It is scarcely possible for me to give utterance to the feelings called forth by the receptions which have been accorded me since my arrival in England. In Liverpool, where I spent a couple of days, I witnessed continuously the same interest that has been exhibited in the streets and in the public buildings of your city. It would be impossible for any person to have so much attention paid to him without feeling it, and it is impossible for me to give expression to the sentiments which have been evoked by it. I had intended upon my arrival in Liverpool to have hastened through to London, and from that city to visit the various points of interest in your country, Manchester being one of the most important among them. I am, and have been for many years, fully aware of the great amount of manufactures of Manchester, many of which find a market in my own country. I was very well aware, during the war, of the sentiments of the great mass of the people of Manchester toward the country to which I have the honor to belong, and also of the sentiments

with regard to the struggle in which it fell to my lot to take a humble part. It was a great trial for us. For your expressions of sympathy at that time there exists a feeling of friendship toward Manchester distinct and separate from that which my countrymen also feel, and I trust always will feel, toward every part of England. I therefore accept on the part of my country, the compliments which have been paid to me as its representative, and thank you for them heartily."

Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P. for Manchester, proposed the



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH AND SIGNAL TOWER—LIVERPOOL.

health of the Mayor, referring to the fact that in the great American conflict General Grant had not fought for conquest or for fame, but to give freedom to the people, and preserve the union of his native land. A wonderful magnanimity had been shown in all his conduct, and it was truly said that, when the conflict was over, he employed all his great influence to obtain generous terms for the vanquished. He trusted that wherever General Grant went in England, he would receive the

honor that was his due.

A deputation of American merchants resident in Manchester waited upon the General at the close of the reception, and offered him a welcome.

On Thursday, the 31st May, General Grant took luncheon with the Mayor and Corporation of Salford. During this entertainment the General, in proposing the health of the Mayor and Mayoress, said :

" My reception since my arrival in England has been to me very expressive, and one for which I have to return thanks on behalf of my country. I cannot help feeling that it is my country that is honored through me. It is the affection which the people of this island have for their children on the other side of the Atlantic, which they express to me as an humble representative of their offspring."

At Leicester an address was presented in behalf of the Mayor, Magistrates, Aldermen and Council of the Borough. In acknowledging this address General Grant said:

"Allow me, in behalf of my country and myself, to return you thanks for this honor, and for your kind reception as well as for the other kind receptions which I have had since the time that I first landed on the soil of Great Britain. As children of this great commonwealth, we feel that you must have some reason to be proud of our advancement since our separation from the mother country. I can assure you of our heartfelt good will, and express to you our thanks on behalf of the American people."

The General was accompanied to London by General Badeau, Mr. Ellis, the chairman of the Midland Railway, and Mr. Allport, the general manager. At Bedford the train was met by the Mayor of the city, who presented him with an address, terming him the Hannibal of the American armies,



TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER.

and praying that he might be spared to enjoy the honors and rewards which would continue to be heaped upon him. The General thanked the Mayor for his courtesy, and regretted that he could not make a speech that would compare with the eloquence of his British friends.

If the reception which had thus far attended General Grant's appearance in England was a surprise to him—and he frequently gave expression to such a sentiment regarding it—to his fellow-citizens at home it was a revelation.

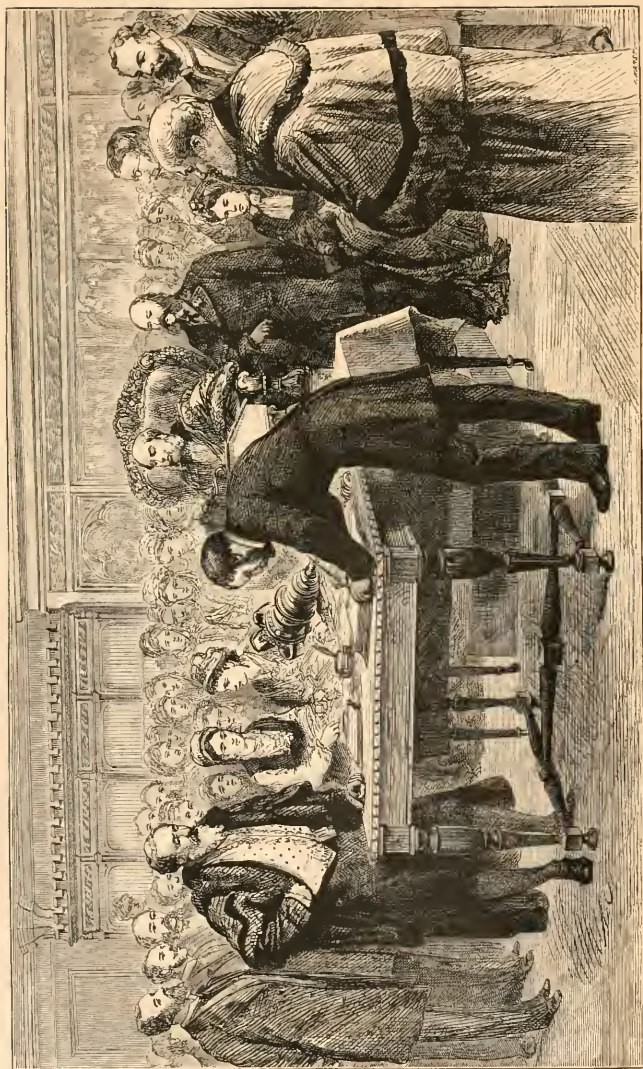
This chapter may not inappropriately be closed by General Grant's letter after his arrival in England, to his friend George W. Childs.

"LONDON, June 19th, 1877.

"MY DEAR MR. CHILDS:

"After an unusually stormy passage for any season of the year, and continuous sea-sickness generally among the passengers after the second day out, we reached Liverpool Monday afternoon, the 28th of May. Jesse and I proved to be among the few good sailors. Neither of us felt a moment's uneasiness during the voyage. I had proposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival and proceed to London, where I knew our Minister had made arrangements for the formal reception, and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy. But what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in port at Liverpool decorated with flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union most conspicuous. The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing-room, and the streets to the hotel where it was understood my party would stop were packed. The demonstration was, to all appearances, as hearty and as enthusiastic as in Philadelphia on our departure. The Mayor was present with his state carriage, to convey us to the hotel; and after that he took us to his beautiful country residence, some six miles out, where we were entertained with a small party of gentlemen, and remained over night. The following day a large party was given at the official residence of the Mayor in the city, at which there were some one hundred and fifty of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most of the cities in the kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for a day at Manchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester and at one other place. The same hearty welcome was shown at each place, as you have no doubt seen. . . . I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud that it is respected by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousies between England and the United States abated, and every sore healed. Together, they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove causes of war by creating mutual interests that would be so much endangered by war. . . .

"U. S. GRANT."



PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



LONDON.

CHAPTER II.

LONDON.

THE narrative of General Grant's visit to London must be confined to a record of the honors paid him by various English public men, by the people, by municipal bodies like that of the City of London, and by the Queen. To print in detail all that was said and written on the occasion of the General's month's stay in London, would be to print a volume. I shall therefore confine myself to the General's movements, and those ceremonies incident to the stay which attracted attention at the time, and which are worthy of remembrance as part of the history of the two countries.

The morning after arriving in London, General Grant went to the Oaks at Epsom, where he met for the first time the Prince of Wales.

On the evening of the 2d of June the General dined with the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House. On Sunday, the 3d, he visited Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley in the course of his sermon making a graceful allusion to the presence in England of the Ex-President of the United States, and the desire of the English people to honor America by honoring its illustrious representative.

On the evening of the 5th, Mr. Pierrepont, the American Minister, gave the General a reception at his house in Cavendish Square. Cavendish Square is the center of what may be called



OAKS AT EUSOM.

the Faubourg Centralain of London. The American Embassy is a fine old English mansion, with a capacious interior, but with a dark, somber exterior. It adjoins a grim castellated edifice which is the residence of the Duke of Portland, from which Thackeray is said to have drawn his description of the House of the Marquis of Stein in "Vanity Fair." Cavendish Square is the center of the homes of the Bentincks and other great noblemen, and was the refuge for the aristocracy when driven from their houses in Soho Square, by the mob of 1730. It is traversed by "the long unlovely street" where Hallam lived, of which Tennyson writes in "In Memoriam." The Pierrepont

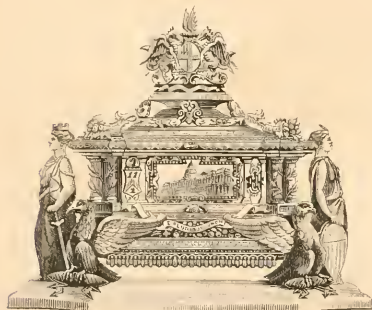
reception was attended by leading representatives of both parties. Lord Beaconsfield sent his regrets that he could not attend on account of illness. The royal family were absent because the court was in mourning for the recently deceased Queen of the Netherlands. Among those who crowded the capacious saloons of the embassy were the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Leeds and the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Hertford, Earl Derby, Earl Shaftesbury, John Bright, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, the Marquis of Ripon, the Marquis of Lorne, and representatives of every phase of English society. On the 6th of June, the General dined with Lord Carnarvon. On the 7th he was presented at court. On the 8th he made a hurried visit to Bath, where an address was presented by the Mayor. On the evening of the 8th there was a dinner at the Duke of Devonshire's and a reception by Consul-General Badeau. The latter was a brilliant affair, and was attended by large numbers of the nobility and many notable persons of English society. On the 9th, there was a dinner with Lord Granville. On the 10th, General Grant dined with Sir Charles Dilke.

Two or three days were given by the General to a visit to Southampton, where his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, resides. This was a pleasant episode in the routine of dinners, receptions, and excitement. The General and family enjoyed exceedingly their drives round the southern coast to Netley Abbey and other places of historic interest about Southampton, which never looked so beautiful as in this calm summer weather.

On the 15th of June took place one of the most important incidents connected with the General's visit to Europe—the conferring upon him of the freedom of the City of London. This is the highest honor that can be paid by this ancient and renowned corporation. The freedom of the city was presented in a gold casket. The obverse central panel contains a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the General's monogram and the arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall and an inscription. At the end are two figures, also in gold, representing the City of London and the Republic of the United States.

These figures bear enameled shields. At the corners are double columns, laurel-wreathed, with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia, as a compliment to the fertility and prosperity of the United States. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the City of London, and in the decorations are interwoven the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle. The casket is supported by American eagles in gold, standing on a velvet plinth decorated with stars and stripes.

The ceremonies attending the presentation of the freedom of the City of London are stately and unique. Guildhall, one of the most ancient and picturesque buildings in the city, was specially prepared for the occasion, and eight hundred guests



CASKET—FREEDOM OF LONDON.

were invited to the banquet, a considerable proportion of them being ladies. There were the members of the Corporation, the American Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, members of Parliament, and representatives of the American colony resident in London. On arriving at the Guildhall the General

was received by a deputation of four aldermen, with the chairman and four members of the City Lands Committee, including the mover and seconder of the resolution presenting the freedom. This deputation conducted the General to his place in the Common Council on the left hand of the Lord Mayor. The Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas White, came in state from the Mansion House. The passage leading to the library was guarded by a detachment of the London Rifle Brigade.

At one o'clock the Common Council was opened in ordinary form for the transaction of business. The Council never deviates from its established routine, not even for ceremonies. A resolution was passed with reference to some ordinary matter

of municipal interest, and the Town Clerk read the minutes of the past meeting. This over, the Chamberlain, Mr. B. Scott, addressed General Grant and said:

"The unprecedented facilities of modern travel, and the running to and fro of all classes in our day, have brought to our shores unwonted visitors from Asia, as well as from Europe—rulers of empires both ancient and of recent creation; but amongst them all we have not as yet received a President of the United States of America—a power great, flourishing, and free, but so youthful that it celebrated only last year its first centennial. A visit of the ruling Presi-



MEETING THE PRINCE OF WALES.

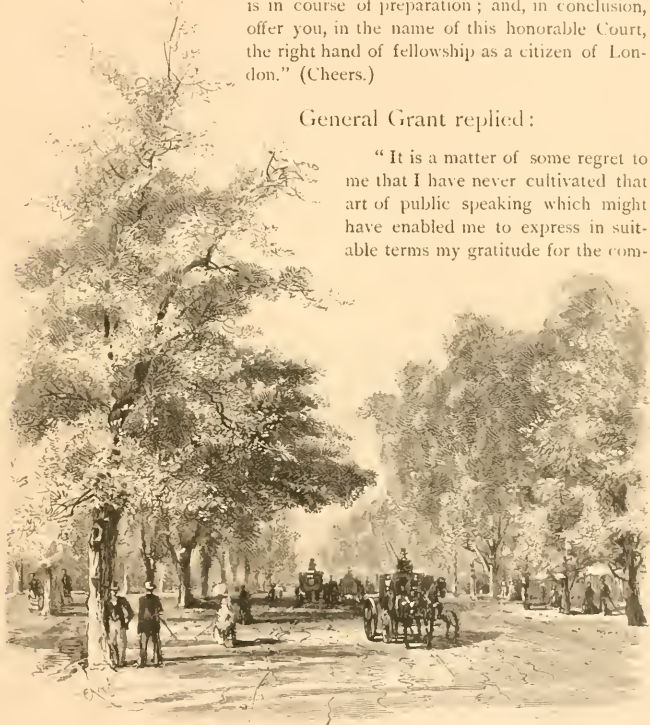
dent of those States is scarcely to be looked for, so highly valued are his services at home during his limited term of office; you must bear with us, therefore, General, if we make much of an Ex-President of the great Republic of the New World visiting the old home of his fathers. It is true that those first fathers—Pilgrim Fathers we now call them—chafed under the straitness of the parental rule, and sought in distant climes the liberty then denied them at home; it is true, likewise, that their children subsequently resented the interference, well intended if unwise, of their venerated parent, and manifested a spirit of independence of parental restraint not unbecoming in grown-up sons of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Yet, for all this, there is furnished from time to

time, abundant evidence that both children and parent have forgotten old differences and forgiven old wrongs; that the children continue to revere the mother country, while she is not wanting in maternal pride at witnessing so numerous, so thriving, and so freedom-loving a race of descendants. If other indications were wanting of mutual feelings of regard, we should find them, on the one hand, in the very hospitable and enthusiastic reception accorded to the Heir Apparent to the British throne, and subsequently to H. R. H. Prince Arthur, when, during your presidency, he visited your country; and on the other hand, in the cordial reception which, we are gratified to observe, you have received from the hour when you set foot on the shores of Old England. In this spirit, and with these convictions, the Corporation of London receives you to-day with all kindness of welcome, desiring to compliment you and your country in your person by conferring upon you the honorary freedom of their ancient city—a freedom which had existence more than eight centuries before your first ancestors set foot on Plymouth Rock; a freedom confirmed to the citizens, but not originated, by the Norman conqueror, which has not yet lost its significance or its value, although the liberty which it symbolizes has been extended to other British subjects, and has become the inheritance of the great Anglo-American family across the Atlantic. But we not only recognize in you a citizen of the United States, but one who has made a distinguished mark in American history—a soldier whose military capabilities brought him to the front in the hour of his country's sorest trial, and enabled him to strike the blow which terminated fratricidal war and reunited his distracted country; who also manifested magnanimity in the hour of triumph, and amidst the national indignation created by the assassination of the great and good Abraham Lincoln, by obtaining for vanquished adversaries the rights of capitulated brethern in arms, when some would have treated them as traitors to their country. We further recognize in you a President upon whom was laid the honor, and with it the responsibility, during two terms of office, of a greater and more difficult task than that which devolved upon you as a general in the field—that of binding up the bleeding frame of society which had been rent asunder when the demon of slavery was cast out. That the constitution of the country over which you were thus called to preside survived so fearful a shock, that we saw it proud and progressive, celebrating its centennial during the last year of your official rule, evinces that the task which your countrymen had committed to you did not miscarry in your hands. That such results have been possible must, in fairness, be attributed in no inconsiderable degree to the firm but conciliatory policy of your administration at home and abroad, which is affirmed of you by the resolution of this honorable Court whose exponent and mouthpiece I am this day. May you greatly enjoy your visit to our country at this favored season of the year, and may your life be long spared to witness in your country, and in our own—the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family—a career of increasing amity, mutual respect, and honest, if spirited rivalry—rivalry in trade, commerce, agriculture, and manufacture; in the arts, science, and literature; rivalry in the highest of all arts, how best to promote the well-being and to develop the

industry of nations, how to govern them for the largest good to the greatest number, and for the advancement of peace, liberty, morality, and the consequent happiness of mankind. Nothing now remains, General, but that I should present to you an illuminated copy of the resolutions of this honorable Court, for the reception of which an appropriate casket is in course of preparation; and, in conclusion, offer you, in the name of this honorable Court, the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London." (Cheers.)

General Grant replied:

"It is a matter of some regret to me that I have never cultivated that art of public speaking which might have enabled me to express in suitable terms my gratitude for the com-



THE AVENUE, SOUTHAMPTON.

pliment which has been paid to my countrymen and myself on this occasion. Were I in the habit of speaking in public, I should claim the right to express my opinion, and what I believe will be the opinion of my countrymen when the proceedings of this day shall have been telegraphed to them. For myself, I have been very much surprised at my reception at all places since the day I landed at Liverpool up to my appearance in this the greatest

city in the world. It was entirely unexpected, and it is particularly gratifying to me. I believe that this honor is intended quite as much for the country which I have had the opportunity of serving in different capacities, as for myself, and I am glad that this is so, because I want to see the happiest relations existing, not only between the United States and Great Britain, but also between the United States and all other nations. Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace. I hope that we shall always settle our differences in all future negotiations as amicably as we did in a recent instance. I believe that settlement has had a happy effect on both countries, and that from month to month, and year to year, the tie of common civilization and common blood is getting stronger between the two countries. My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen, I again thank you for the honor you have done me and my country to-day."

At the conclusion of this speech, which was received with hearty cheering, General Grant subscribed his name to the roll of honorary freemen, and after that attended a luncheon. This was served on twenty tables. After drinking the health of the Queen, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of General Grant. Perhaps I can give no better description of the General's speech, and of the impression it made upon those present, than by quoting the account from the pen of George W. Smalley, the distinguished correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who was among the guests present. I did not have the opportunity of attending the festivities at the Guildhall, and therefore borrow Mr. Smalley's pen as that of an accomplished eye-witness. Speaking of General Grant as an orator, a character in which he had never before appeared, Mr. Smalley said that he had heard three speeches in one day. "The first," said Mr. Smalley, "was a somewhat elaborate address in the library of the Guildhall, in response to the still more elaborate address of the Chamberlain in offering him the freedom of the City of London. It was thoroughly well done in manner and matter. The second was at lunch in the Guildhall, and was simply a gem. It is so clumsily reported in this morning's papers that I insert here the true version. The Lord Mayor having proposed, and the guests having drunk General Grant's health, the General replied in these words: 'My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen: Habits

formed in early life and early education press upon us as we grow older. I was brought up a soldier—not to talking. I am not aware that I ever fought two battles on the same day in the same place, and that I should be called upon to make two speeches on the same day under the same roof is beyond my understanding. What I do understand is, that I am much indebted to all of you for the compliment you have paid me. All I can do is to thank the Lord Mayor for his kind words, and to thank the citizens of Great Britain here present in the name of my country and for myself.

"I never heard," continues Mr. Smalley, "a more perfect speech of its kind than that. There is



NETLEY ABBEY.

a charm, a felicity in the turn of one or two of its phrases that would do credit to the best artists in words—to Mr. Kinglake or to Mr. Matthew Arnold themselves. Later in the day, at the quiet and almost private dinner at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Thomas Hughes asked the company, in a few words full of grace and feeling, to drink the health of General Grant. Mr. Hughes took pains to say that the occasion was not formal, and

that he did not mean to impose upon his guest the burden of a reply. General Grant sat looking up into Mr. Hughes' face; there was a moment's pause, and then the General, screwing himself slowly up out of his chair till he stood erect on his feet, said: 'Mr. Hughes, I must none the less tell you what gratification it gives me to hear my health proposed in such hearty words by 'Tom Brown of Rugby.' I do not know what could be better than that. Still later in the evening, during the exhibition of fireworks, General Grant sat silent while his own portrait—a capital likeness—was drawn in lines of changing flame against the dark background of Beckenham Hills. Not a muscle moved; there was not a sign of pleasure at the splendid compliment paid him; not a movement of recognition for the cheers with which the great crowd below hailed the portrait. But when this had burnt out, and the next piece—a sketch of the building which crowns the heights above the Potomac—was blazing, a slight smile parted the General's lips as he remarked to Lady Ripon, who sat next to him: 'They have burnt me in effigy, and now they are burning the Capitol!'

The entertainment at the Crystal Palace to which Mr. Smalley refers, was specially arranged for General Grant. The American and English national airs were played. "Hearts of Oak" was sung by Signor Toli, and was followed by "Hail Columbia" on the whole band. There was an anniversary overture with a chorus, written by S. G. Pratt, of Chicago, dedicated to General Grant, and performed for the first time in England on the occasion of his visit to the Crystal Palace.

Signor Campobello sang Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," and Mrs. Osgood, with a chorus, "The Star-spangled Banner."

On the 16th of June, the General and family dined with the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, at the Kensington Palace, and on the 17th with Mr. Morgan, the banker. On the 18th, Mr. Smalley, the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, entertained the General at breakfast at his beautiful house in Hyde Park Square. This was a famous gathering in some respects. Among those present were Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, A. W. Kinglake, Anthony Trollope, Professor Hux-

ley, Thomas Hughes, F. H. Hill, editor of the *Daily News*, the Rt. Hon. Jas. Stansfeld, and others. John Bright sent a regret at his inability to be present. In the evening there was a dinner at the Reform Club, Lord Granville, wearing his ribbon and star of the Garter, presiding. This dinner was given in the House Room of the club, and those present were mostly representative of the Liberal party in England. Mr. Pierrepont, the Minister, had some scruples about attending, not wishing, in his representative capacity, to be present at a political demonstration.



CRYSTAL PALACE.

Among those present were Mr. Geo. H. Boker, the American Minister to Russia, Mr. Mundella, W. E. Forster, Mr. Bagston, Frederick Harrison, and others. After the toast of the Queen had been proposed, Mr. Forster made a speech welcoming General Grant, and paying a compliment to President Hayes for his reunion policy, which, he thought, would end by making the United States what they were before the war, really one country, and what they were not before the war, one country and free at the same time. To this Mr. Boker made response, dwelling upon the importance of sustaining friendly relations between

England and America, and recalling the anxiety that all Americans felt for English friendship during our war with the South. Lord Granville then proposed the health of General Grant, in the course of which he alluded to the beneficent results accruing to both nations from the amicable settlement of the Alabama Claims. The General in his response said: "I am overwhelmed by the kindness shown to me in England, and not only to me, but to my country. I regret that I am unable adequately to express—even with the aid in doing so of the omnipresent enterprise of the *New York Herald*—to express my thanks for the courtesy I have received. I hope the opportunity may be afforded me, in calmer and more deliberate moments, to put on record my hearty recognition of the fraternal sentiments of the English people and the desire of America to render an adequate return. The speech of Lord Granville has inspired thoughts which it is impossible for me adequately to present. Never have I lamented so much as now my poverty in phrases—my inability to give due expression of my affection for the mother country." He trusted that his life would have no higher aim than to contribute as much as possible to the union of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world.

On the evening of the 19th of June, the General dined at the Prince of Wales's, at Marlborough House, where he met the Emperor of Brazil. After dinner, he drove to the office of the *London Times*, and was received by J. C. Macdonald, the manager of that paper, and was shown over all the departments of that ancient and interesting institution. On the 20th, there was a dinner at Lord Ripon's. On the 21st he dined with Minister Pierrepont to meet the Prince of Wales. On the 22d, Mrs. Hicks, an American lady resident in London, gave a reception, at which he was present, while in the evening he attended the opera at Covent Garden, witnessing the performance of "Martha." The General was accompanied by Mrs. Grant and General Badeau. The curtain rose upon their entrance, disclosing Mlle. Albani and the full chorus of the company, the rear of the stage being grouped with American flags. The General wore his uniform as general. Mlle. Albani sang the

"Star-spangled Banner" with full chorus and orchestral accompaniment, while the whole audience and the General remained standing. On the evening of the 22d there was a banquet given by the Trinity Corporation in their hall on Tower Hill, the Prince of Wales presiding. The company was a distinguished and brilliant one. Among others were Prince Leopold, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Prince of Leiningen, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Derby, and others. The Prince of



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Wales in his speech said: "It is a matter of peculiar gratification to us as Englishmen to receive as our guest General Grant. I can assure him for myself and for all loyal subjects of the Queen, that it has given me the greatest pleasure to see him as a guest in this country." This reference to the General was received with cheers. Lord Carnarvon, who was then Secretary for Home Affairs, proposed General Grant's health. Speaking of the relations between America and England, Lord

Carnarvon said he believed the two countries were entering upon a new era of mutual trust, mutual sympathy, and mutual support and strength. "I have had, perhaps," said Lord Carnarvon, "special opportunities of observing this in the office I have the honor of holding. It has been my duty to be connected with the great Dominion of Canada, stretching as it does several thousand miles along the frontier of the United States, and during the last three or four years I can truthfully say that nothing impressed me more, or gave me more lively satisfaction, than the interchange of friendship and good offices which took place between the two countries under the auspices of General Grant." The General thanked the Prince of Wales and the gentlemen present for the compliment paid to him, and the dinner came to an end.

The next morning General Grant drove to Richmond Park to pay a visit to the late Earl Russell. This distinguished nobleman was living in retirement, at an advanced age, having quitted public life, spending his few remaining years at Pembroke Lodge, a house given to him by the Queen. The General found Lord Russell extremely well considering his years, and they had an interesting conversation on the relations between America and England, arising out of the war, and about the part Lord Russell played during the war. On Monday there was an entertainment at Mr. McHenry's house, Holland Park, and a dinner with Lord Derby at St. James's Square.

The Queen of England showed a desire to pay a compliment to General Grant and the United States by an invitation to the General and his family to visit Windsor Castle. The invitation was as follows: "The Lord Steward of Her Majesty's household is commanded by the Queen to invite Mr. and Mrs. Grant to dinner at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday, the 27th inst., and to remain until the following day, the 28th of June, 1877." Invitations were also extended to Mr. Pierrepont and his wife, J. R. Grant and General Badeau. On the 26th of June the party left for Windsor by the afternoon train. At half-past eight, the Queen, surrounded by her court, received General Grant in the

magnificent corridor leading to her private apartments in the Quadrangle. The Quadrangle is formed by the state apartments on the north, the historical Round Tower on the west, and the private apartments of the Queen and the royal household on the south and east. This corridor is 520 feet long, and extends round the south and east sides of the Quadrangle. The ceiling, which is lofty, is divided into large squares, the centers of which bear a number of ornamental devices, typical of ancient, modern, and ecclesiastical history. The dinner was served in the Oak Room. Among those present were Prince Leopold, Prince



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Christian, Princess Beatrice, Lord and Lady Derby, the Duchess of Wellington, General Badeau, and others. The ladies were dressed in black with white trimmings, owing to the recent decease of the Queen of Holland. During the dinner a dispatch was received from Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, as follows:

“ PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

“ *From* GENERAL HARTRANFT, *Commander-in-Chief,*

“ *To* GENERAL U. S. GRANT, *care of* H. M. THE QUEEN :

“ Your comrades, in national encampment assembled, in Rhode Island, send

heartiest greetings to their old commander, and desire, through England's Queen, to thank England for Grant's reception."

To this the General responded :

"Grateful for telegram. Conveyed message to the Queen. Thank my old comrades."

The dispatch came just as the party were assembling for dinner, and was given by the General to her majesty, who expressed much pleasure at the kind greeting from America. During the dinner the band of the Grenadier Guards played in the Quadrangle. After dinner the Queen entered into conversation with the party, and about ten took her leave, followed by her suite. The evening was given to conversation and whist, with members of the royal household, and at half-past eleven they retired. The next morning the General and party took their leave of Windsor and returned to London.

When the General landed in Liverpool, he promised to return to that city and accept a dinner from the Mayor and corporation. This promise he was unable to fulfill until the 28th. On the evening of that day he arrived at Liverpool, accompanied by his son and General Badeau, and at once drove to the house of the Mayor, Mr. Walker. About two hundred and fifty guests attended the banquet, mainly citizens of the flourishing and prosperous town of Liverpool. In proposing a toast to General Grant, the Mayor congratulated himself on the fact that Liverpool was the first place in which the General set foot on British soil. The band played "Hail Columbia," and General Grant in response said :

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN : You have alluded to the hearty reception given to me on my first landing on the soil of Great Britain, and the expectations of the Mayor that this reception would be equaled throughout the island have been more than realized. It has been far beyond anything I could have expected." (Cheers.) "I am a soldier, and the gentlemen here beside me know that a soldier must die. I have been a President, but we know that the term of the presidency expires, and when it has expired he is no more than a dead soldier." (Laughter and cheers.) "But, gentlemen, I have met with a reception that would have done honor to any living person." (Cheers.) "I feel, however, that the compliment has been paid, not to me, but to my country. I cannot help but

at this moment being highly pleased at the good feeling and good sentiment which now exist between the two peoples who of all others should be good friends. We are of one kindred, of one blood, of one language, and of one civilization, though in some respects we believe that we, being younger, surpass the mother country." (Laughter.) "You have made improvements on the soil and the surface of the earth which we have not yet done, but which we do not believe will take us as long as it took you." (Laughter and applause.) "I heard some military remarks which impressed me a little at the time—I am not quite sure whether they were in favor of the volunteers or against them. I can only say from my own observation that you have as many troops at Aldershot as we have in the whole of our regular army, notwithstanding we have many thou-



BANQUET AT LIVERPOOL.

sands of miles of frontier to guard and hostile Indians to control. But if it became necessary to raise a volunteer force, I do not think we could do better than follow your example. General Fairchild and myself are examples of volunteers who came forward when their assistance was necessary, and I have no doubt that if you ever needed such services you would have support from your reserve forces and volunteers, far more effective than you can conceive." (Cheers.)

In concluding, the General proposed the health of the Mayor, and the banquet came to an end.

On the evening of the 29th, General Grant dined at the Grosvenor Hotel to meet many of the leading journalists of

London. In describing this dinner, Mr. Smalley, of the *New York Tribune*, says:

"General Grant himself—who must by this time rank as an expert in such matters—pronounces his dinner at the Grosvenor Hotel on Friday, one of the most enjoyable among the many given him in London. Nearly all the newspaper men present were, naturally enough, Englishmen. You will hardly find their names mentioned in any English paper, so close is the veil which English journalism delights to throw around the individuals who make it their profession. I hope no great harm will be done if I lift a corner of the veil, and give

you a glimpse of some of the men who help to govern Great Britain.

"I could not begin with a name less known or more worthy of being known than that of Thomas Walker, some time editor of *The Daily News*.

Possibly he is bet-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ter known in America than here. If fame depended on solid service done, his fame ought to be a wide one in America. He it was who put that powerful journal on our side in 1861, and kept it there through the long period of disaster and discouragement which saw almost every other London paper steadily defending the cause of the Rebellion. This act Mr. Walker did against influences which would have overborne the judgment of most men—against even the remonstrances of the owners of *The Daily News*, who feared peril to their property from the policy it supported. We can't afford to forget a man who risked and endured so much for us. General Grant did not forget it, I am glad to say, but when Mr. Walker was presented to him, greeted him with a warmth he does not always display. For

similar reasons something of the General's usual reserve disappeared when he shook hands with Mr. Frank Hill, the present editor of the same paper, who has kept it true to its old traditions of friendship with America. I have had to mention Mr. Frank Hill now and then—once as the author of that volume of 'Political Portraits' which is one of the most brilliant of modern contributions to political literature. His is the no less brilliant and solid paper in the last *Fortnightly* on the Duc de Broglie. Not far off sat Mr. Robinson, the manager of the same paper, to whose energy and genius for news-gathering so



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

much of its recent commercial success is due. Other contributors to this great journal were present: Mr. Fraser Rae, whom you know in America as an excellent writer, and who has published books in other departments: Mr. Pigott, once a leader-writer, now Censor of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's Office; Mr. Lucy, who does its Parliamentary summary every night, who wrote the famous 'Under the Clock' series for *The World* (London), and who is now the editor of a weekly paper set up as a rival to that, and known as *Mayfair*—a very readable collection of chat, and of things better than chat.

"*The Times* was represented by Mr. MacDonald, its business manager for twenty years, and news manager also since the death of Mr. Mowbray Morris. To say that a man has held such a position as that on the leading journal of the world for such a length of time is eulogy enough—not that I mean to occupy myself with eulogy-making on him or anybody else. His colleague, Mr. Stebbing, is a younger man, whose work lies in the editorial wing of the paper—if so much may be said

without seeking to penetrate the profound mystery which envelops the whole of that part of the establishment. Later in the evening came Mr. Macdonell, a *Times* leader-writer, known in newspaper circles for the finish and accuracy of his work. Opposite Mr. Frank Hill, the editor of *The Daily News*, sat Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, opposed in almost every sense and on almost every question of public policy. Of Mr. Greenwood, too, I have rather lately been writing



RECEPTION AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION

with as much freedom as I ought, or more; and of him, too, it may be said that his success in making *The Pall Mall Gazette* what it is, is one of the conspicuous facts in modern journalism. Mr. Traill, of the same paper, is a man of letters, a student of other literatures beside English, whose recent article on Paul Louis Courier I hope every American journalist read. *The Daily Telegraph* is present in the person of Mr. Sala, its most versatile and popular correspondent, and the writer of its social and many other articles. Mr. Edward Dicey was once, and

perhaps still is, a contributor to that journal, but is now editor in his own right of *The Observer*, the one Sunday paper which ranks by its ability and enterprise with the dailies of London, an old paper to which Mr. Dicey has brought fresh power and talent enough to give it of late years a more important position than it ever had before. He, too, is known in America by his own services, and by the fact of having married one of the most beautiful and accomplished of American women. Mr. Edmund Yates you know, also novelist and journalist, now editor of *The World*, which was the first and is still the most widely circulated, and one of the most readable of what I have taken the liberty to call Boulevard weeklies.

“My catalogue is already a long one, but I dare say I have omitted some names, and I must at any rate include three American journalists who were present: Mr. Conway, of whom we are all proud; Mr. William Winter, your graceful dramatic critic, and Mr. Chamberlain, the promising son of the veteran writer who was so long Mr. Greeley's personal friend and political opponent. Among guests who do not belong to the profession were the Minister of the United States, and next to him Monsignor Capel, a dark-faced man whom, being a born Puritan, I set down as having the face of a Jesuit (which I believe he is), but a genial and cultivated man, renowned in London as a capital talker. Mr. Roscoe Conkling attracts general attention, his personal gifts and bearing being at least as conspicuous in an English as in an American assembly. Next General Grant came Sir Joseph Fayrer, an Anglo-Indian of twenty-two years' experience, who showed perhaps equal courage in the immortal defense of Lucknow and in forbidding the Prince of Wales to go to Madras. A square-faced man he is, between whom and General Grant there are points of ready sympathy, and talk goes freely on. General Badeau sits at the other end of the upper table; Mr. Macmillan, the eminent publisher, and his partner, Mr. Craik; Mr. Norman Lockyer, the War-Office clerk and astronomer; Mr. Puleston, M.P.; Mr. James Payn, Mr. Theodore M. Davis, Mr. J. R. Grant, are all there; and that man with the clear-cut face, whom you might pick out as the

descendant of a dozen earls, but who has done his fighting in person instead of through his ancestors, and wears an empty sleeve, is General Fairchild, our Consul in Liverpool, and an excellent consul he is. These, you will agree, are the materials of good company and good folk, and General Grant's pleasure in the entertainment given him need surprise nobody. I might add a good deal about the dinner itself, and about the decorations of the rooms, and all that contributed to the perfection of the festival. I should even like to report some of the talk, were that a permissible liberty to take. But one must draw the line somewhere ; even a newspaper correspondent has occasional scruples."

On the 3d of July, General Grant received, at the house of General Badeau, a deputation composed of many of the leading representatives of the workingmen of London and the provinces. This deputation represented the engineers, iron founders, miners, and various classes of industry. In introducing it, Mr. Broadhurst, Secretary of the Workingmen's League, said that those who sent the address of welcome to General Grant represented the most important laboring towns. While they differed on various social and political points, they all agreed in their admiration of the Ex-President, and their grateful remembrance of the part taken by the General's administration in securing the representation of industry on the American Commission of the Vienna Exhibition. The address was handsomely engrossed on vellum, and was read by Mr. Guile, of the Iron Founders' Society. General Grant in response said :

"GENTLEMEN : In the name of my country I thank you for the address you have just presented to me. I feel it a great compliment paid to my Government, to the former Government, and one to me personally. Since my arrival on British soil I have received great attentions, and, as I feel, intended in the same way for my country. I have received attentions and have had ovations, free hand-shakings, and presentations from different classes, and from the Government, and from the controlling authorities of cities, and have been received in the cities by the populace. But there is no reception I am prouder of than this one to-day. I recognize the fact that whatever there is of greatness in the United States, or indeed in any other country, is due to the labor performed. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without

labor there would be no government, or no leading class, or nothing to preserve. With us labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded it is that man dishonors labor. We recognize that labor dishonors no man; and no matter what a man's occupation is he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people. His occupation is not considered in the selection of him, whether as a lawmaker or an executor of the law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, all I can do is to renew my thanks to you for the address, and to repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class since my arrival on this soil which has given me more pleasure."

A "free hand-shaking" with General Grant on the part of all



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

the forty members of the deputation followed, and they then withdrew.

In the evening the General dined at the United Service Club, to meet a large number of officers of the army and navy. The Duke of Cambridge presided. Among those present were the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir George Sartorius, who was a midshipman in the vessel which Nelson commanded at Trafalgar in 1805. This dinner was essentially private, but it afforded the

General great pleasure to meet so many distinguished officers of the British army and navy.

On the 4th of July there was a reception at the American Embassy. In the evening a private dinner was given by Mr. Pierrepont to the following gentlemen: Senator Conkling, Governor Hendricks, Judge Wallis, the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston, Chancellor Reimsen of New Jersey, Monsignor Capel, Mr. Hopping, G. W. Smalley, J. R. Grant, and J. R. Young. This was the General's last dinner in London previous to his departure to the Continent. Perhaps I cannot better close this chapter than by repeating the observations of Mr. Smalley in his letter to *The Tribune*: "The Fourth of July was observed in London at the Legation, and so far as I know at the Legation only. The papers announced that the Minister of the United States and Mrs. Pierrepont would receive Americans from four to seven in the afternoon, General Grant and Mrs. Grant to be present. The Americans presented themselves in large numbers. It is the season when a good many of our countrymen are in London, on their way to the Continent, and not a few such birds of passage thronged the rooms of the Legation yesterday afternoon. Of resident Americans there were also many—so many that I won't undertake to repeat their names. And there was a pretty large sidewalk committee outside, attracted by the American flag which floated over the doorway, and by the carriages setting down company—the latter always a favorite sight with the poor devils who spend their days in the street. Whether because it was the great Saint's Day of America, or of any other equally good reason, a vast deal of what is called good feeling is shown—a degree of cordiality in the greetings between acquaintances greater than might be expected when you consider that these same people live three-fourths of the year or more in the same town and within a few miles of each other, but are seldom on intimate terms. There are no dissensions to speak of among Americans here (though there have been), but neither is there much gregariousness. Patriotism got the upper hand yesterday, however. The lion and the lamb took tea together—nay,

dined together later. Pretty girls abounded. The American girl is always pretty, or, at least, always expected by the Briton to be pretty. The Briton was not there yesterday to see how many of them there were. California contributed its quota; Boston and New York were not unrepresented; Baltimore sent a belle or two, and there were ladies no longer to be called girls who might have disputed with the best of their younger sisters for the palm of beauty. I think I noticed in my fellow citizens a slight uncertainty as to the sort of costume that ought to be



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

worn on so solemn an occasion. The white tie was prematurely seen—it was only five o'clock in the afternoon, and your true Englishman never wears it before dinner, and dinner is never before eight—and some dress coats covered the manly form. I don't think I saw any ladies without bonnets. General Grant arrived a little late, and till he came nobody went away, so that the crush in Mr. Pierrepont's spacious rooms was for some time considerable. General and Mrs. Grant held a levee whether they would or no; their admiring and eager countrymen and countrywomen swarmed about them. Once more the General

might have fancied himself in the White House, judging by the severity of the 'free hand-shakings' he underwent. Not a man or a woman of those who gathered about spared him, nor did he flinch; but we dare say he reflected with pleasure that he was going to countries where hand-shaking is much less in fashion than here or at home.

"Last of all, the General dined, on the evening of the 4th, at the Legation of the United States. The occasion was not made a very ceremonious one; with a single exception, only Americans were put on guard that night. The exception was Monsignor Capel. The dinner was so far informal and private that I hardly know whether I am right in saying anything about it. Most of the distinguished Americans known to be passing through London were invited, and were present. The list included Senator Conkling, Governor Hendricks, Judge Wallis of the United States District Court—the same who lately tried the Emma Mine case—the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston, and Chancellor Remsen of New Jersey. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Pierrepont were the only ladies present. The evening was a very pleasant one, and was greatly enjoyed by all. As the General proposed starting next day for a short run to the Continent, the guests departed at an early hour, wishing the party a pleasant trip through Belgium and Switzerland."



RECEPTION AT WINDSOR BY THE QUEEN.



OSTEND.

CHAPTER III.

A RUN TO THE CONTINENT.

WHEN General Grant returned from his visit to Liverpool, he found the summer days in London, the season dead, and everybody out of town. He consequently postponed his visit to Scotland and the North of England until he had made a short trip on the Continent. As most of the countries visited by General Grant during this journey will be referred to in other parts of this book, I shall confine this chapter to noting the incidents of the journey, so far as they affected General Grant personally, and showed a disposition on the part of foreign countries and American citizens abroad to do him honor. To recount in detail every ceremony and festivity which awaited the General around the world would be to write five volumes instead of one. While I am tempted therefore to dwell upon beautiful scenery, social aspects, industry and commerce, and any feature of interest connected with the people through whose countries the General made his rapid journey, it must suffice for the present to note

the leading incidents of the trip, and leave mere speculations to the other parts of the volume.

On the 5th of July, the morning after our dinner at the American Minister's in London, General Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, his son, and General Badeau, left London for Ostend. On arriving at Ostend, an officer of the King's household waited on the General, and tendered him the use of the royal car to Brussels. The municipal and military authorities met the General on landing with an address of congratulation. Mr. D. S. Merrill, the son of the American Minister at Brussels, waited upon the General, and next morning the party left Os-

tend for the Belgian capital. They stopped on the route at the ancient city of Ghent, where, accompanied by the American Consul, the principal bridges and places of interest of that quaint and venerable city were examined. On Friday evening at six o'clock they arrived at Brussels. The General paid a visit to the Minister, the Hon. A. P. Merrill, whose illness confined him to his house. At noon, they visited the Hotel de Ville, and were shown by the authorities all the interesting objects



STREET SCENE IN GHENT.

in that memorable edifice. For generations past famous visitors to the Hotel de Ville have written their names in a book called the *Livre d'Or*. The General was requested to add his autograph to the scroll of illustrious men. In the evening the General dined with Mr. Sandford, formerly Minister at Brussels, and now resident in that city. On the 7th of July, King Leopold of Belgium, accompanied by Madame de Winkersloot,

called on General Grant at his hotel, and had a long conversation with him. This visit was returned by General Grant at the palace on Monday evening, the 8th of July. On that evening the King gave a banquet in honor of his guest, and before the time for the guests assembling, the General and Mrs. Grant returned the call of his majesty, who entered into a long conversation. The King of Belgium is a man of more than ordinary gifts, and he impressed the Ex-President with his knowledge, industry, and his desire to strengthen his kingdom. The King seemed to be familiar with American affairs, and the subject that interested him most particularly, in his conversation with General Grant, was the establishment of lines of ships between Antwerp and American ports. The General was attended by the family of the Minister, Mr. Merrill, by General and Mrs. Sandford, General Badeau, and dignitaries of the court.

On Monday morning, July 9th, General Grant left Brussels for Cologne, having formed not only a high opinion of the character and intellect of the sovereign of Belgium, but a personal friendship. The journey to Cologne was performed in the King's railway carriage. On his arrival in the city, the civil and military governors called upon him. He visited the cathedral, crossed the bridges, and made the famous tour of the Rhine as far as Coblenz. On the 11th of July the General visited Wiesbaden, and on the 12th was in Frankfort, where the American citizens had arranged a fête and dinner. General Grant was met by a committee of ten gentlemen, and was escorted to the Hotel de Russie. At six o'clock in the evening there was a dinner in the famous *Palmer Garten*, at which a hundred and fifty gentlemen were present. Frankfort is closely connected with the United States by commercial and financial ties, and some of her most distinguished citizens have made their fortunes out of the American trade. At the conclusion of the dinner, the General strolled round the gardens, making his way with difficulty through the multitude, which numbered as many as ten thousand, assembled there to see him. On Friday afternoon, July 13th, the General and his party drove to Homburg-les-

Bains, where he was met by a committee of Americans, headed by Ex-Governor Ward of New Jersey. From Homburg he drove to Salburg to visit the famous Roman camp. This camp is the most extensive Roman memorial in Germany, and covers seven hundred acres. It is under the especial care of the Prussian Government, and while they were there Professor Jacobi and Captain Frischer, who have charge of it, opened one of the graves. It was found filled with the ashes of a Roman soldier who had been dead more than eighteen centuries. Of these burial mounds more than two hundred have been opened during the one hundred and fifty years since the camp was first discovered. In the evening there was a dinner at Homburg, during which the band of the Grand Duke of Darmstadt played. After dinner there was a walk in the glorious gardens of the Kursaal. The gardens were illuminated, and the effect of the light on the fountains was exceedingly beautiful. At eleven o'clock the General returned to Frankfurt. The next day he visited some of the famous wine-cellars, and then attended a dinner at the Zoological Gardens. On Sunday morning, July 15th, the General left for Heidelberg.

From Heidelberg there was the usual tour to Baden and the Black Forest. The General and his party visited Lucerne, Interlaken, and Berne. The latter place was visited on the 24th. At all these points the people took special pains to do the General honor. On the 26th of July, General Grant and his party arrived in Geneva. The principal incident of his visit to Geneva was the laying of the corner stone of a new American Episcopal church on Friday, the 27th of July. This church is built on the Rue des Voirons, on a site given to the congregation by Mr. Barbay, an American citizen resident in Geneva. The style of architecture is simple and chaste. The American colony assembled at the Hotel Beau Rivage and a procession was formed, at the head of which marched the American chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Parkes, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Green, who assisted as the representative of the Rev. Mr. Jephson, the chaplain of the English church. Many of the inhabitants of the town were present. There were, likewise,

delegates from the State Council, and other local bodies. There was prayer with music and an address by Mr. Parkes. The General then descended from the platform, and after a box containing American and various other coins and copies of Swiss and English papers had been placed under the foundation, the General struck the stone with the hammer, ornamented with the American colors, and declared the stone "well laid in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Mr. Parkes



HOTEL DE VILLE, CITY SQUARE, BRUSSELS.

thanked the assembly in the name of General Grant for the gathering and welcome. M. Carteret, Vice-President of the Council of State, in the name of the Canton expressed the satisfaction he felt at the laying of the foundation stone of an American church in Geneva, which, he said, was not only a proof of the growing importance of the American colony in Geneva, but evidence of the liberty accorded by Switzerland to all religious creeds. M. Levrier and Pastor Jaquet also delivered addresses. At half-past twelve there was a *déjeuner* at the Hotel de la Pays, Mr. Parkes presiding. He welcomed

General Grant to Geneva, and the General replied, thanking his friends for the welcome accorded to him. He had, he said, never felt himself more happy. "I have never felt myself more happy than among this assembly of fellow republicans of America and Switzerland. I have long had a desire to visit the city where the Alabama Claims were settled by arbitration without the effusion of blood, and where the principle of international arbitration was established, which I hope will be resorted to by other nations and be the means of continuing peace to all mankind."



MEETING WITH KING LEOPOLD.

The ceremony in Geneva was the most important incident in General Grant's tour in Switzerland. There was a visit to Mont Blanc, which was illuminated in honor of the General's trip, and the wonderful scenes of that glorious Alpine range were studied. The General then crossed the Simplon Pass, made a tour of the northern part of Italy, and returned by the 14th of August to Ragatz, where he spent some days in the enjoyment of the baths. From Ragatz he visited the interesting

country—interesting because of the events of the recent war—of Alsace and Lorraine.

It was on the return to England, where in easy stages the General came from Alpine rambles—Italian lakes, and pleasant restful days in Ragatz—that a visit was made to Alsace and Lorraine. There is, perhaps, no spot in Europe around which associate so many fresh memories of conquest and humiliation as Alsace and Lorraine. It was not my fortune to accompany

General Grant on this part of his journey. I had, however, made a tour of the provinces some time before his coming, and my notes of that journey, considering the transcendent importance of Alsace and Lorraine in the politics of Europe, may be worth reading now. The occasion of the writer's visit was the French exodus from Alsace and Lorraine, when the Prussian Government compelled all residents to take the option of becoming citizens of Germany or emigrating to France.

Take an old map of France and look at what might be called the right shoulder of the map, and you will find a strip of land about as large apparently, in comparison with France, as New Hampshire is to our country, and not unlike it in shape, stretching from Luxembourg and the Belgian frontier down to Switzerland, bulging out on the line toward Paris so as to include Metz, and tapering almost to a point near Switzerland, so as to exclude Belfort. This irregular patch, looking like an inverted Indian club, includes the province of Alsace and a great part of what is called Lorraine, and is now, perhaps, the most famous strip of ground in the world; for the eyes of the world are looking here, amazed at certain phenomena and historical transactions, and trying to solve their meaning. As you know, it is now a disputed land. It has been in dispute for twenty centuries, and its fertile soil has been enriched with the blood of generations of slain men, from the time of Cæsar to Wilhelm of Prussia. Thirteen hundred years ago Clovis conquered it, and although Charlemagne was a benefactor, the wars that came with his successors channeled and furrowed its fair fields. The Hungarians went through it with fire and sword, and it suffered under the religious wars which swept over Europe in the sixteenth century, the Swedes "honoring God" in the most extravagant and bloodthirsty manner. Then Louis XIV.—about 1690—took it. The Germans came to retake it, but were defeated by Turenne. Again they made the effort, but the great Condé drove them over the Rhine. That ended German effort for nearly two hundred years, and Alsace rested at peace under the French rulers until Sedan undid the work of Condé and Turenne, and France, with Prussian cannon at her gates, surrendered it to Prussia.

In extent this dismembered shoulder of France is about five thousand five hundred and eighty English square miles—not more than three per cent of the total area of France ; in population about one million six hundred thousand souls, or nearly five per cent. of the total population. You will see, therefore, that the rate of population exceeds the average of the country. It has a fine canal system and many forests of pine and oak. There are quarries and coal mines, iron and stone deposits, lead and copper, in limited quantities. In the earlier times there were gold and silver, but not enough to ex-



COLOGNE.

cite any one in these Californian days. In the Southern Department of Alsace there are 46,000 acres given to the vine, which produced at the last enumeration 30,000,000 gallons of wine. In the Northern Department there are about 28,000 acres in vines, yielding 12,000,000 gallons of wine. You may know how generally the land is divided (thanks to the Revolution) when you are told that these 28,000 acres are owned by 36,000 proprietors ! The total revenue from cattle and stock raising in the year last on record

was 18,000,000 American dollars, while from agriculture the return showed 28,000,000 dollars—one half from cereals. It might be called a land of milk and honey, remembering that there are in this province alone 25,000 beehives, whose industry is not interrupted, I take it, by any questions of authority or annexation. An ancient record notes that the people, as became honest farmers, were of a cheerful temper and much

given to dancing and fiddling. Among other points note that the population is little more than twice as large as it was in 1800, and that if all France had kept growing with the same pace it would now be about 55,000,000 instead of nearly 37,000,000 that the books have written down.

This briefly is the extent, appearance, character, and wealth of that Alsace-Lorraine which France gave to Germany by a treaty signed with the Prussian sword at her heart. The two columns upon which the province rests are the cities of Strasbourg and Metz.

The city of Metz in its brightest days must have been an unlucky town, smothered over with forts and ditches and all the elaborate mechanism of engineering art. The great Vauban accomplished these results in Louis XIV.'s days, when that king was doing a little royal stealing on his own account, and was anxious to protect his acquisition. Within a few miles of its gates the great battle of Gravelotte was fought, where Prussia burst the French army asunder, driving one fragment, under Bazaine, into Metz, to starvation and surrender; the other fragment, under MacMahon, up into Sedan, to surrender with its Emperor at the head. Gravelotte looks very calm and fruitful this autumn morning, and shows no trace of the gigantic strife of two years ago. The fields are giving forth corn and hops and vines, and the merry laugh of the harvesters is heard where the cannon sounded upon that dreadful day. As the writer passed down the road along which the King of Prussia advanced, looking out over the rolling, hilly plain, there came a group which would have been made into a picture by the pencil of Teniers. A donkey, with a ribbon or two around his neck by way of encouragement, was doggedly pulling a small, rude cart. This was heaped with baskets of grapes. In one corner, cunningly protected from self-destruction by an ingenious arrangement of baskets, was a wide-eyed infant, just old enough to stand, not knowing what the demonstrations meant, and its eyes firmly fixed on its mother, who came plodding behind, clapping her hands and chanting nursery rhymes. An old man, with his staff, marshaled the group with grave

aspect, thinking, no doubt, of sadder things than grapes and wine. Then came a straggling procession of boys and girls—the boys from twelve to five—with ruddy, dirty faces, smeared with grape-juice. They were shouting, laughing, hurrying home to evening rest with their harvest burdens. The young men had gone. The head of the family had gone. The vintage could only be gathered by women and children. The



ON THE RHINE.

old men and the children only remained. This was a first glimpse of the new aspect of affairs in Alsace and Lorraine, and it seemed odd that this trophy of German rule should make itself manifest on the victorious field of Gravelotte. Now and then we met a

group of eager, striding youths marching toward the frontier or to some railway station—youths and middle-aged men, occasionally women in the train with children in their arms, anxious for France, and we thought of what Byron wrote of those wanderers of Israel when they were driven out of the Holy Land :

“And we must wander, witheringly,
In other lands to die—
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own can never lie.”

Metz could never at best have been a lovely town, and it is to-day a picture of shabbiness and despair. In other days it lived on its garrison. It had military schools, and a large, if not a pleasing, variety of peddlers and sutlers and tradesmen of many nations. Many were Hebrews, who were the first to

go, for the exodus began shortly after the German occupation. The Germans patronized their own people, and had no occasion for French sutlers and peddlers from the Orient. When the period came for decision between France and Prussia, Metz gave way in a panic, and thousands swarmed out of its gates. At least two thirds of the inhabitants have gone, and Metz looks as if smitten with a pestilence—a sort of a city laid out in state for funeral, and a Prussian army as guard of honor over the remains. In addition to the ordinary passenger trains running to Nancy during the last few days of September, five extra trains left the city daily with emigrating inhabitants. The scenes in the railway depot showed all the crowding anxiety and disturbance of Lord Mayor's Day in London, or a Fourth-of-July fireworks in City Hall Park. A railway officer informed the writer that on one day five thousand left from his depot alone. They have swept over the country to Nancy, Luneville, Commercy, Lyons—some to Rheims and Epernay to find work in the champagne harvest—many to Paris. In cities where the Prussians were in occupation they would not permit the exiles to remain, especially the young men fit for duty in the army, but drove them on beyond their lines. With these they were always severe. But the young men, upon accepting the option for Germany, would be compelled to enter the Prussian army. So they left for France. In one commune where there were seventeen young men, only two remained; of these two, one was ill, the other had no means of leaving. The same state of affairs existed everywhere else, except, perhaps, in a few communes near the Rhine. It is estimated that from thirty communes alone the number who left amounted to fifty thousand.

One circumstance that fills the Prussian mind with anger is that most of those who have left Metz, especially from the farm lands around, have been in receipt of large sums of money from the Prussian treasury. The war, Gravelotte, and other transactions of that nature, desolated the country and swept away all living things—crops and grain and homesteads and all

means of life. And Prussia, meaning to be kind to the sufferers and reconcile them to the new rule, paid them large indemnities. In some cases more money was paid than the farmer had ever seen before; more than his whole farm was worth. These simple-minded agriculturists took the honest king's money and immediately declared for France. The thought, therefore, that Prussia is really paying the expenses of a good part of the emigration, that the ungrateful Frenchmen are really crossing into France with the king's money in their pockets, gives the *Pickelhaubers* deep anger, and may account for their rudeness to the exiles. "They take the Kaiser's money," says *Pickelhauber* ruefully, "and then run away." "Yes," says the Frenchman; "why don't you let us stay? We want to stay and be Frenchmen. Look at Paris. All the Germans who left there during the war to fight France, are returning, and we don't say either be Frenchmen or leave Paris. They stay and become rich; and yet we are not allowed to remain here where we were born without telling a lie and saying we are Germans. How is that?" "Oh, that," says *Pickelhauber*, "is quite a different matter."

From this unlovely military town of Metz, which must henceforth be a garrison, we sweep down to Mulhouse, the Lowell or Manchester of Alsace, close to the Swiss frontier, the largest town in Alsace after Strasbourg—not an old town, as towns go in these countries, but of sudden growth, like all manufacturing centers. In 1800 it had 6,000 inhabitants. At the time of the war there were 50,000, a proportion of increase that you see in few towns in Europe. This is the center of the cotton industry; around it is a beehive of towns as industrious and enterprising as Lowell and Lawrence and Lynn. You can fancy how much it has grown when you know that thirty years ago there were 200,000 spindles, reaching 1,000,000 in 1862, and 2,000,000 when the war came—2,000,000 of spindles and 40,000 looms! Our lady readers have, no doubt, heard of the calico and jaconet of Alsace, its beauty and usefulness. There are forty manufactories which do this work, making annually 50,000,000 yards, valued at \$12,000,000. Here also are the

model factories of the world, proprietors renowned for their efforts to insure the comfort and efficiency of their employes. For in addition to cotton there are manufactories of porcelain and paper, and other useful articles. Well, annexation has fallen like a blight upon it all. Many mills are closed for the want of skilled workmen; others are being removed to Paris; still more to Switzerland, where convenient water streams may be had—proprietors, manufacturers, and families, with their money and machinery and business, crossing the frontier; and this



FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.

may be said of Colmar, the next city in importance, peopled with 35,000 souls—called, for some reason I know not, “The Athens of Alsace”—a quiet, old-fashioned place, where pensioners and retired heroes live. The young men have fled; nor do they fly with pleasant thoughts. A lady born in Carlsruhe, wife of a Colmar exile, was sitting this morning at the *table d’hôte* in Nancy. “Ah,” said an acquaintance, “have you been in Baden lately?” “What do you take me for?” was the angry reply. “I never want to see those brutes again! This my son, now fifteen, must one day revenge the wrongs of France, and I mean to make him a military man.” But this,

you know, was only a woman, and a woman in anger; and you who remember New Orleans under Federal rulers, can understand how women will give way to impatience of speech. The strange thing was that she was German born, and spoke the German tongue, and had probably not a drop of French blood in her veins.



BELGIUM TO ITALY.

Another place visited was the little walled town of Schlettstadt, that lies in the way to Switzerland, between Colmar and Strasbourg, at the beginning of the Vosges range of mountains, which now form the boundary of France. In the distance was the comely mountain range, rippling along the horizon, looking green and tawny on this dreary autumn day. Now and then a castellated chateau, built on a high, projecting mountain point, threw its rude, imposing Gothic towers against the summer sky,

rivaling the medieval days when the old German Ritters rode out from under their heavy arched gates and into these plains to do battle under the banner of Charlemagne. And yet, if those dead walls could speak, they would say that men in the age of steam and telegraphs and rifled cannon are no better than their ancestors in the days of cross-bows and battle-axes, and that this long, rolling, fertile Alsace valley is the scene of hatreds as intense as were ever known in crusading times, and threatening again to be the scene of battles as bloody

as were ever known on the Rhine. Schlettstadt is some distance back from the railroad, and was fortified by Vauban in the highest style of engineering art. There are outer works and inner works; two gates, with moats and portcullis and bridges, and at the exit the omnipresent *Pickelhaube*, surmounting a light, bright-faced stripling of twenty, whose heart is most certainly on the Rhine, and who seems to look enviously at the straggling line of shouting vine-harvesters who come home laden with grapes ready for the vintage. We discover, in proper fashion, that our stripling soldier is a native of Wurtemberg; but his work and discipline evidently do not permit of useful conversation, nor is he disposed to give us his views upon the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. So we drift into the town, which should have ten thousand people, and perhaps more (for you can never tell, they pack families so closely in these queer, quaint old houses). The town seems so dead—so dead! The only life we see is in the swiftly running stream of water which takes its evening sanitary course along the gutters. Here is a building large enough for a dozen stores, that may have been a granary in its time. Every window and door is closed, and a placard informs you, in the French tongue, that if you want to buy it, you have only to accept the price and pay your money. Well, in time we come to the center of the town. We take it to be the center, for here is an open space, where three or four roads meet, and some ingenious town authority has arrayed the white paving-stones in the shape of a gigantic five-cornered star, a witch's pentagram, it would seem, and intended, among other things, to bring the town good luck. But the stony incantation has failed, for here we stand in the heart of the old town, and all is silence. Two thirds of the stores seem to be shut. There is one store modestly open, where you can buy a rosary, or certain works upon the Blessed Heart of Jesus, should you be so inclined. A little distance away is the necessary *boucherie*, with toothsome shoulders of mutton appealing to your appetite. We discover the tavern, in the hope that there will be an index of life. The tavern-keeper is a middle-aged Alsatian matron, who looks at

us sharply, and seeing us to be strangers, and Germans no doubt, gives expression to her feelings by the additional vigor with which she cuts her loaf of bread. In one corner is a pretty maiden of eight or nine, with brown hair, ironing a pair of cuffs with an iron that seems too heavy for her strength. The maiden smiles in answer to some cheery word of encouragement, and presses on in her work.

Well, even the town tavern, that never-failing fountain-head of town life, is dead. Madame willingly gives us a glass of yellow beer—quite willingly and with an eager bustle in her manner—for she has discovered that we are not Germans, and not new arrivals from Berlin with instructions to see that the taxes are collected and that the school-masters teach only the German tongue. We look around the room. In one corner is a half-dozing peddler, from Jewry no doubt—the honest man with his wares on table, unsold and unsalable—dreaming, “Let us trust for better days and higher prices.” In another is a Prussian soldier drinking his beer and crunching his biscuit in a business-like way, meaning to eat and drink and be off to duty. He is looking calmly, contemptuously perhaps, at the two persons in the middle of the room trying to sing. One is a peasant in his blouse, who is moderately drunk and immoderately happy, for he has found an Alsatian brother, a soldier in the uniform, yes, the very uniform of France—blue coat and red trousers—and they are celebrating their loves in drink and song. This soldier of France, we learn, came here from his station at Avignon. He had business in Alsace in the matter of his option, and is now waiting for the train to carry him to his post. And if we find him seriously under the influence of liquor, who can blame him, or the blue-bloused peasants who are plying him with drinks? For to them—drunk or sober—he is a living type of France, of her glory and her shame, and one day he may come again behind conquering banners and deliver his dear Alsace. Are these really their thoughts? Certainly there are no words spoken to that effect, nor would it be productive of good, with that wide-lipped Prussian, all eyes and ears, calmly looking on and drinking his beer. So certainly

madame thinks, for when the soldier and peasant have a fraternal embrace, and, as it were, unwittingly break out into a strain of the "Marseillaise," madame rushes to him and demands peace as she pats him on the back. "Peace, oh! peace and silence, friends," she says in the plainest speech that eyes can speak; "peace and silence, for I am a poor woman with my tavern, and there is the conqueror, and what will come of your song of revenge?" It was a trifling incident, and went before

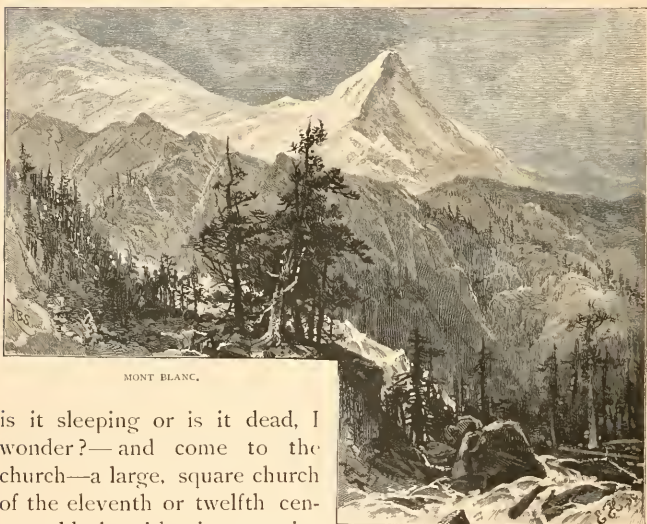


SCENE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

the eyes in a flash, and yet how much it meant, and what a color it gave to the events now passing into history, and how truly it expressed the struggle in Alsace and Lorraine!—the little tavern tableau of a French soldier fraternizing with peasants, and madame striving for peace, and Hans from over the Rhine ready to put his hard hand upon them all if one word is spoken or one deed done against the peace and power of the "Most All-Gracious" Kaiser of Deutschland. The soldier was evidently a proper person in his way, when free from liquor,

and had not a drinking look, but an honest, light-bearded Alsatian face, with steadiness and candor about him, and sure of his morning headache, as all temperance tipplers are said to be. He told us in a little snatch of talk that he was from Avignon, and was going home that night. His speech was discreet. "I would rather," he said, in a rollicking way, "be half-starved over there," pointing to France, "than to live like a lord here."

Well, we pass along into the byways of the sleeping town—



MONT BLANC.

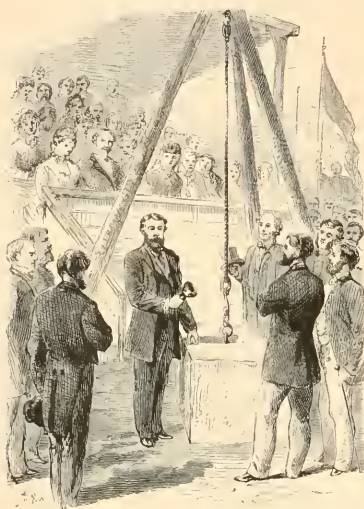
is it sleeping or is it dead, I wonder?—and come to the church—a large, square church of the eleventh or twelfth century, black with six centuries of tempest and rain. And having a fancy for churches of the olden time, and knowing a few strains of music, as well as what Goethe calls the frozen music of architecture, especially the Gothic work of the Middle Ages, we enter, softly pushing back the black, greasy gate. It is very dark and cold. The eye soon adapts itself to the gloom, and we see in the shadow the gilding and curtains that surround the altar, and a figure of the Virgin that must have given peace to many genera-

tions of believing men and women. She is black and begrimed. We are sorry to say she looks unbecoming in this new-braided brocaded gown. On the walls are inscriptions, which we only read with an effort through the shadows, and know that here human beings have rested for centuries in peace and expectation. But how still—how awful is its stillness! No life, no sound, no spoken, whispered word, no movement of any living, creeping thing—nothing but the intense, painful silence—and no speech except what the fancy may gather from the high, swerving, curving arches, and groined columns and fantastic groupings and carvings. Surely we shall find in a corner some trembling grandmother muttering over her beads; or some fair maiden, with burning, blushing face, at the feet of the Virgin, the sanctity of whose modest prayers it would be irreverent to divine, only we hope he may prove true to you in the end and a blessing to your life, poor child; or some proud, hopeful mother, in the triumphant fullness of satisfied love, giving back to the Madonna, who has blessed her life with so perfect an answer to her hopes and prayers, the performance of the promised vow. The writer of these lines has been in many cathedrals, from those in the far North, where the sons of Odin worshiped, to the prodigious piles in sunny Spain, where the soldiers of Castile gave thanks for victories over the Moors, and never until to-day have we seen these divine emblems without a suppliant. Surely some curse must have fallen upon this unhappy land, we think, as we kneel on one of the praying-stools—partly for devotion, partly to obtain a better view of the stained glass behind the sanctuary—surely some curse must have fallen upon this unhappy land, when even in their misery the people forget to pray! Thus in thinking we pass to the transept door, and suddenly, as though it were in a vision, we come upon a group of sisters of some religious order deep in prayer. Five in all, nestled together in silent prayer, heads bent, their white caps looking very white in the darkness, so silent and motionless that they might be statues. We move out on tiptoe not to disturb the devotions, and learn that the good sisters have instituted a

series of prayers of perpetual intercession for mercy and prosperity to Alsace and Lorraine, and that this motionless group were doing their share of the devotion.

But the little town is very dead. We see no young men. They have all gone to France. They do not mean to serve in

the German army. And new men have come here, full-bearded Prussians, to gather taxes and see that Prussian laws are respected, and that nothing but German is taught in the schools. We saw one to-day—a new arrival—parading around with his wife on his arm and an umbrella in his hand, with which he seemed to poke the walls and paving-stones to see if they were really sound. He has been appointed to some local taxing office, and has come all the way from Pomerania to fill the place, and is on an



LAYING CORNER STONE OF CHURCH—GENEVA.

errand of observation. He looks at the walls, at the old, red Münster tower, at the cathedral, with his own thoughts, perhaps, as to the heathenism and abominations of the place; at the earthworks and the batteries; at the gate from which the French imperial arms have been wrenched and the German imperial arms not yet elevated, as the place is raw, and, one would think, bleeding; at the soldiers, to whom he removes his hat, while they stare at the extraordinary mark of attention; at the closed stores; at the old men who look at him from the window, and stretch their heads out to follow him up the street; and he walks with an air of truculent authority, evidently feeling that the town would be none the worse for a

good flogging by the way of beginning his work. A sound, solid, substantial, severe, but not unfeeling man the new master seemed to be, with his instructions from the Kaiser, which he means to follow, and God be good to all who will not obey those instructions. This man is a type of the new class who have come into Alsace and Lorraine. The utter isolation in which the new king's authority is held by the resident people has compelled the Germans to send for civil servants to Prussia. They are here what our carpet-baggers are in the South, with the exception that they are a better class of people and selected from the government service for their fine administrative qualities, and a more worthy breed of men in all respects than the new masters of the conquered South; severe, because Prussian rule is essentially severe, and to none more than Prussian people—severe and just and unrelenting. But between the two races—those who come to command, and those who have not crossed the Vosges Mountains, but remain to obey—there is an intense antagonism. The Frenchman regards the Prussian as a brute; the Prussian thinks the Frenchman is a little better than a monkey, and sorely needing the cane. Neither will see or recognize the good qualities of the other. The veracity and patience and discipline and stubborn valor and deep-thinking intelligence, the tenacity and purpose of the Prussian character, are lost on the French; while the Prussians do not see in the French a grace, vivacity, enthusiasm, thrift, and spirit which make them the most affectionate friends, the most implacable enemies, in the world. You can only win a Frenchman's affections by tact. Tact is the one quality you do not find in the Prussian character, and so, from the very outset of this occupation, you find two races arrayed against each other—great, noble races of men—one conquered, the other conquering, and with no element of sympathy or association. This Prussian poking around with his umbrella was a type. He came to rule. Those who stared and sneered should obey. He meant they should. He gave himself no concern on that head. For was he not the Kaiser's ambassador, and behind him was not the Kaiser's whole army?

If there was any sentiment in this annexation—and much has been said about the old German sentiment of unity and love for the Fatherland—I can imagine how it would cluster around Strasbourg. It is sixteen hundred years since the Germans crossed the Rhine and found a Roman city here, at the junction of the Ill and the Rhine. Over fifteen hundred years have passed since Julian the Emperor was its governor. Over thirteen hundred years ago Clovis built a cathedral on a



SCENE IN ALSACE.

site which had been used by the savage Celts for their rude offerings, and afterward by the Romans as a tem-

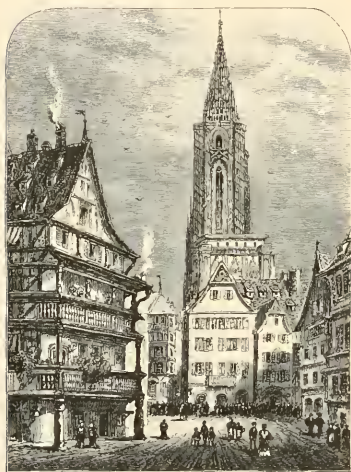
ple to Hercules and Mars. But Clovis had found light, and he built his church—long since gone to wreck from lightning and the winds—and where now stands the highest Gothic spire in the world, founded in the eleventh century, in the glow and flame of Catholicism, when a Pope ruled the world with his shepherd's crook, and religious enthusiasm found expression in the Gothic cathedrals, which are all over Europe, and in crusades for the Holy Sepulcher. Strasbourg was a "great city" in the time of Dagobert, who was king one thousand and eighty years ago. Charlemagne was proud of it, and did it many a

good service. Then Louis the Great seized it, and his successors held it until Bismarck came in 1870. So it was French for one hundred and eighty-nine years. When Louis took it there were about 30,000 people ; at the time of the French Revolution there were 50,000, reaching to 82,000 in 1861—growing mainly by marriages and births, as an old-fashioned town should grow. So the men and women who live here live in homes in which their ancestors dwelt for centuries, and when they go to France it means the severance from very, very deep roots of ancestry, pride, association, and affection.

Strasbourg has other memories. Here Calvin preached after Geneva quarreled with him, remaining six years, until the stern city on the hills reversed her affections and he went back to expound the Gospel and contemplate eternity from the banks of beautiful Lake Lemman. Here Kellerman, who won the battle of Marengo and became Duke of Valmy under Napoleon, was born ; while just beyond the walls, in a valley, from where a Baden battery played sad havoc with the city, is the monument to Desaix, whose death at Marengo took from Napoleon all pleasure in the victory. Here Kleber was born ; and there is a broad, open, straggling square called after him, with a bronze monument of the general in a high state of valor—very French, very unnatural, and very absurd. It was here Goethe studied, and along these green terraced walks of Vauban he walked and mused, thinking great thoughts. And, although you may have forgotten it, here one Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, big with destiny and following his star, came one morning to try a desperate chance with fate. Well, it is worth remembering, as the world goes, as the beginning of a career that has ended in Chiselhurst. It was on the 30th October, 1836, when the leaves were about fallen, and the skies as dark as they are now, I suppose, at daybreak, when the young Prince, not thirty, with a troop of adventurers, came in at the Gate Austerlitz—the same gate through which the writer passed this afternoon—and now tenanted by a Prussian sentry and a drowsy old woman selling toothsome cakes to all who choose to buy. The Prince had bribed some soldiers of the

Fourth Artillery to join him, and they came trooping in, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" They went into the large barracks right at the gate, at whose windows you may see twenty fair-haired Prussians smoking pipes and thinking their own thoughts as they look toward the Rhine. But when they cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" to the infantry in the barracks, and the infantry only saw a rather stupid young man, dressed up in the

historic costume of the great Napoleon, it only required the colonel to come in and denounce him as an impostor to lead to the arrest of the whole party. And so Louis was sent out to America, to an exile in Hoboken, and to events thereafter which the world knows.

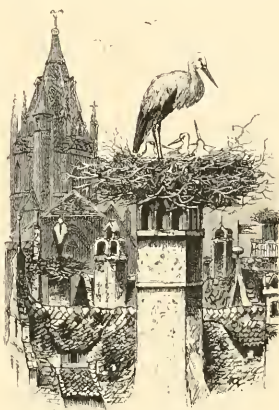


STREET IN STRASBOURG.

Strasbourg looks like a well-patched city. The Germans have striven earnestly to repair the evils of the bombardment. You only see traces of the firing in the new spaces on the repaired walls. The venera-

ble and majestic cathedral is quite repaired. The bridges have been built. The owners of injured private houses were indemnified and the houses rebuilt. The old Library Building is still a ruin, and I had sad thoughts as I walked around it and remembered the two hundred thousand volumes burned into ashes—some of them never to be replaced—a loss as great in some respects as the Alexandrian Library. But the old city looks bright and busy and full of interest, and to a new eye suffers little from the exodus. The stores were nearly all open. The Prussian sentry was everywhere, and Prussian officers were always drifting along the warm, invit-

ing streets. In the evening the Wurtemberg band played on the Broglie Platz, and there was quite a gathering. But as far as we could see they were wives and families of Prussian officers and a few nursery-maids. The townspeople do not go on the "Platz" when the German band plays. It is a mark of patriotism. There are other "marks of patriotism" welcome to the female mind. One is to speak French. If you enter a store and ask for anything in German, you will certainly have sullen treatment. You may buy patriotic sleeve-buttons for a couple of francs, in whitish metal, bearing the coat of arms of Alsace and Lorraine linked by a chain. Some "take their revenge" in rosettes of red, white, and blue, by wearing full mourning, and others by wearing a peculiar elastic strip in the same colors, joined by a buckle, and which a well-informed shopkeeper told me were garters. Of these he sold a large quantity, as well as of a small stud, representing an exfoliating flower, colored red, white, and blue, and meant to do modest and needful duty in underclothing. There is a picture also of a young woman wearing the waving Alsatian headdress, her face tearful, in full mourning, with a small tricolor rosette in the hair. This is Alsace. In the corner is the motto, "*Elle attend!*"—"She waits." This has had a great sale; and likewise a picture of France as an angry female, scantily attired, holding a drawn sword, and waiting for something. "Revenge"—most likely. There are cafés where you see no Prussians; others where you see no Frenchmen. Generally the Prussian is ignored by the people; but the garrison is building up its own circle of wives and mothers and friends from home, and I take it the officers are not lonely. I have seen many



STORK'S NEST—STRASBOURG.

mousing around the shops or on the parade ground purchasing knickknacks or listening to the music, and good, honest wives or sweethearts on their arms, and very comfortable to all appearances.

But the young men have gone. That is the one fact. Now, under the French law of conscription, the number of recruits, based upon the population, who reported to the French commandant in 1870, was nearly two hundred. Under the Prussian law, which exempts no one, and which should have had double the number, there were just ten who reported. Only ten young men in all Strasbourg for the Kaiser! And the rest—all fled over the mountains to France—are now shuffling up and down the Paris boulevards asking for work, or helping the wine-growers in Champagne gather their harvests. The young men have certainly gone, and this is the loss to Strasbourg. It is very difficult to induce an Alsatian to converse with you as a stranger, for you may be a *mouchard* and go around the corner and report him if he is patriotic. But from some conversations I gathered these grievances: "Sir and friend," said an Alsatian, "we do not complain, we wait. The Prussian officers are civil enough. They do us no harm. The civil officers are the worst. See how they have changed our streets. All the French names have been taken down and German names painted instead. Why, a man don't know where he lives any more, and the cabbies do nothing but swear about it. Our schools are all taught in German. French is not allowed unless you pay extra. See those fellows at the railway station. They are all as surly as pickpockets. You speak French and they answer in German. A girl of mine, born in Paris, went to the office and asked for a ticket in French. 'If you don't speak German I won't answer you,' said the man in the window. All the towns have changed names. Thionville, last year, is now called Diedenhofen. Ask that railway man for a ticket to Thionville, and he will say he never heard of the place, and it is one of the largest towns in Lorraine. The day of the French surrender here there was a fête, and the spire of the cathedral illuminated. Was that

pleasant—pleasant to think of the time when German shells rained upon our city, and we had to dig holes in the embankments and live like moles and rats? We liked the Germans as neighbors over the Rhine. We think they mean to do well enough now. Perhaps we did belong to Germany once, and



SCENE IN THE ALPS.

should be Germans now. But that was two hundred years ago. Two hundred years is a long time. You Americans have not been a hundred years from England. You speak the same language, have the same books and the same laws. How would you like to have New York seized by England? That is our situation. We are seized by Germany, and must learn a new

language, observe new laws, and go out and make war, when the German king commands, upon men whom we regard as brothers."

So far as carpenters and painters and cunning workmen can go, Strasbourg and Metz and all Alsatian towns are thoroughly changed. You walk through Strasbourg and you find every corner has a new sign, certifying in the German tongue the street has a new name. In some side streets the old French

names remain; but nearly every corner has a fresh, glaring, German sign in large blue letters. The railways have German signs telling you where to eat, where to wait, and where to deliver and obtain your baggage. The cabmen are much distressed about this, one of them explaining, that he did not know his head from his heels since the new signs were put up. But in all matters of administration, so far as the army is concerned, the people have been treated with kindness



YOU MUST SPEAK GERMAN.

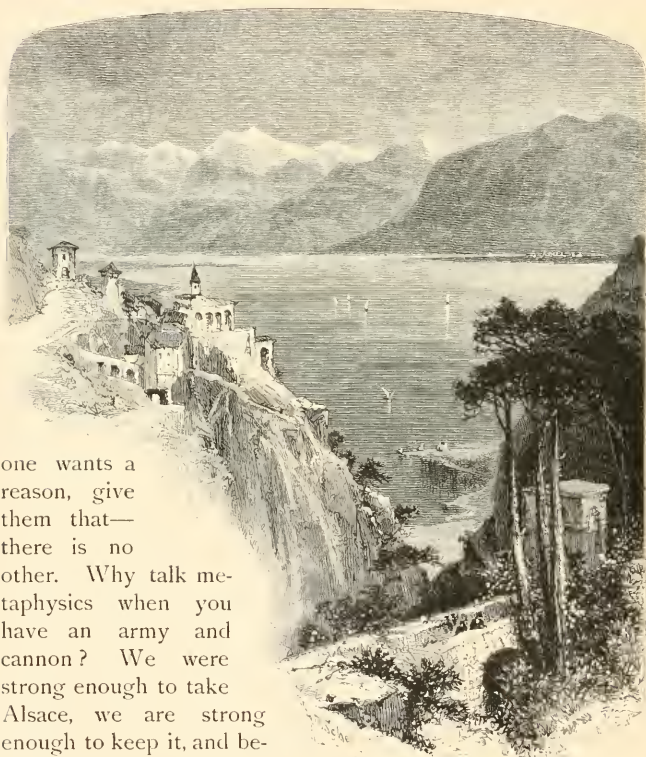
and generosity. The Prussian officer, in any view you may take of him, is not what would be regarded as a model father-in-law. He would rather be insolent than not, if you give him occasion. But in Alsace the officers seem to belong to an amiable race. The orders from Berlin are to "win the people back to the Fatherland," and so the Alsatians are in the strange attitude of receiving good gifts and spurning the givers. All who have lost money in the bombardment have been well paid. I am sorry to say that many of them, as soon as they received their money, declared for France, and left for Paris to become martyrs on the boulevards. The Prussian only shows

his Prussian nature in dealing with the emigrants. There is no doubt that great brutality has been shown to those Alsatians who declared for France and emigrated. They were ill used at the railway stations, crammed into inferior cars, and every discomfort heaped upon them. Apart from this, the Prussian rule in Strasbourg and throughout Alsace has been as kind as ever the French was—far kinder than you will find it in Germany.

Wherever you go you meet the *Pickelhauber*. Over all you see the soldier standing guard. You see that the bayonet is master of Alsace and Lorraine. The activity and energy and industry shown by the Prussians in military matters are everywhere visible to the eye of a traveler, and seem to a mere sojourner prodigious. In every barrack-yard men are constantly drilling. New forts are being built around the fortified cities. Metz, always strong, is now stronger than ever; while if Strasbourg is ever to be taken it must be by some species of balloon artillery—there would seem to be no other human way. The railways are in superb condition, with an unusual quantity of rolling stock. The Prussian is exhausting art in making himself strong and building forts with French money.

The Prussians have very little to say about Alsace and Lorraine. This eminently practical people are not given to waste words in idle conversation. "We took Alsace," said an officer, "because we wanted it. We took Lorraine, because we meant to keep Alsace. We would have taken Champagne had it been necessary. I have not studied the international law on the subject, nor do we have any interest in it, or what the outside sympathizing world says. We fought the French, we whipped them, and we did what the French would have done—we took every advantage. Why, Germany don't keep an army for a toy. We are an army to build up a nation, to make a Germany that will not be ruled by statesmen in Paris and London. So long as Palmerston and Napoleon could play one German prince against another, like chessmen, and keep the duchies and kingdoms in a constant flutter, poor Germany was a prey for whoever came to plunder—for Napoleon, for Louis, for any ambitious Czar; and in time we would have become like the

Scandinavian countries or Turkey, and run into political decay, until compact France on one side, and Russia on the other, ever making mischief, fomenting trouble, came in to rob whenever it suited them. Now, by heavens! there is an end of it, and, that it may end we have taken Alsace and Lorraine. If any



LAKE MAGGIORE—NORTHERN ITALY.

one wants a reason, give them that—there is no other. Why talk metaphysics when you have an army and cannon? We were strong enough to take Alsace, we are strong enough to keep it, and before these poor Frenchmen begin to cry revenge for Alsace and Lorraine, they had better be sure we are out of Champagne. It would not take many more speeches of Gam-

betta, many more insults to our ambassador, to have the army of occupation centered at Rheims. Of course Prussia wants peace. We have all we wanted, more than we expected, and don't want to be disturbed. But I am one of several hundred thousand Prussians whose business is war, and if war must come, as they all say it will, we cannot be too earnest and too well prepared. As to the people here, we mean to treat them like brothers. They will make better Germans because of their having been so good Frenchmen. As to the going away, it is rather a vexation. But if they will leave their farms and homes, there are Germans enough up in poor sterile Pommern and Brandenburg who will gladly come into these fertile fields. Instead of emigrating to America, they will come down to the Rhine. We have Germans enough to fill up this country, and once these restless, unhappy Frenchmen are well sifted out, and all in Paris begging at the cafés, the Germans will come in. We would rather the people would have remained, but it may be best as it is. We can hold the country better with Pomeranians living on these fields than it would have been possible with Alsatians. Ten years from now and you will find Alsace the richest, happiest, and most contented province of the Fatherland. Prussia means to have it so, and Prussia generally succeeds in doing what she purposes."

It would be unjust to suppose that this is a mere brutal wresting of territory from France by Prince Bismarck. Nor would you understand this movement at all without looking at those high political and commercial considerations which controlled the Prussian statesman and bade him bid defiance to the public sentiment of Europe and the world. Look at the map of Europe and you will find that the route to the Indies is now the contending question in a commercial sense. That question underlay the Crimean war. With the tunnel at Mont Cenis and the Isthmus of Suez canal, France had her hand upon that route, was master of a great international highway, while Germany was shoved up out of the way. With the possession of Alsace, Bismarck has his lines direct from Landen to Basle. He has the Rhine and its traffic. You remember some time since what

was known as the Franco-Belgian Railway war. Napoleon desired to exercise certain rights over the railways in Belgium and Luxemburg. The clamor arose that this was his first step in an intrigue for the occupation of Belgium. The idea that Napoleon was compelled to abandon, under Prussian and English pressure, Bismarck is about to realize. With the tunnel through the Alps, at St. Gothard, he will have a through route from the North Sea to the Adriatic, in no place going through French territory. Years ago those who watched the policy of Bismarck foresaw and announced this as his purpose. Those who will go back to the Franco-Belgian Railway trouble, and read up the diplomatic correspondence, will see that Bismarck was then in conflict with France—almost to the point of war; they will understand his persistence, and especially understand the scorn with which he viewed the Benedetti scheme to divide



FRENCH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS.

the Low Countries between France and Prussia, and his ferocity when France proposed to buy Luxemburg from Holland. The necessary steps in that policy, after the victory at Sedan, were to take Alsace and enough of Lorraine to protect it. With the

St. Gothard tunnel complete, Germany has the whole trade of the Rhine, and the right of way from the North Sea to the Adriatic, a highway to India.

This first high political consideration could only be obtained with Alsace. You will understand its value when you see that in obtaining this territory Germany obtained one of the finest railway systems in Europe.

Germany, therefore, obtains this railway system. France

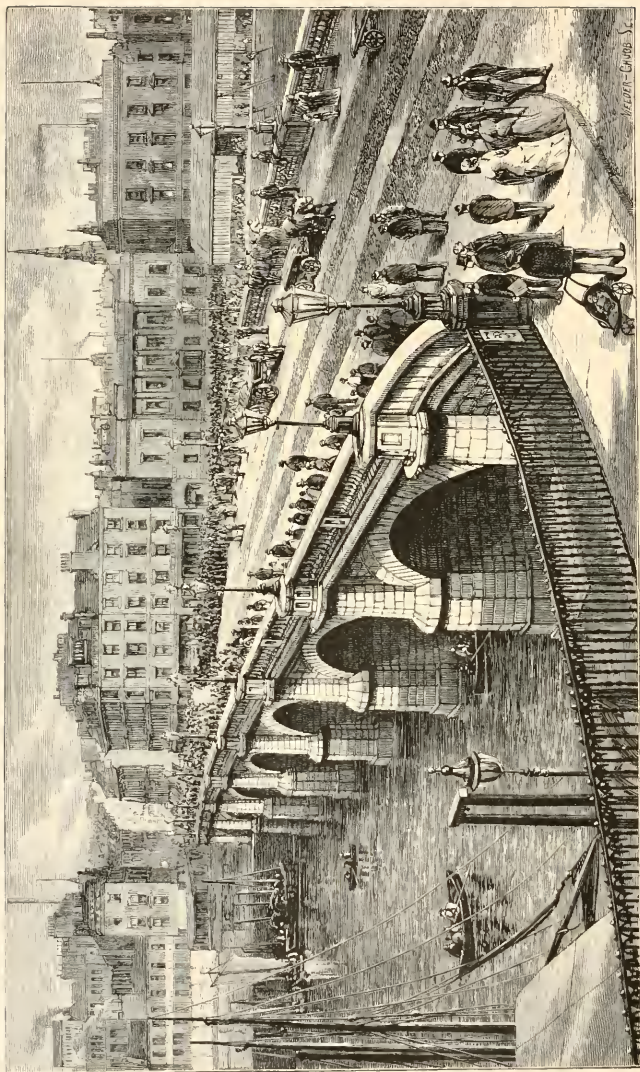
was allowed to deduct the value of the railways and rolling stock from the indemnity, and to repay the owners. Anyhow Germany took the road, and it now belongs to the German Empire. Having to pay no dividend, the king can run it at any rate he pleases, and always carry freight cheaper than France. This is a severe blow to the commerce of France. Then come the commercial and financial relations between the masters of the cotton and beer and



SCENE IN KAGAZI.

other industries and Paris. In other times Paris capital nourished these industries; now, the Paris banker withdraws his capital. Where is the Alsatian trader and manufacturer to look for credit? He is severed from Paris, which is rich, and must look to Frankfort, which will not lend money on these securities, its dealings being of a different character; or to Berlin, which is poor and cannot. His French capital and his financial connections with Paris are withdrawn, and he finds himself among foreigners, compelled to deal with foreigners, who are not familiar with his wants or prepared to aid him; nay, more, to ask his conqueror and master for credit. And is he at all certain that he will obtain credit? His conqueror knows he is an enemy, an enemy at heart, and cannot be trusted. Is it any wonder that the Alsatian has been driven to a sore trial, and should we be surprised that he has followed his sympathies, and, abandoning his home and business, has gone to live in France? Some will remain, like the faithful Hebrews in Spain, during the dread time of the Inquisition, who worshiped the Christ of the Christians before men and the Hebrew Jehovah in the silence and security of home. They remain, thinking and hoping, as the Venetians thought and hoped, when Austria became master of the Adriatic Queen.

Venice, under her German master, and abandoned by her aristocracy, remained more Italian than Florence or Turin ; the Teutonic power never took root, and when the day of deliverance came, it floated away like the surface foam from the ocean waves when the storm is over. So do those patient, hoping Frenchmen think, who still remain in Alsace and Lorraine. The German may come. They will bow to his imperial will. But they will hold their hearts and honor pure for that happy day when the tricolor will float from the dizzy spire of Strasbourg cathedral and the Marseillaise again be heard upon the banks of the Rhine.



BROOMIELAW BRIDGE, GLASGOW.



GLASGOW.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

IN the General's return from the Continent, he made his promised visit to Scotland. On Thursday, the 31st of August, he arrived in Edinburgh, where he was received by the Lord Provost, whose guest he was during his stay in Scotland. The freedom of the city was presented in the Free Assembly Hall. There were upward of two thousand persons present. In reply to the Lord Provost's speech, General Grant said:

"I am so filled with emotion, that I hardly know how to thank you for the honor conferred upon me by making me a burghess of this ancient city of Edinburgh. I feel that it is a great compliment to me and to my country. Had I eloquence I might dwell somewhat on the history of the great men you have produced, or the numerous citizens of this city and Scotland that have gone to America, and the record they have made. We are proud of Scotchmen as citizens of America. They make good citizens of our country, and they find it

profitable to themselves." (Laughter.) "I again thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me."

General Grant visited all the interesting places in and about



ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

the beautiful metropolis of Scotland—the memorial of the Prince Consort, the Commercial Bank, the public gardens, the Library, the site of Sir Walter Scott's birthplace, the memorials of Burns, and others of Scotland's venerated sons. He strolled through the Cowgate, and other scenes of the older parts of the town, familiar to all readers of Scott's prose and poetry. There was a visit to the Castle, where Colonel Mackenzie, of the 98th Highlanders, received the General, and showed him all the objects of interest. Thence the General paid a visit to Holyrood Palace, and saw the rooms where

Queen Mary spent so much of her life, and that somber chamber where David Rizzio was dragged from her presence and murdered. There was a visit to the little house where John Knox lived, every stone of which Scotchmen cherish with revering hands, and the hostelry in White Horse Close, visited by Dr. Johnson on his trip to the Hebrides. There was a drive round Arthur's Seat. In the evening the Lord Provost gave a dinner, at which the General met Major-General Stewart, the commanding officer in Scotland, and other officers of the British army.

On Saturday, the 1st of September, the Tay bridge

was visited. Flags and streamers were hoisted on the ferry steamers. The occupier of the light-house also decorated his premises, and the "Stars and Stripes" waved from the tower. There was a visit to the training-ship "Mars," where the boys manned the yards in honor of the General. As he stepped on board the band played the German war song. The boys went through their exercises, and sang the Canadian boat song under the direction of Mr. Nichols. When the song was partly finished the fire-bell sounded. The boys instantly ran to quarters, manned the fire engine, and had the hose ready in a couple of minutes. The discipline shown in this performance was admirable. From here the party went on board the steam-tug "Elsinore" and steamed across to Dundee. From this point they proceeded to Tayport, and returned to Edinburgh on Monday. From the latter place the General visited Melrose and Abbotsford—all interesting as entwined in the poetry and annals of that border land, and rendered classic by the genius of Sir Walter Scott.

On Tuesday, September 4th, the General went to Dunrobin, to pay a visit to the Duke of Sutherland. The Duke met the General a short distance from Dunrobin, and accompanied him to his home. The visit to this distinguished nobleman was full of interest. The Duke of Sutherland has done much to improve the vast domains which are his inheritance, and although the weather was unfavorable during his stay, the General took deep interest in studying the agricultural systems of the North of Scotland.

On the 6th of September, he visited the horticultural fair at Dornock. On Friday, the 7th, accompanied by the Duke, he went to Thurso Castle. On his arrival at Thurso, the General was received by a guard of volunteers belonging to the local artillery and rifle corps. There he was met by Sir Tollemache Sinclair, and an address was presented by the magistrates and Town Council. In the evening there was a dinner at the castle. The General also visited Inverness, where he was received by the Provost, who presented him with an address. The Provost said the people of the Highlands had a strong claim upon Gen-

eral Grant, as bearing the name of a well-known and highly respected Highland clan. At Granttown the General was welcomed to "the home of the Grants." It was his intention to have paid a visit to Castle Grant, the home of the Earl of Seafield, the head of the Grant clan, but circumstances would not permit.

On Tuesday, the 11th of September, there was a visit to



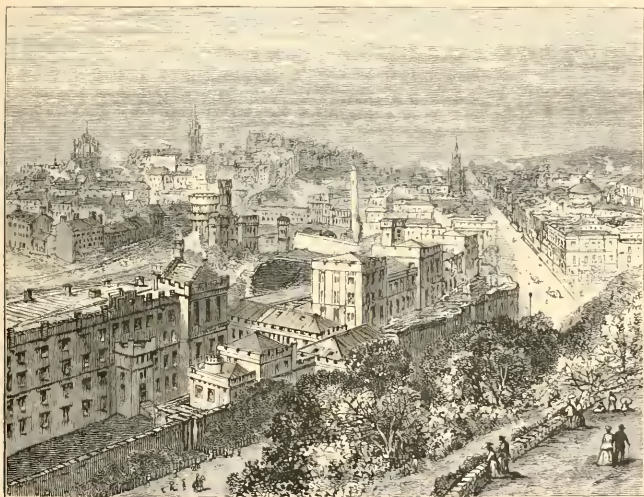
SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

the town of Elgin. There was also the presentation of an address to the General by the Town Council of Wick. In this address the Provost alluded to the fact that one of his predecessors, Sir John Sinclair, when having his portrait painted by Sir Benjamin West, was so proud of a letter he had received from General Washington, that he resolved to have it painted in his hand; "and," said the Provost, "those who have seen the General's handwriting will have no difficulty in recognizing the imitation;

so that every time we meet in this hall we are reminded of your country and of one of your most distinguished statesmen, General Washington, the first President of the United States." This address was enthusiastically cheered. General Grant in reply said:

"MR. PROVOST, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ROYAL BURGH OF WICK: I gladly accept the honor which the Town Council has conferred on me by making me a burghess of this burgh, and I am so filled with emotion by the address with which the presentation has been accompanied, as to be quite unable to do justice to the subjects which it embraces." (Cheers.) "I shall, however, endeavor in a few words to address myself to these subjects. I am happy to say that during the eight years of my Presidency it was a hope of mine, which I am glad to say was realized, that all differences between the two nations should be settled in a manner honorable to both." (Loud cheers.) "All the questions, I am

glad to say, were so settled"—(cheers)—"and in my desire for that result, it was my aim to do what was right, irrespective of any other consideration whatever." (Cheers.) "During all the negotiations, I felt the importance of maintaining the friendly relations between the great English-speaking people of this country and the United States, which I believe to be essential to the maintenance of peace principles throughout the world, and I feel confident that the continuance of those relations will exercise a vast influence in promoting peace and civilization throughout the world." (Great applause.)



EDINBURGH.

On the 13th of September, General Grant visited Glasgow. At three o'clock in the afternoon of that day he was presented with the freedom of the city. The City Hall, one of the largest public buildings in Glasgow, was filled with spectators. The bailiffs attended in their cocked hats and furred gowns. Exactly at three o'clock the Lord Provost stepped on to the platform and said that Grant had proved himself the Wellington of America. "The great and good Lincoln," said the Provost, "struck down the upas tree of slavery; but Grant tore it up by the roots, so that it should never live in his country to suck

nutriment from its soil. I think the example shown by the American people in the forgiveness of injuries, and in their desire to live amicably with those who had been their enemies, presents the greatest triumph of Christian principle and practice the world has ever seen. In other countries, what crimes of vengeance have followed on revolutionary wars! The scaffold, the galleys, the



COWGATE, EDINBURGH.

fetid swamps of Cayenne, or the frozen deserts of Siberia, have been the fate of misguided patriots; but no such thing happened in America when the war closed. Not a drop of blood was spilled in vengeance. North and

South shook hands, agreed to decorate together the graves of their dead, and to go on as one nation—a united and a free people.” After this the address was read. In it the Common Council “admitted and received, and hereby admit and receive, General Ulysses Simpson Grant, Ex-President of the United States of America, to be a burgess and guild brother of the city and royal burgh of Glasgow, in recognition of his distinguished abilities as a statesman and administrator, his successful efforts in the noble work of emancipating his country from the horrors of slavery, and of his great services in promoting commerce and amity between the United States and Great Britain.”

This address was received with enthusiasm. In replying General Grant said:

“I rise to thank you for the great honor that has been conferred upon me this day by making me a free burgess of this great city of Glasgow. The honor is one that I shall cherish, and I shall always remember this day. When I am back in my own country, I will be able to refer with pride not only to my visit to Glasgow, but to all the different towns in this kingdom that I have had the

“pleasure and the honor of visiting.” (Applause.) “I find that I am being made so much a citizen of Scotland, it will become a serious question where I shall go to vote.” (Laughter and applause.) “You have railroads and other facilities for getting from one place to another, and I might vote frequently in Scotland by starting early. I do not know how you punish that crime over here ; it is a crime that is very often practiced by people who come to our country and become citizens there by adoption. In fact, I think they give the majority of the votes. I do not refer to Scotchmen particularly, but to naturalized citizens. But to speak more seriously, ladies and gentlemen, I feel the honor of this occasion, and I beg to thank you, ladies and gentlemen of this city of Glasgow, for the kind words of your Lord Provost, and for the kind expression of this audience.”

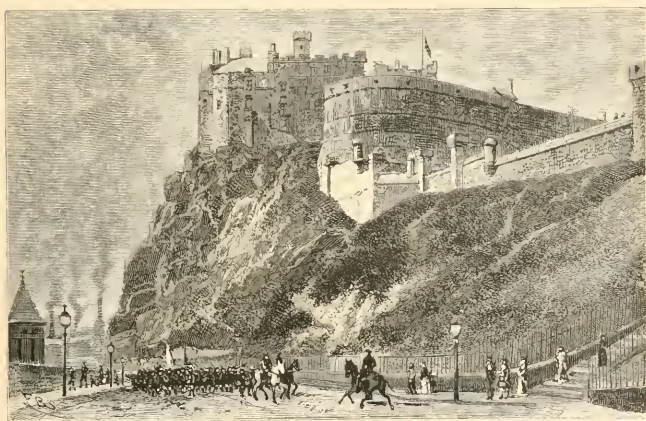
There was a visit to Ayr on the 14th of September, the land and home of Burns. This was followed by a tour in the region of Loch Lomond, and a visit to Inverary, where General Grant was the guest of the Duke of Argyle. No part of the Ex-President's tour in Scotland pleased him more than his visit to this illustrious nobleman. The part taken by the Duke of Argyle during our war, his unswerving adhesion to the cause of the North, and his efforts to secure for America in her struggle with the South the consideration and support of the English people, had excited in the General a high feeling of gratitude. This feeling grew to one of sincere friendship, and frequently during our journeys in Europe the General, in adverting to his Scotch trip, spoke of his visit to Inverary Castle as an experience he would never forget, and of the Duke of Argyle as a nobleman for whom he entertained the highest respect and esteem.

Perhaps no part of General Grant's reception in England was so striking as the short tour he made on his return from Scotland through the manufacturing districts of England. His journey embraced Newcastle, Sunderland, Sheffield, Birmingham, with excursions to Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, and places of historic interest. It was here that the General met the working classes of England, and the enthusiasm which his visit inspired makes it impossible almost to bring it within the limits of a sober narrative. I will, however, confine myself, as far as possible, to a brief recital of the incidents of the trip, and the demonstrations of welcome.

On Wednesday, the 19th of September, General Grant left Edinburgh and arrived in Newcastle on Thursday. The streets in the neighborhood of the central station were filled with thousands of people. A detachment of the Newcastle Rifle Volunteers were on duty to preserve order. The General, on appearing on the platform, was greeted with hearty cheering, and was received by the Mayor, Sir William Armstrong, and other representatives of the citizens of the town. The houses and shops had flags waving from the windows and roofs, and the bells of St. Nicholas rang out merrily. General and Mrs. Grant drove to the Mansion House, and in response to loud cheers, appeared on the balcony. In the evening there was a dinner with Sir William Armstrong, two hundred guests present. On Friday morning, the 21st inst., came sight-seeing. There was a visit to the old castle, to the ancient church of St. Nicholas, and the Exchange. An address was delivered to General Grant by the vice-president, council, and members of the Newcastle and Gateshead Incorporated Chamber of Commerce, which referred to the natural riches and industries of the Tyne district—iron in all its branches, chemicals, lead, copper, earthenware, fire-bricks, colors, and coals. "The various branches of the iron trade," said the address, "include melting the ore into pig iron, the manufacture of all kinds of wrought iron, rails, machines, ordnance, and the building of iron vessels, for which our river is famous. The shipment of coal from the town exceeds 7,109,000 tons per annum, and the number of vessels annually leaving the river, engaged in the coal trade, or loaded with the produce of our manufactories, is larger than the number leaving any other port in the world." The address alluded to this rapid increase as the result of free trade, and expressed a regret that this policy had not been more generally followed by other nations. The General in his response said:

"The president in his remarks has alluded to the personal friendship existing between the two nations—I will not say the two peoples, because we are one people" (applause); "but we are two nations having a common destiny, and that destiny will be brilliant in proportion to the friendship and co-opera-

tion of the brethren on the two sides of the water." (Applause.) "During my eight years of Presidency, it was my study to heal up all the sores that were existing between us." (Applause.) "That healing was accomplished in a manner honorable to the nations." (Applause.) "From that day to this feelings of amity have been constantly growing, as I think ; I know it has been so on our side, and I believe never to be disturbed again. These are two nations which ought to be at peace with each other. We ought to strive to keep at peace with all the world besides" (applause), "and by our example stop those wars which have devastated our own countries, and are now devastating some countries in Europe."



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

After the reception by the Chamber of Commerce the party drove to the new Tyne Swing Bridge, which was opened for inspection. The company then embarked on board the steamer "Commodore." This was accompanied by another steamer called the "Lord Collingwood," and which carried from one to two hundred of the leading inhabitants of the borough. The band of the 1st Northumberland Volunteer Artillery were stationed on the boat. Shortly after one o'clock the boats left the new quay, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, and ran to Wallsend. The weather was cold but fine, and the river banks were crowded with workmen, who gave a noisy, hearty

welcome to the Ex-President. The shipping was decorated with streamers, bunting, and flags. There was a firing of guns, mortars, fog signals, and every species of instrument that could be induced to make a noise. The General stood in the bow of the boat, bowing his acknowledgments. At the "Wellesley" training-ship there was a short pause to witness the discipline. On reaching the bar the Tyne pier was examined, and at Tynemouth the General disembarked. An address was here presented to the General, complimenting him on his sagacity and valor in battle, and his clemency in victory. The General said that he had seen that day on the banks of the Tyne no fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand people, mostly workmen, who had left their occupations and homes to manifest, as he felt it, their friendship for their grandchildren—he would not call them their cousins—on the other side of the Atlantic. He did not agree with the Mayor or member of Parliament who had spoken, in referring to the river as an insignificant one. It was true in America they had some large streams, but their greatest industries were carried on on the small streams. They had not one stream in America as yet that could show the number of industrial pursuits that the Tyne showed between Newcastle and the point at which they were now standing.

After this address there was a trial of the Life Brigade—a force maintained at Tyneside to save life. Two or three life-boats were manned by the crews and floated among the waves, which were dashing heavily against the pier. Under the direction of their captain they executed the motions necessary to rescue a disabled ship. A rocket was fired, various lines were made fast, and a thick hawser was fixed from the battery to the west end of the pier with commendable celerity. The whole operation occupied about fifteen minutes.

On the 22d of September, a demonstration of workingmen took place in Newcastle. The importance of this ceremony may be comprehended from the fact that the local paper, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, the next morning, devoted twenty columns to a report. "Not since the great demonstration of 1873," says *The Chronicle*, "has the grass of the town moor been covered

by so vast an assembly around a platform, as that to receive General Grant. It was estimated that no less than eighty thousand people were around the platform while Mr. Burt, M.P., read the address." It was dry, the air cold and bracing, and every way favorable for an out-door demonstration. The proposal that the laboring men should do honor to General Grant came from Mr. Burt, in a letter suggesting that the 'Trades' Councils of Newcastle should take up the matter and secure the General a fitting reception. From an early hour Newcastle assumed a holiday



ABBOTSFORD.

aspect. Crowds came in by railway and other conveyances, from all parts of the northern country. Every spot where a view could be obtained was crowded. Stephenson's Monument was a cluster of human beings. Walls, cabs, windows, balconies, were full. The fronts of the town buildings and other edifices were covered with American and British flags intertwined. The flags of other nations were displayed from their respective consulates. Trophies of Venetian masts, crossed with bannerets, illuminated with the word "Welcome," were shown in different parts of the town. Thousands of pitmen from the mines of Northumberland, their wives and sweethearts, came to join the demonstration.

The procession was composed as follows: First came the Odd Fellows, then the Amalgamated Society of Tailors, with a banner containing a picture of Adam and Eve driven from the Garden of Eden; then the Newcastle Branch of the Secular Society, carrying the flag unfurled by the British volunteers under Garibaldi; the Operative Painters, with a picture representing the breaking of the chains of slavery, with the inscription, "Welcome to the Liberator;" also banners bearing the portraits of John Bright, Joseph Cowen, and Thomas Burt. Most of the banners borne by the painters were adorned with bunches of fresh, green fern. Then came the Durham Miners' Association, carrying a blue silk banner, bearing a design which represented the change in the condition of pit-boys, by the introduction of short hours of labor; the Hepworth and Ravensworth colliers, carrying a blue silk banner, representing the union of capital and labor, a coal owner and workman in friendly conversation, with the legend, "Reason, Truth, and Friendship;" the Blaydon Colliery, with the inscription, "The Workman is the Pride and Stay of the Country;" the Pelaw Union Wardley Colliery; the Urpeth Colliery; the Kingston Union of Odd Fellows. Then came the Northumberland miners, sixteen different collieries, represented by their banners and designs, under marshals and captains, each colliery with its own band of music. Some of these banners had significant emblems. The Seaton Burn Collieries had the following lines on their banner:

"No gloss or coloring will avail,
But truth and justice here prevail:
'Tis education forms the youthful mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Another showed a figure representing emancipation, and the tree of union in full bloom. Another banner, of blue silk with yellow border, contained the words, "We claim manhood suffrage."

After the miners came the Newcastle dock laborers and trimmers, carrying a new banner of blue silk with crimson border, bearing this motto:

"A golden era bursts upon the world :
 The principle of right shall soon prevail :
 Meek truth and justice soon shall lift their heads,
 And wrong shall sink to everlasting night."

Then came the Hammermen's Society, the Plumbers, the Household Furnishers, and the Tanners of Elswick. The latter carried a banner bearing these words: "Welcome back, General Grant, from Arms to Arts," "Let us have Peace," "Nothing like Leather." The Masons, the Independent Order

of Mechanics, the Newcastle Brass Moulders and Finishers, the Tyne District Carpenters and Joiners, and the Mill Sawyers and Machinists followed. The Sawyers carried a banner with these words: "Welcome, General Grant, to Newcastle. Tyneside



BURNS' COFFAGE.

rejoices to see thee. Welcome, Hero of Freedom." The United Chainmakers' Association finished the procession. These workmen marched in good order like battalions of soldiers. There was no disturbance of the peace, and a few policemen only kept the line. It was a moving stream of red and blue banners, and badges, and insignia.

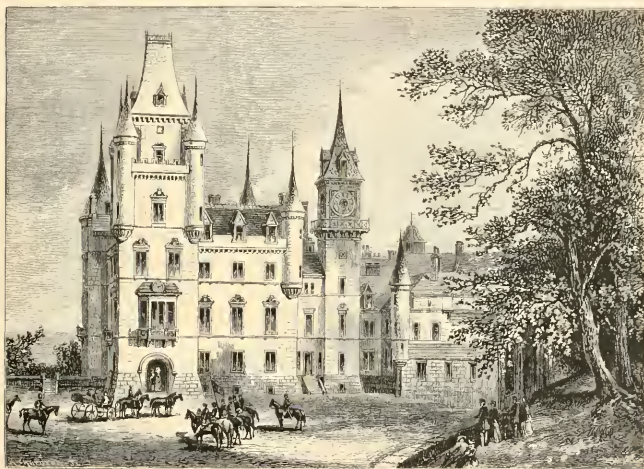
The General rode in the procession to the town moor, rapturous cheering attending him until he reached the platform, at half-past three o'clock. As the General advanced to the front of the platform, "the cheers of the crowd," says the *Newcastle Chronicle*, "could be heard at St. Thomas's Church, nearly a mile distant. The Mayor opened the proceedings by asking the crowd to keep good order. Mr. Burt, M.P., then advanced and presented the address. In doing this he said that the pro-

longed civil war which raged in America excited the greatest anxiety and interest among the workpeople of the North. "Never," he said, "was there a war in which English armies were not employed that went so directly to the popular feeling. This was not merely because their kinsmen were in mortal combat; but because it was a battle for great principles. It was not a war for conquest, for selfish aggrandisement, or for the propping up of a tottering throne; but it involved the great questions of freedom, of the rights of man, and the dignity and honor of labor." Mr. Burt then congratulated America on the abolition of slavery, upon the pacific tenor of General Grant's administration, and upon the settlement of the Alabama Claims as one of the grandest moral victories ever achieved by statesmanship. "When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written," said Mr. Burt, "one of its brightest pages will be that which tells how two of the greatest and most valorous nations of the world settled their differences by arbitration rather than by an appeal to the power of armies." Mr. Burt concluded by saying that the working people regretted that so much of the wealth, energy, and intellect of the world were devoted to destructive purposes. "These huge standing armies," he said, "are a menace to peace, and a constant drain on the life and resources of nations. In the face of these armies the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race have before them a noble mission. If England and America, acting on the wise counsels so well given by you yesterday at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, strive not only to keep peace between themselves, but also to keep at peace with other nations, they will set an example that was never more needed than now, and that will be rich in benefits to the whole world in all coming time." Then Mr. Burt read the address, which was handsomely bound and engrossed, as follows:

"GENERAL: In the name of the working classes of Northumberland and Durham, we welcome you to Tyneside, and we are proud of the opportunity afforded us of expressing to you our admiration for the noble deeds which have made you famous in the history of your country, and the welcome guest of Englishmen.

"At the outbreak of the American civil war, when called upon by your country to defend its honor and wipe from its character the stain of slavery, we are mindful that you entered upon that work with prompt zeal and unflinching fortitude ; and we are sensible that the courage which sustained you during that dark period of American history, was not the courage which enables a soldier merely to face death, but that nobler courage which springs from a consciousness of duty.

"In those hard-fought battles, in which your great abilities as a soldier were displayed, and which won for you the absolute confidence of that pure and noble-minded martyr, Abraham Lincoln, you had the entire sympathy of



DUNROBIN CASTLE.

the working classes of England ; and we are all the more proud on that account in honoring you to-day as a faithful and distinguished son of America—a splendid soldier and a wise and prudent statesman.

"Though you are skilled in the art of war, we are pleased to regard you as a man of peace ; but the peace which commands your sympathy must be founded on the eternal laws of equity and justice. The rough scenes of war have no charms for you ; but we believe if duty called you would be ready to strike again for the consecration of noble principles.

"General ! you are imperishably associated with the glorious issue of the American civil war, and posterity will assign you a conspicuous place on the roll of the world's heroes. Mankind will not forget that you have caused the 'Stars and Stripes' to float more proudly than ever over the Republic, and

we rejoice to know that our kinsmen have testified their gratitude by twice electing you to the highest office in the United States. We, who are bound to them by a relationship which no circumstances can sever, join them in a grateful recognition of your services.

"Again, we welcome you as a most successful statesman, in whose custody the honor and interests of a noble nation were safely intrusted.

"The onerous duties which devolved upon you on your accession to the Presidency of the United States could not have been so ably discharged had you possessed less coolness, courage, and tenacity of purpose; and we greet you with sincere esteem for pursuing a conciliatory and peaceful policy toward this country, especially during the consideration of the difficulties between England and America.

"The terrible consequences which might have resulted to both countries had you adopted a hostile policy are harrowing to contemplate, and we are glad to know that you so largely contributed to the preservation of peace and the amicable settlement of the Alabama question.

"History will chronicle the proceeding at Geneva as a grand achievement of civilization, and with it, you, General, will ever be identified. In favoring the principle of international arbitration you have earned the applause of the civilized world, and we readily acknowledge the great blessings which that mode of settling the difficulties of nations has already conferred on your country and ours.

"It has cemented us more firmly together in the bonds of peace and friendship, and we are sure that no one is more desirous than yourself that the people of England and America, who are of one blood, and whose interests are identical, should draw more closely together, so that the future history of the two nations may be one of unbroken concord.

"And now, General, in our final words we greet you as a sincere friend of labor. Having attested again and again your deep solicitude for the industrial classes, and having also nobly proclaimed the dignity of labor by breaking the chains of the slave, you are entitled to our sincere and unalloyed gratitude; and our parting wish is, that the general applause which you have received in your own country, and are now receiving in this, for the many triumphs which you have so gloriously achieved, may be succeeded by a peaceful repose, and that the sunset of your life may be attended with all the blessings that this earth can afford.

"General! we beg your acceptance of this address as a testimony of the high regard and admiration in which you are held among the working people of Northumberland and Durham."

General Grant, who was received with the most enthusiastic cheering, then replied as follows:

"MR. BURT AND WORKINGMEN: Through you, I will return thanks to the workingmen of Tyneside for the very acceptable welcome address which you have just read. I accept from that class of people the reception which they

have accorded me, as among the most honorable. We all know that but for labor we would have very little that is worth fighting for, and when wars do come, they fall upon the many, the producing class, who are the sufferers. They not only have to furnish the means largely, but they have, by their labor and industry, to produce the means for those who are engaged in destroying and not in producing. I was always a man of peace, and I have always advocated peace, although educated a soldier. I never willingly, although I have gone through two wars, of my own accord advocated war." (Loud cheers.)

"I advocated what I believed to be right, and I have fought for it to the best of my ability in order that an honorable peace might be secured. You have been pleased to allude to the friendly relations existing between the two great nations on both sides of the Atlantic. They are now most friendly, and the friendship has been increasing. Our interests are so identified, we are so much related to each other, that it is my sincere hope, and it has been the sincere hope of my life, and especially of my official life, to maintain that friendship. I entertain views of the progress to be made in the future by the union and friendship of the great English-speaking people, for I believe that it will result in the spread of our language, our civilization, and



STEPHENSON'S MONUMENT.

our industry, and be for the benefit of mankind generally." (Cheers.) "I do not know, Mr. Burt, that there is anything more for me to say, except that I would like to communicate to the people whom I see assembled before me here this day how greatly I feel the honor which they have conferred upon me." (Cheers.)

The ceremonies were brought to a close by General Fairchild, Consul at Liverpool, who had lost an arm during our war, speaking as an American citizen, and thanking the multitude for "their magnificent reception of our great chief, General Grant." The General reviewed the multitude and the procession as it passed along, and the proceedings terminated with three cheers for the General and one for Mrs. Grant.

Perhaps I can do no better than give the description of the scene as I found it in the columns of the *Chronicle*: "A few minutes to four o'clock a general craning of necks and faint strains of music in the distance heralded the advance of the procession. Everybody tried to look over everybody's shoulder, and the unregenerate boot which always selects that precise moment to impress upon its neighbor's foot the fact that man is a pedal animal, commenced its vocation. A swingeing cheer swept up the turn-pike and round the corner of the Bull Park, firing like a train



INVERARY CASTLE.

of cartridges the whole of the crowd up to the platform. 'He was coming,' that was enough. So everybody cheered again, and got its lungs into lustiest order, ready for the time when the procession should actually arrive and the first captain of the Republic be visible. Like some long nondescript monster, with a dorsal fin of variegated colors, the procession slowly wormed its way up from the road in the direction of the platform. Banners flapped as banners only do flap when there is not only something in the wind, but something in men's hearts as well. Brass bands did their best to rise to the height of a great occasion, and magnify the dignity both of Apollo and of Mars.

The big drum—and there might be a score in the procession—which may always be depended upon to raise enthusiasm to fever heat, led off gusty rounds of cheers, which finally eddied and swirled in splendid vociferousness. The first section of the procession halted at the east end of the platform. On any other occasion, perhaps, the silver emblems of all the Christian graces carried by the National Independent Order of Odd Fellows would have excited attention; but the top of the Mayor's carriage could be seen, and in a minute or two a vision of plush breeches and a confused rush told that the General had arrived. At this moment the crowd, with the adroitness which is always the mark of genius, and having waited until the General was on the field to appreciate the boldness of their campaign, executed a flank movement into the reserved square in front of the platform. They had been, not ill-naturedly though, chafing for hours at the idea of having the whole front of the proceedings partially hidden from them by a forest of banners; and once the attention of the police was directed to the arrival of the visitor of the day, they made a dash for the coveted position. As helpless as straws in a storm tide, the few policemen on duty were carried forward with the first lines of the crowd. For an instant, perhaps two, these front ranks were alone in the open. Then with flattering unanimity of imitation, which always animates that acute observer the public, forty thousand brains were struck by the thought that the nearer the platform the better the sight. Like the bursting of floodgates, away the mighty masses of faces came on, three huge and solid banks, rather than waves of humanity, reeling in front of the platform with a good, thorough, old-fashioned crush.

“And sooth to say it was a crush. From here and there in the fierce press came the shouts and screams of frightened lads, whose faces, reaching no higher than the waistcoat pockets of their fathers, were perforce pressed into that accommodating, but not the less suffocating, part of the mortal temple which the monks of Mount Athos considered the center of feeling. Still good-naturedly, although butted in a manner not conducive to assist digestion, a general effort was made by the

men to extricate the youngsters. They were at once, with sundry rips in sundry coats, hauled up from their unseen position and literally rolled over the heads of the crowd, to be finally dropped down inside a railed-off space in front of the platform, where stout barriers kept off the crush. By this time everybody was fully occupied, partly in cheering, partly in protecting their ribs from the pressure of the crowd, partly in helping to bundle these living bales over to the platform, but chiefly in taking a good long inspection of the General. Looking as much like an ordinary Tyneside skipper as possible, open-browed, firm-faced, bluff, honest, and unassuming, everybody at once settled in his own mind that the General would do. The cheers became warmer and warmer as that quiet, strong, thoroughly British face grew upon them; and as they increased, General Grant, who had at first merely touched his hat to the multitude, bared his head, as an unmistakable everybody-joins-in-it 'Hurra' roared out from fifty thousand throats, and rattled up to the astonished birds circling overhead. But business is business, even in demonstrations, and must be attended to. The Mayor waits to open proceedings, General Grant to the right of him, and Mr. Burt to the left. Behind and around the three, who occupy the middle of the platform, are grouped the friends and leaders of industrial Northumberland and Durham; faces which have been familiar to the workers of the North for the last quarter of a century. Since the General first arrived a wonderful increase has taken place in the crowd, which now extends far on either side of the platform, stretching away in front of it to a point where even the voice of Hector would be unheard. Only part of the band has nearly reached the position intended for the section it is connected with, and apparently the little knot of crimson tunics wish themselves well out of the squeeze. One hapless individual, burdened with the care of a French horn big enough to do duty for a monster cornucopia, is at his wits' end to preserve his own bones and those of his instrument. Finally he lifts it on his shoulder, the mouth pointing toward the platform, and looking like a cross between the brass trunk of a metal mammoth and a novel weapon of war.

The unfortunate processionists, elbowed so summarily out of their places, have been meantime seeking to establish themselves on the outskirts of the crowd, where, to tell the truth, they are far better situated than if they had occupied the places originally intended for them. Their banners, disposed partially around one side of the crowd, have a particularly pretty effect, hemming in the scene with a zone of color. Behind, in the far distance, may be seen, rising through the gray smoke, Newcastle's spires

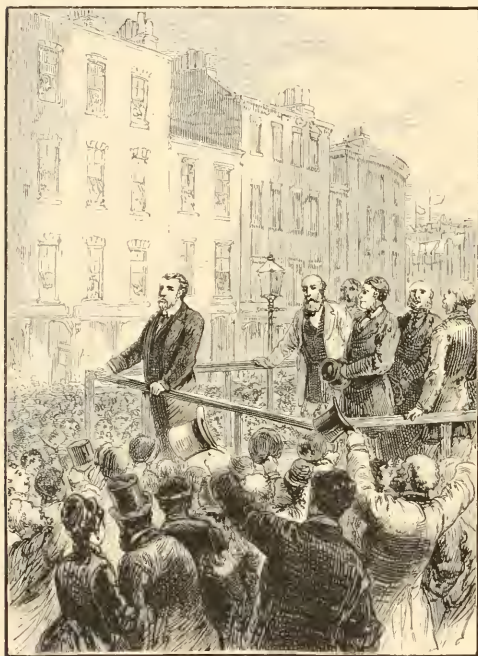


NEWCASTLE.

and steeples. Beyond these the dark hills of Gateshead close round, looking, as they seem to drop down in the soft shadow and undulation from the long bar of sunlight stretched, a golden rod, above them, as if they were hung, a stupendous curtain, worked with raised broiery of houses and churches.

"But the Mayor has commenced to speak, and following him comes Mr. Burt. The crowd, which has not got over the excitement yet, keeps up a loud hum, varied, though it cannot hear a word of what is said, with occasional cheers, by way of expressing its conviction that the member for Morpeth is saying the right thing in the right place. When Mr. Burt takes the blue-bound address in his hand they cheer it, and break out into

still more sonorous exclamations when General Grant receives that expression of the interest Tyneside labor has taken in his visit. The last of the procession, however, has not yet arrived on the ground, and the music of distant bands, swelling in with the restless stir of the crowd, prevents any but a few on the plat-



ADDRESS AT NEWCASTLE.

form from expecting to hear what reply the Ex-President will make. Seeing the state of matters he addresses himself to the reporters, delivering, for him, an unusually long speech, and speaking with an evident feeling which shows that the crowd, as is nearly always the case with men who have handled large bodies of men, has touched his

sympathies. The vast concourse, still rushing up from the turnpike, and which now musters at least eighty to a hundred thousand, estimate the unheard speech after their own thoughts, and applaud every now and again with might and main. When the General finishes, everybody who has not yet shouted feels it incumbent to begin at once, and those who have bellowed themselves hoarse make themselves still hoarser in their en-

deavors to come up to the demands of the situation. Hats are waved with a self-sacrificing obliviousness to the affection subsisting between crown and brim which is beautiful to witness. And right in the center of the crowd, little shining rivulets glistening on his ebony cheeks, and his face glowing with intense excitement, the whole soul within him shining out through his sable skin like a red-hot furnace seen through a dark curtain, stands a negro, devouring Grant with a gaze of such fervid admiration and respect and gratitude that it flashes out the secret of the great liberator's popularity."

In the evening there was a banquet at the Assembly Rooms, the Mayor of Newcastle occupying the chair. In response to the toast of the evening the General said :

"MR. MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF NEWCASTLE : I scarcely know how to respond to what has been said by the Mayor. I have a very vivid recollection that immediately upon my arrival upon these shores the Mayor invited me up here, and we have been carrying on a correspondence, directly and indirectly, ever since as to the time when I should be here. But as to my saying anything after I came, such a thing never occurred to me." (Laughter.) "I will say that the entertainment by your worthy Mayor has exceeded my expectations. I have had no better reception in any place, nor do I think it possible to have a better." (Cheers.) "All I have seen since I have been on the Tyne has been to me most gratifying as an individual, and I think when I go back to my own country I will find that it has been very gratifying to my countrymen to hear of it. It has been gratifying all along the Tyne to Tynemouth. It has been gratifying ever since my landing upon English soil. It has been gratifying because I have seen that which is extremely pleasant, namely the good relationship existing, that should always exist, between English-speaking people." (Applause.) "I think that is a matter of the vastest importance, because I believe that we have the blessing of civilization to extend. I do not want to detract from other civilizations ; but I believe that we possess the highest civilization. There is the strongest bond of union between the English-speaking people, and that bond should and will serve to extend the greatest good to the greatest number. That will always be my delight."

Mr. Cowen, M.P., responded to the toast of the House of Commons, and in the course of his speech he said "that Newcastle honored General Grant as a man, and welcomed him as representing that great, free, and friendly nation, that Younger Britain on the other side of the broad Atlantic." (Applause.)

“ In the days of his country's dangers and trials he nobly did his duty. His highest honor was, that during the darkest hour he did not despair of the Republic. General Grant's achievements would fill a large and glowing page in the history of his native land, and no inconsiderable one in the history of our times. His position as a soldier and a statesman was fixed, and there was not now time, and this was not the occasion, to dilate on it. He had won the confidence of his contemporaries and secured the encomiums of posterity. The world had often spoken with admiration of his valor and his resolution—of his courage and ability. He had no wish to underrate or overlook these virtues; but to-night he would speak of his modesty and magnanimity. He knew of nothing more touching than the gentleness with which General Grant conveyed a necessary, but at the same time a hasty and unpleasant command, from the American War Minister to his brave companion-in-arms, General Sherman, nor more generous than his dignified treatment of the vanquished Confederate captain—a foeman worthy of his steel. These actions reminded us of the fabled days of chivalry. The only incident in modern warfare to be compared to them was the conduct of our own manly Outram toward the gallant Havelock on the eve of the fate of Lucknow. On the questions involved in the great conflict in which our illustrious guest played so decisive a part, there were wide differences of opinion amongst us. We all followed his career with interest and with admiration—many of us, most of us in this district, with sympathy. The different views existing in English society found memorable expression on two occasions in Newcastle. In the midst of the war, at a banquet in our town hall, Earl Russell gave it as his opinion that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence. Mr. Gladstone, the year after, in the same place and on a like occasion, declared that the South had made an army, were making a navy, and would make a nation. He referred to these statements not for the purpose of reviving a long-forgotten and exhausted controversy, nor with the object of pointing out that the ‘common people,’ when great principles were at stake, were often right

when statesmen, who took a technical view of the struggle, were in error. But he recalled the circumstances because it was but meet that the people of Tyneside, who did not share the sentiments of these two Liberal statesmen, should seize the opportunity of a visit from the great Republican commander to 'cull out a holiday,' to climb to walls and battlements, to towers and windows, to greet the man who fought and won the greatest fight for human freedom that this century had seen.



GREY STREET AND GREY MONUMENT, NEWCASTLE.

Lord Russell, with characteristic courage and candor, not long after he made his speech in Newcastle, declared that he had misapprehended the objects of the American war, and acknowledged he had been wrong in the views he had entertained. Mr. Gladstone was scarcely so ready and frank with his recantation, but he also ultimately confessed that he had not understood the purposes of the Republican leaders. He trusted that General Grant's visit to this country would prevent a repetition of such misconceptions, would help to draw still closer the bonds of unity between America and England, and tend to

prevent the bellicose spirits in both nations plunging us into suffering and confusion for the gratification of unworthy and antagonistic passions. Our common interests were peace. We were streams from the same fountain—branches from the same tree. We sprang from the same race, spoke the same language, were moved by the same prejudices, animated by the same hopes; we sang the same songs, cherished the same liberal political principles, and we were imbued with the conviction that we had a common destiny to fulfill among the children of men. We were bound by the treble ties of interest, duty, and affection to live together in concord. A war between America and England would be a war of brothers. It would be a household martyrdom only less disastrous than war between Northumberland and Middlesex. The pioneers of the Republic—the Pilgrim Fathers—were pre-eminently English. It was because they were so that they emigrated. They left us because England in that day had ceased to be England to them. They went in the assertion of the individual right of private judgment and the national right of liberty and conscience. They carved out for themselves a new home in the wilderness, into which they carried all the industrial characteristics and intellectual energies of the mother land. They did not leave us when England was in her infancy. Our national character was consolidated before they went, and Shakespeare and Milton and Bacon, and all the great men of the Elizabethan era, were not only figuratively but literally as much their countrymen as ours. They repudiated the rule of the English king, but, as they themselves declared, they never closed their partnership in the English Parnassus. They would not own the authority of our corrupt court, but they bowed before the majesty of our literary chiefs. They emigrated from Stuart tyranny, but not from the intellectual and moral glories of our philosophers and poets, any more than from the sunshine and dews of heaven. These literary ties had been extended and strengthened by years. The names of Longfellow and Lowell, Bryant and Whittier, were as much household words with us as those of Campbell and Coleridge, Byron and

Burns, Dickens and Thackeray. Bulwer and Jerrold wrote as much for America as for England. The works of Hawthorne and Cooper, Emerson and Irving, came to us across the sea bathed in the fragrance of their boundless prairies, redolent of the freshness of their primeval pine forests, and were read and admired as warmly on the banks of the Tyne and the Thames as on the shores of the Potomac and the Mississippi. But in addition to the intellectual, there were strong material ties intertwining the two nations. When the United States ceased to



TYNEMOUTH.

be part of the English dominions, an increased commercial intercourse sprang up between us. Coincident with the close of the American War of Independence, the ingenuity and skill of our countrymen led to the discovery of those great mechanical inventions which produced the cotton trade. While the spindles of the Lancashire mill-owners had been weaving wealth for themselves and power for their country, they had bound in a web of interest and good-will the American planter and merchant and the English manufacturer and workman. They trusted that when their distinguished guest returned home, he

would assure his fellow countrymen that there was, amongst men of all classes, sects, and parties in England, only one feeling toward America, and that was one of friendship—that we had only one rivalry with her, and that was to excel in the arts of peace and the works of civilization.” I print this part of Mr. Cowen’s speech because it gives a fair idea of the feeling of the people of Newcastle toward the United States. At the close of this reception, General Grant drove to Hesley Side, and spent the Sunday with W. H. Charlton, Esq.

There was an address by the Corporation of Gateshead, to which General Grant made a response, alluding to the depression of trade in England as affecting America and the whole of the civilized world. “But,” he said, “the times will grow better, and must grow better. Whether it be that the result of over-production, or a little extravagance on the part of civilized peoples, for the time has left a surplus on hand to be consumed, we must all hope and trust that we shall soon see this depression of trade pass away.”

On Monday, the 24th of September, General Grant arrived in the town of Sunderland, having accepted an invitation of the Mayor to lay the foundation stone of a new museum on the south west corner of the park. Rain had fallen, and the streets were muddy, but the houses were decorated with flags. The special engine which drew the train in which General Grant traveled had the stars and stripes flying on it with the union jack. Here, also, was a procession of workmen and benevolent societies; among them the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Odd Fellows, the Free Gardeners, the Sons of Temperance, Bricklayers, Tailors, Boat-builders, Engineers, Miners, Chain-makers, and Smiths. As the General walked up the hill to the park a salute was fired. Just then the sun came out from behind a cloud. An address was read to General Grant by the President of the Trades Council, in which, after complimenting the General, he spoke of the desire of the people for free trade and the removal of unjust tariffs, as well as the success of the principle of international arbitration. The General in response said: “I wish to return my thanks to the Trades Union and the

friendly societies who have honored me with this address this morning. I wish you to say to these societies that I regard it as a very great honor. The language of the address which has just been read has shown so much friendliness, not only for me personally, but to my country, that it gives me great cause for pride. I shall preserve this with many other addresses I have received while on these shores, and I shall hand them down to



GENERAL GRANT'S ENGLISH PRESENTS.

my family to be revered by them, no doubt, as long as our generations last."

After this the ceremony of laying the foundation stone took place, which was followed by a luncheon and addresses by members of Parliament. An address was presented by the Mayor and Town Council of Sunderland. The toast was the health of General Grant and his wife. To this toast General Grant responded, and after thanking the company for their kindness, said: "I know that the best of feeling exists in the

United States toward the people of Great Britain. We feel that good feeling between the two nations is growing, and that it is a matter of the greatest importance, not alone to ourselves, but to civilization at large ; moving together as friends, with one language, one energy, and one support in all that causes the advance of civilization, we are destined as friends to make a big figure in the world. As enemies we should neutralize each other's efforts, and, therefore, it is my sincere hope that the friendship which is existing now may continue and increase." At the close of the luncheon the General visited the docks, and in the evening dined with Mr. Lang, at Thornhill, who celebrated the visit of the General by a display of fireworks. On the 25th the General was the guest of Mr. Hartley, and visited the glass-works of Hartley & Company.

On the 26th of September, General Grant visited Sheffield. The town was decorated, and the General arrived on the Pullman palace car. He drove to the Cutlers' Hall. The aldermen were present in scarlet, and the councilors in purple. In the center of the platform three chairs were reserved for the Mayor, the General, and Mrs. Grant. The Mayor welcomed the General to Sheffield, and an address was read in which America was congratulated on having abolished slavery. In his response the General said :

"MR. MAYOR, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN OF SHEFFIELD : I have just heard the address which has been read and presented to me, with great gratification. It affords me singular pleasure to visit a city the name of which has been familiar to me from my earliest childhood. I think the first penknife I ever owned, away out in the western part of the State of Ohio, was marked 'Sheffield.' I think the knives and forks we then used on our table had all of them 'Sheffield' marked on them. I do not know whether they were counterfeit or not, but it gave them a good market. From that day to this the name of your industrial city has been familiar, not only in the States, but I suppose throughout the civilized world. The city has been distinguished for its industry, its inventions, and its progress. If our commerce has not increased as much as you might wish, yet it has increased, I think, with Sheffield since the days of which I spoke when we had no cutlery excepting that marked 'Sheffield.' It must be very much larger than it was then. We are getting to make some of those things ourselves, and I believe occasionally we put our own stamp upon them ; but Sheffield cutlery still has a high place in the markets of the world.

I assure you it affords me very great pleasure the welcome that I have received here to-day, and I shall carry away with me the pleasant recollections of what I have seen in Sheffield."

An address was also presented by the Master, Wardens, Searchers, Assistants, and Commonalty of the Corporation of Cutlers of Hallamshire, to which General Grant responded as follows:

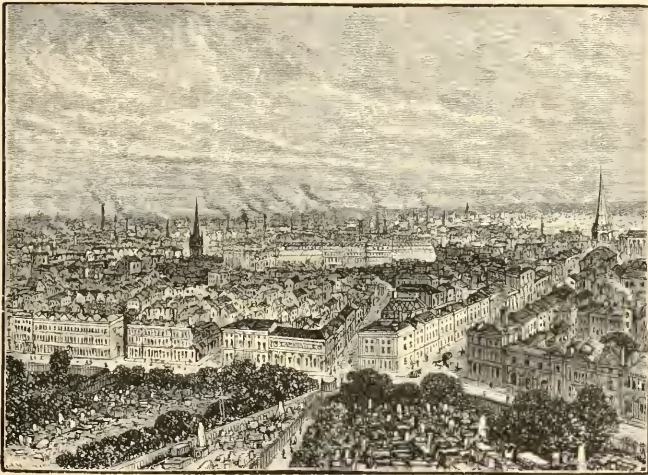
"MR. MASTER CUTLER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY OF CUTLERS: After the few remarks I made in reply to the address of the Mayor there is hardly anything for me to say further than that I feel gratified, highly gratified, at this reception. In the matter of free trade, I would hardly be able to speak upon that subject without some preparation. It must be recollected, however, that the country which I had at one time the honor of representing has gone through a great war and contracted a great debt in suppressing a rebellion. That makes it necessary to raise a large amount to support the running expenses of the Government, and to pay the interest on the debt which is owing in foreign countries to a very large extent. It is impossible to raise these revenues from internal sources. The protective tariff is a matter scarcely heard of now in the United States, though it was a common subject of talk years ago. The reason it is scarcely mentioned now is that the revenue from imports is regarded simply as one of the means of raising the necessary money to pay the interest upon the national debt and the other expenses incident to the carrying on of the Government, and if we were to abolish the revenue from imports, the foreign bondholders would very soon cry out against us because we failed to pay the interest on the bonds which they hold." (Laughter.) "We get along rapidly enough in that direction, and we will compete with you in your manufactures in the markets of the world."

At the conclusion of this speech, Mr. Pease, as the representative of the Chamber of Commerce, made a few remarks, in the course of which he expressed a hope that in course of time the American Congress would modify its tariffs. An address was also presented by the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce, dwelling upon the maintenance of free and open commercial communications between the two great English nations. In reply General Grant said: "It is scarcely necessary I should add anything to what I have already said in acknowledgment of my reception in Sheffield. In regard to your merchants and mechanics who have gone to our country and have helped to build up our manufactures, I can only say we received them with

open arms. The more of you who go the better we will like it, and I hope it will be to their advantage. Business with us at this time is a little depressed, as it is all over the civilized world; but the day is not far distant, in my judgment—certainly I hope it is not far distant—when trade and commerce will revive, and when we shall see more of you and your sons and daughters over there; see them succeed, see them make pleasant homes and become good citizens and law-makers with us, and see them, when they are qualified, office-holders. I can assure you nothing gives us more pleasure than to see the emigration of the industry and intelligence of this community. We have room for all, and a hearty welcome for all, and if you only come among us we will try to treat you as you have treated me to-day." There was a reception by Dr. Webster, the General Consul, which the shippers of Sheffield attended; and in the evening the General dined with the Mayor.

On the morning of the 27th of September, General Grant visited the cutlery works of Rogers & Sons. From here he went to the Cyclops Iron and Steel Works. He examined a mill for rolling wire, where wire was rolled for telegraphic purposes; an iron frame-plate for locomotives was rolled. This is a branch of industry which has placed Sheffield at the head of the world in this work. The General ascended a platform where he could well observe these stupendous operations. The plate was intended for the ship "Tegetoff," of the Austrian navy. When finished it would be fourteen feet three inches long, three feet wide, and eleven inches thick. The mass of iron when put into the furnace weighed twenty-six tons; when finished the plate would weigh about twenty tons. The reporter of the *Sheffield Telegraph* says: "On the furnace doors being opened, only those whose eyes are accustomed to the scene could view anything within it beyond a white mass of burning material. A crane traveling overhead, however, carried a pair of huge tongs to the mouth of the furnace; they were thrust within it, and with the help of the engines the heap of seething metal was drawn forth upon an iron lurry. The heat in the mill was now tremendous, and the majority of the strangers were endeavoring to

shield their eyes from the blinding glare of the material, and at the same time seeking to protect their faces from the heat. The lurry was hastened to the rolls, and at the first passage a shower of fire was ejected as the iron ran through; at the same time the dross running from the sides of the plate as whey does from a cheese. In eight minutes, after being several times passed and repassed through the gigantic rolls, the operation was concluded. As the General left the mill he was again heartily



CITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

cheered, a second compliment, which he again acknowledged. The derrick for testing rails was shown in operation. A section was placed beneath it, and a weight of one ton drawn to a height of twenty-five feet above it, when it was allowed to fall. The rail, however, only bent, and showed no sign of fracture. The operation of converting Bessemer steel was next witnessed. When the party reached this department, one of the huge 'receivers' was just ready to be charged with the iron. The blast was put on, and for twenty minutes the party had an opportunity of viewing at close quarters a display which it would be

difficult for any pyrotechnist to imitate. Now and again as some mass of slag was driven high into the air, and fell back upon some damp place in the pit, an explosion would ensue, which must have reminded the General of the bursting of shell. This process appeared to excite the attention of the ladies most of all, and when at last the operation of converting was completed, and an adjournment was made to a cooler place, it was with no small amount of relief to many, the heat being almost insupportable. In the planing-room it was explained how the armor plates are dressed into presentable form, how they had bolt holes drilled through them, and how the port holes were cut out. In this apartment were exhibited two plates which had been subjected to experiments at Shoeburyness. They were manufactured of iron, with a surface of steel, under a process patented by Mr. Alex. Wilson. Although only nine inches thick, no shot had been able to pierce through them. The bending of a section of an eight-inch plate, cold, was perfectly successful, no flaw of any description being found on the piece after this severe test."

There was a banquet in the Hall of the Cutlers' Company, one of the most famous halls in England. This room was decorated profusely with flowers and flags and tropical plants. The Earl of Wharncliffe, who was present, made a speech in response to the toast of the House of Lords, in which he claimed Grant as a member of the noble family of Seafield, the Earl of Seafield being the head of the Grant clan. Mr. Mundella, M.P., also spoke, making a graceful allusion to his visit to America, and to his having met General Grant when he was President. He referred to his visit to Washington, and said: "I was in Washington, and was introduced by one of the Ministers of General Grant's Government to the President of the Republic—General Grant himself. We had some conversation about the speeches and about the references that had been made to the relations between the two countries. The words which the General spoke were few, brief, weighty, and encouraging, and were in favor of peace with England. And he encouraged me and Mr. Hughes to go on in the same direction as had some of

the most prominent men in America—the best spirits in the country; and, gentlemen, should it ever be your lot, as it has been mine, to sit down at Boston, and there to meet the literary men, the poets, and the statesmen of America, depend upon it you will be prouder of the Anglo-Saxon race from that time forth than you are to-day. I say these men were of one mind and one heart, that between the brothers on this side of the Atlantic and the brothers on the other side there should be peace, that all sources of quarrel should be removed. When I came home I went to Lord Granville and Mr. Forster, and they sent me to Mr. Gladstone. I placed before them all I had heard and seen in America, and humble though my part may have been, I am proud to have been even one of the humblest instruments in the formation of some measures and the confirmation of negotiations which produced that great international understanding between



LEAVING SHEFFIELD.

the two nations, which is to the lasting honor of Mr. Gladstone's Government. Mr. Forster said to me this morning as he came down with me in the train on his way to Bradford, that we all ought to be grateful to General Grant, as during his Presidency he was the confirmed friend of peace with England, and that he would not allow any political faction to trade upon war with England, and thereby to make political capital out of such a criminal cry."

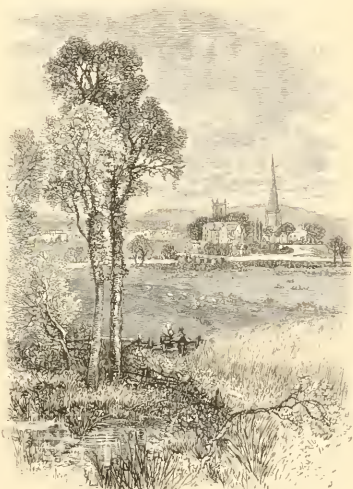
The toast of General Grant's health was proposed by the Mayor, who alluded to the work which had been done in England by Mr. Peabody, and the reverence which Englishmen felt for the memory of that philanthropist. General Grant in reply said:

"MR. MAYOR, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF SHEFFIELD : It makes my heart feel glad when I hear these sentiments uttered in regard to my own country, and to the friendship which should exist between the two nations. As I have had occasion to say frequently, it has always been a cherished view of mine that we should be the best of friends. I am sure, as an official in a position that gave me some little power of healing the little grievance that was caused between the two nations, I exercised all the influence I had to bring about a settlement that would be a final settlement, as I believed—and I believe now that it is a final settlement. It was not a question of whether we should get this or that, it was simply a question of whether we should agree ; it was not a matter of dollars and cents—they were entirely unnamed as compared with the question of a settlement. Our wish was simply to have a settlement—that both parties should agree and settle the matter. We have agreed upon terms, and I believe that this is the beginning of a long series of years—I hope centuries—of friendly and honorable rivalry between the two great English-speaking nations and the advancement of each. Whatever tends to the advancement of one in some way or other will tend to the advancement of the other."

Lord Wharnccliffe proposed the health of Mrs. Grant and the ladies. At the close of the banquet the General went to his Pullman palace car, where he passed the night, leaving next morning at seven o'clock, after taking breakfast on the car, for Stratford-on-Avon. Arriving in Stratford at eleven o'clock by special train, the General was met by the Mayor, Mr. J. J. Mason, and was driven to New Place Gardens, where he strolled about. Afterward the party visited the Church of the Holy Cross and the Grammar School, where they were shown the corner which Shakespeare as a boy occupied, where he learned his "little Latin and less Greek." The General before leaving the school asked a holiday for the boys; which kindness was recognized by three times three cheers, and one for Mrs. Grant. The Shakespeare Memorial, now in process of erection on the Avon bank, was inspected, and afterward a visit made to the Church of the Holy Trinity, where repose the ashes of Shakespeare, and where the vicar, the Rev. F. Smith, received the party and showed them the various memorials of the poet. On quitting the church the General was driven to the pretty village of Shuttery, and a visit was paid to the cottage of Anne Hathaway. Clopton Bridge was crossed, and the party took the

opportunity of looking at the river Avon. At three o'clock, there was a luncheon in the town hall. The toast in General Grant's honor was given by Mr. Flower, an old citizen of Stratford, who had lived in America half a century ago. An address was presented in a casket made out of wood of the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare at New Place. In response to this toast the General said he had the greatest gratification in visiting the birth-place and home of the distinguished citizen of this great nation who was so well known in America. America, as well as England, celebrated Shakespeare's birthday, and took pride in his great genius. He would have been open to censure had he not visited Stratford-on-Avon, and he felt the greatest pleasure in being received with such cordiality and friendship.

On the morning of the 29th, the General and party left for the pleasant town of



STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Leamington. The town was decorated with flags, and in Bath Street there was a triumphal arch, bearing the motto, "Welcome to the Royal Borough." The road was decorated with the flags of England and America, and from the windows were displayed banners, garlands, and mottoes. At the pump room the General was received by a guard of honor of the Leamington Volunteers under the command of Captain A. E. Overell. The Mayor, H. Bright, Esq., delivered an address, in which he said that the people of Leamington were glad to meet so distinguished an American, that America was running a close race with England, almost surpassing its manufactures; that it pro-

duced men of the caliber of Stanley, of whom England and America were alike proud; and he congratulated General Grant upon having taken so prominent a part in the war which led to the abolition of slavery. "It was a memorable day for your country," said the Mayor, "and a great day for humanity at large, when, by the efforts of Abraham Lincoln and yourself, aided by the enlightenment of the American people, slavery was forever abolished from your land." In response, the General, who was warmly cheered, said: "Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen of Leamington: It is a source of great pleasure to me to visit your renowned borough. It is a place well known by the citizens of my own country. Two of my children have visited you much earlier than I ever found time to do myself, and have carried home with them most pleasurable recollections, not only of what they saw in Leamington, but of the very kind treatment which they received at the hands of some of your citizens. I have no doubt you have many places of interest surrounding your city, only a few of which I shall be able to visit during the short stay I shall be able to make here; but I shall take home some pleasurable recollections of my visit. I am sure that it affords me great gratification to see the number of people who are outside to receive me as the representative of a kindred people. I know the feeling of friendship between the two great English-speaking nations is strengthening day by day and year by year, and I have no doubt but that, in the future, all our differences being amicably and fairly adjusted, we shall go hand in hand as honorable rivals in producing what is necessary for the comfort and support of men; and that our united efforts will be felt throughout the civilized world, and will have a beneficial effect in carrying a better civilization. I hope that through our influence we may be able at some future day to settle questions of difference without resort to arms. Although it has been my misfortune to have been engaged in as many battles as it was possible for an American soldier of my generation, I never was for war, but always preferred to see questions of difference settled by arbitration. But in our last great conflict there was the institution of slavery. It was not a conflict between two

nations—it was a family quarrel; and there was no way of settlement. Every honorable effort was made on the part of the North to avoid war. We know as a people—though, perhaps, it is not generally known—at all events, it is not generally spoken of—that our martyred President, when he saw that conflict was inevitable, proposed to the South that they should be paid for their slaves if they would sur-

render them, and come back into the family circle. But this they refused, and the result was, as you all know, the loss of that species of property without compensation."

General Grant's visit to Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, and the midland counties, was succeeded by a visit to his daughter at Southampton. Here a few



ANNE HATHAWAY'S
COTTAGE.

days were spent in retirement and repose, and on the 10th of October the General redeemed his promise to pay a visit to Birmingham. On arriving, he was received by the Mayor, Alderman Baker, and the member of Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain, and driven to the Town Hall, where addresses were presented by the corporation, the workingmen, and the Midland International Arbitration Union. A dais had been erected in front of the orchestra, covered with crimson cloth, decorated with shrubs and flowers, and surmounted by the union jack and the American flag. The General, accompanied by the Mayor and Mr. Chamberlain, entered the hall at half-past three, and were received with much enthusiastic cheering. The Mayor, in his speech of welcome, alluded to the interest Birmingham felt in the United States—how much it watched American growth and progress, not only in fair-weather times, but in the darker periods of the American war. In doing so, Birmingham

had only followed the leadership of that great man, John Bright. During the period of America's existence—a century since the Declaration of Independence—Birmingham had grown from a village to a great town, and in fifty years had trebled its population. The address was read, and in response, the General said: “Mr. Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen: It is with great pleasure that I find myself in Birmingham, a city that was so well known in my own country during the trying periods that have been referred to. The name of the distinguished gentleman who has represented you for so long, is as familiar almost in my own country as it is in his own home, and I can promise that if it should ever be his good pleasure to visit the United States—and I hope it will—he will receive as hearty a welcome as it has been my privilege and pleasure to receive at the hands of the English communities I have been among. Your city and its growth are also somewhat familiar to us. The connection between this city and the United States has been as intimate almost as that with any other city of the same population in the kingdom; and there is a warm feeling of fellowship between our citizens and the citizens of Birmingham. As I have had occasion so repeatedly to express my views on the importance of this subject, I need scarcely say anything more than to thank you, Mr. Mayor, and the citizens of Birmingham, for the kind reception I have received at your hands, and to apologize to you for having kept you waiting here so long.”

An address was also presented on behalf of the industrial classes of Birmingham, by Geo. Hanson, Esq. This address congratulated America on the abolition of slavery, and upon having established arbitration as a principle of international peace. In response to this address, General Grant said:

“WORKINGMEN OF BIRMINGHAM: I have just heard your address with great interest. I have had occasion twice before, I believe, since I have been in England, to receive addresses from the workingmen of Great Britain—once in London and once in Newcastle-on-Tyne. In my response, on both occasions, I expressed what I thought was due to the workingmen, not only of my country and of Great Britain, but to the workingmen all over the world. I said that we in our country strove to make labor respectable. There is no class of labor that

disqualifies a man from any position, either in society or in official life. Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately you occasionally find men disgrace labor. Your Mayor has alluded to the fact that the population of Birmingham had tripled itself in fifty years. I would ask the Mayor whether, if Birmingham had been deprived of its handicraft laborers, it would have seen any such increase? It is due to the labor and to the manufacture of articles which are turned out by the means of labor, that you have grown in population and in wealth. In response to the kindly feelings which exist between the workingmen of Birmingham and those of the United States, and the compliments you have paid to me for the efforts I have made in the cause of freedom and the North, I thank you most heartily."

Then came an address read by Mr. A. O'Neill, on behalf of the International Arbitration Union. Mr. O'Neill recalled the fact that when General Grant became



SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.

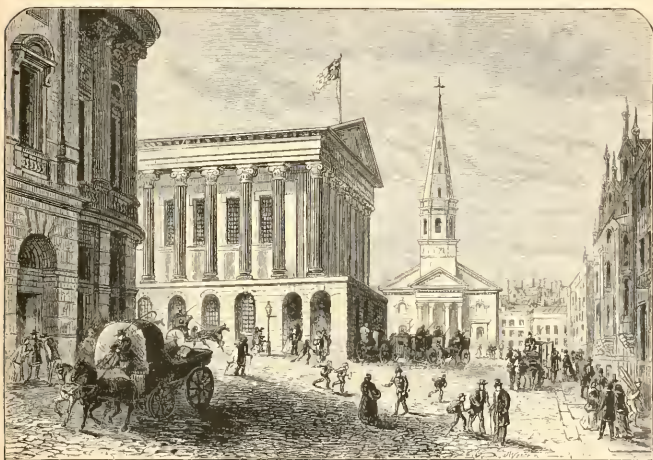
President, he frankly declared his motto to be "Let us have peace." No event, said Mr. O'Neill, in the history of the American Government could surpass in importance the great experiment of adjusting disputes by arbitration. Allusion was made to General Grant's efforts as President to ameliorate the condition of the Indians by the appointment of commissioners from the Society of Friends. "Our hearts," continued Mr. O'Neill, "have been also deeply touched by your just and beneficent treatment of the colored freedmen. You guided them in their faltering steps as they marched out of bondage; you defended them from their enemies; you cared for them in their distresses; you aided them in obtaining education; and you claimed for them their rights as citizens; and now 'the blessing of him that was ready to perish shall come upon you, for you delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.'" In response to this, General Grant said:

"MEMBERS OF THE MIDLAND INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION UNION: I thank you for your address. It is one that gives me very little to reply to, more than to express my thanks. Though I have followed a military life for the better part of my years, there was never a day of my life when I was not in favor of peace on any terms that were honorable. It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other general on the other side of the Atlantic; but there was never a time during my command when I would not have gladly chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword. I am conscientiously, and have been from the beginning, an advocate of what the society represented by you, gentlemen, is seeking to carry out; and nothing would afford me greater happiness than to know, as I believe will be the case, that, at some future day, the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of congress, which shall take cognizance of international questions of difficulty, and whose decisions will be as binding as the decision of our Supreme Court is binding on us. It is a dream of mine that some such solution may be found for all questions of difficulty that may arise between different nations. In one of the addresses, I have forgotten which, reference was made to the dismissal of the army to the pursuits of peaceful industry. I would gladly see the millions of men who are now supported by the industry of the nations return to industrial pursuits, and thus become self-sustaining, and take off the tax upon labor which is now levied for their support."

On the conclusion of these ceremonies, General Grant visited the Free Library and Art Gallery, and several public works, and afterward went to the house of Mr. Chamberlain, whose hospitality he accepted during his stay in Birmingham.

On Thursday, the 17th of October, General Grant, accompanied by the Mayor, the American Consul, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. L. P. Morton of New York, visited several important manufactories of Birmingham. The workpeople gave him a hearty and cordial greeting. At the Cambridge-street Works an address was presented, signed by the workmen, to which General Grant answered and said that he was glad to see institutions of learning connected with a workshop employing so many young persons. "If," he said, "the example were followed largely it would have the tendency to elevate labor to its proper standard." The General studied the various processes of casting pigs of brass and rolling them into shapes by machinery of great powers. The methods of tube-drawing and ornamenting were shown, as well as the system of producing impressions on block tin. There was a visit also to the celebrated electro-plate works of Messrs.

Elkington & Company. Among other objects inspected was a copy of the delicately beautiful basket of real ferns plated in gold and silver, which was presented to the Princess of Wales; also a choice Japanese tea service, the tray of solid silver coated with gold; the famous Milton shield and Helicon vase, in *repoussé*—the former representing subjects from "Paradise Lost," and the latter, valued at thirty thousand dollars, in the Renaissance style, illustrating Music and Poetry. After luncheon, which



TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

took place at the Queen's Hotel, on the invitation of the Mayor, the button works of Messrs. Green, Cadbury & Richards, and the world-renowned pen works of Messrs. Gillott were examined. In the evening there was a banquet at the Town Hall, nearly three hundred and fifty persons being present. The orchestra was ornamented with flags, plants, and flowers. Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., proposed General Grant's health. It was not, he said, as one of the greatest of military commanders that Birmingham did honor to him. While they admired the courage, the pertinacity, and the consummate ability with which he conducted a

tremendous struggle to its conclusion and won great victories, they admired still more the use to which he had put his victories, and they saw in him the first and foremost instrument in the settlement of issues more important to civilization and to freedom than any other which had been tried in our times—issues involving the very existence of America. In America war had been the prelude to a peace which he hoped, and might fairly believe, to be the harbinger of a lasting alliance and union. He contrasted the career of Grant with that of Napoleon, the latter having betrayed the confidence bestowed on him by France in undermining the institutions which he was expected to guard and defend. In honoring General Grant there was a desire on the part of England to draw closer the ties which unite the two great English-speaking nations; and everywhere the conviction was gaining ground that their freedom, friendship, and cordial union was the best guarantee for the freedom and progress of the world.

General Grant, in responding to the toast, said:

“MR. MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF BIRMINGHAM: I scarcely know how to respond to a toast which has been presented in such eloquent language, and in terms so complimentary to myself and to the nation to which I belong, and in which I have had the honor of holding a public position. There are some few points, however, alluded to by your representative in Parliament, that I will respond to. He alluded to the great merit of retiring a large army at the close of a great war. If he had ever been in my position for four years, and undergone all the anxiety and care that I had in the management of those large armies, he would appreciate how happy I was to be able to say that they could be dispensed with.” (Laughter and applause.) “I disclaim all credit and praise for doing that one thing. I knew that I was doomed to become a citizen of the United States, and, so far as my personal means went, to aid in eradicating the debt already created, and in paying my share of any expenses that might have to be borne for the support of a large standing army. Then, further, we Americans claim to be so much of Englishmen, and to have so much general intelligence, and so much personal independence and individuality, that we do not quite believe that it is possible for any one man there to assume any more right and authority than the Constitution of the land gave to him.” (Hear, hear.) “Among the English-speaking people we do not think these things possible. We can fight among ourselves, and dispute and abuse each other, but we will not allow ourselves to be abused outside; nor will those who look on at our little personal quarrels in our own midst permit us to interfere with their

own rights. Now, there is one subject that has been alluded to here, that I do not know that I should speak upon it at all ; I have heard it occasionally whispered since I have been in England—and that is, the great advantages that would accrue to the United States if free trade should only be established. I have a sort of recollection, through reading, that England herself had a protective tariff until she had manufactories somewhat established. I think we are rapidly progressing in the way of establishing manufactories ourselves, and I believe we shall become one of the greatest free-trade nations on the face of the earth ; and when we both come to be free-traders, I think that probably the balance of nations had better stand aside, and not contend with us at all in the markets of the world. If I had been accustomed to public speaking—I



WARWICK CASTLE.

never did speak in public in my life until I came to England—I would respond further to this toast ; but I believe that the better policy would be to thank you not only for the toast, and the language in which it has been presented, but for the very gratifying reception which I have had personally in Birmingham."

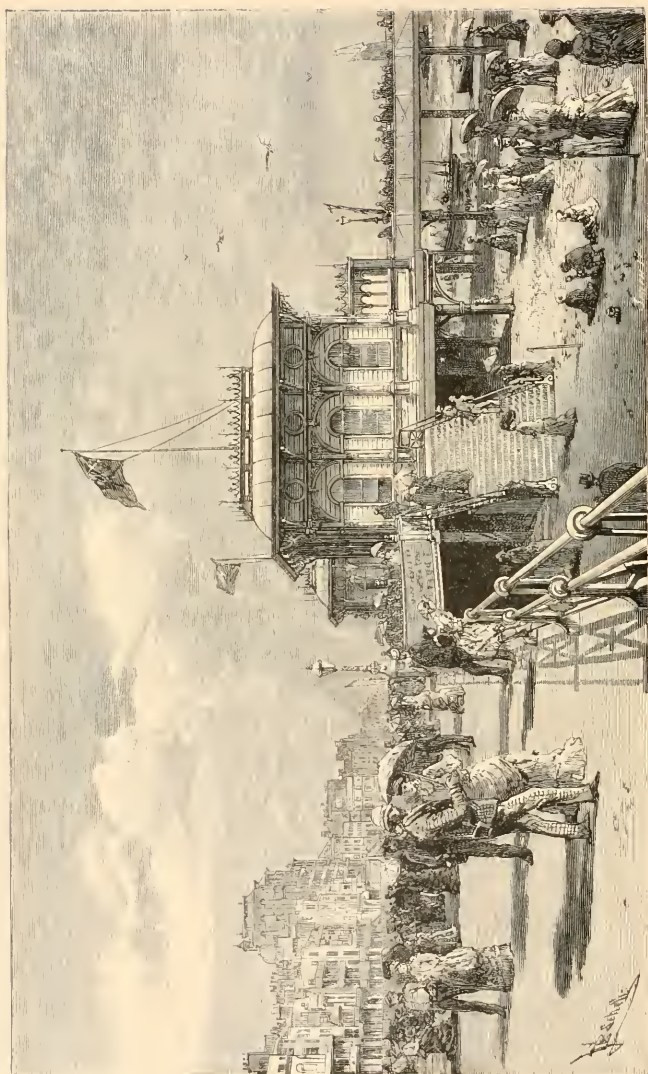
Mr. L. P. Morton made a brief speech, expressing his great personal gratification at witnessing the hospitality and courtesy shown General Grant, which had produced a deep, and he believed, a lasting impression on the citizens of the United States. At the conclusion of these ceremonies General Grant left for London.

On the 20th of December the General visited Brighton, and

was the guest of Mr. Ashbury, M.P. On the 22d a banquet took place in his honor. It was given by the Mayor and Corporation. The chief men of Brighton were present. The Mayor, in proposing the General's health, referred to the mutual friendly and commercial relations which subsisted between the two countries, and to General Grant's great military and civil services to his country. General Grant replied as follows:

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: I have to rise here in answer to a toast that has made it embarrassing to me, by the very complimentary terms in which it has been proposed. But I can say to you all, gentlemen, that since my arrival in England, I have had the most agreeable receptions everywhere; and I enjoy yours exceedingly. In a word, I will say that Brighton has advantages which very few places have, in consequence of its proximity to the greatest city in the world. There you can go and transact your business, and return in the evening. If I were an Englishman, I think I should select Brighton as a place where I should live, and I am very sure you could not meet a jollier and better people anywhere. But I would say one word in regard to a toast which preceded, and that is in regard to your Forces. I must say one word for the Volunteers, or Reserve Forces, as I believe you call them. They are what the English-speaking people are to rely on in the future. I believe that wherever there is a great war between one civilized nation and another, it will be these Forces in which they will have to place their confidence. We English-speaking people keep up the public schools in order to maintain and advance the intelligence of our country, and, in time, fit our people for volunteer service, and for higher training; and you will always find the men among them who are equal to any occasion. I have forgotten a good deal our Mayor has said that I would like to respond to, but I can say, that since I landed in Liverpool, my reception has been most gratifying to me. I regard that reception as an evidence of the kindest of feeling toward my country, and I can assure you, if we go on as good friends and good neighbors, that the English-speaking people are going to be the greatest people in the world. Our language is spreading with greater rapidity than the language of any other nation ever did, and we are becoming the commercial people of the world."

On the following day the General left Brighton for the metropolis.



BRIGHTON—ENGLAND.



PARIS.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS—VISITS TO THE PRINCIPAL PLACES OF INTEREST—THE
AMERICAN COLONY.

GENERAL GRANT'S visit to Paris had been somewhat postponed. Originally the idea had been entertained of visiting Paris in midsummer, on the way to Italy. A reception had even been proposed for the General, which was to have taken place in Paris on the 4th of July. Certain changes in France, however, were transpiring, which, in the opinion of the American representatives in Paris, might give General Grant's visit in July somewhat of a political character. The struggle between the President of the Republic, General MacMahon, and the Jules Simon cabinet had set in, and it was thought that the presence of General Grant would be taken by the monarchical and imperial parties in France as savoring of a political character, in

favor of the republicans. General Grant could not come to France without becoming the guest of General MacMahon, and a false interpretation of the visit might have been entertained. It was then determined that the journey to Paris should be postponed until October.

In France political feeling was at fever heat. Though Paris, the great city, was apparently as peaceful as on the eve of the Lenten feast, as quiet as before that *coup d'état* which Victor Hugo has described in his "*Histoire d'un Crime*," every one



FOLKESTONE.

knew that the crisis had come. The boulevards might throng with eager bustling throngs ; all the currents of life, society, business, and pleasure might be rushing on ; still, in an instant there might come revolution and anarchy. The writer strolled under the shadow of the Madeleine, and turned into a street leading to the Place de la Concorde. It was here the guillotine once stood ; and where the fountains were now gushing, oceans of blood had been shed, which those waters never would cleanse. On toward the Bastille swept a broad avenue of light. There were masses of illumination clustered around the obelisk of Luxor, and the moon shed its beams on the gilded dome of

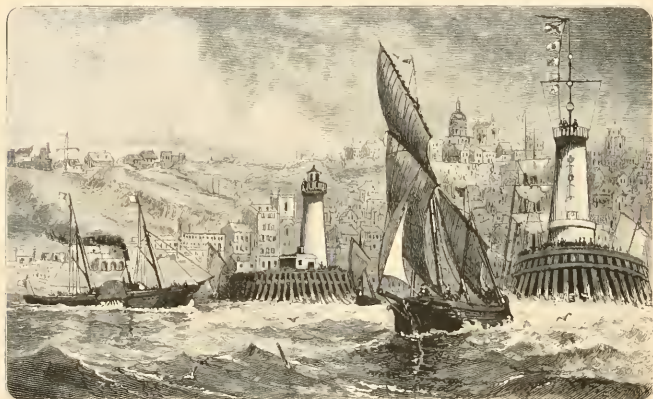
the Invalides. All around was the murmur and hum of a great city, the many voices of the night rising and falling like the cadence of the sea. Paris never looked more beautiful, more self-composed, but never was more anxious. Walls were covered with parti-colored appeals. Prominent were the proclamations of Marshal MacMahon, calling on the patriotism of the people, with official white-paper posters. The wild enthusiasm of a New York election was wanting, with its flashing torches and multitudes of marching men. Such a thing would have been impossible in France. Attempt a political demonstration and squadrons of cavalry would inclose the street, or otherwise there might be tumult and massacre.

It was the coming election which was to settle the fate of France. If honest republicanism could gain the day, it would show the highest allegiance to the law. It would demonstrate this fact, that France had grown greater, through all her sore trials—that the France of the days of Messidor, which Barbier in his famous poem had compared to a wild, untrainable colt, had at last been broken, and had become disciplined and obedient; not coerced by the iron grip of a Bonaparte, but by the kinder hand of enlightened public opinion.

Never was republic encompassed with greater difficulties. Pretenders to the throne were striving to mount its slippery steps, policemen were trammeling and tethering the press, spies were dogging every leader, and the clergy were praying for republican discomfiture. As to the army, it was marching and counter-marching, a threatening reminder of its power. Worse than all, the fearful shadow of the Commune rose like a dark cloud casting its gloom over Paris. When, in spite of all this, republicanism triumphed, this was the first step toward true conservative republicanism.

It was when France was all aglow with excitement caused by a true republican victory that General Grant arrived in Paris. On the morning of the 24th of October, 1877, the General, accompanied by his wife, his son, and the writer, left London in a special train from Charing Cross. A crowd of Americans assembled at the station bid the General God-speed. Folkestone

was soon reached, the express train speeding rapidly through the pleasant Kentish county. At Folkestone the Mayor and many of the prominent citizens were assembled, who expressed their well-wishes, and with hearty cheers the party took the steamer and crossed the channel. The trip was calm and pleasant. As the white cliffs of England disappeared in the seas, the green fields of France loomed up on the horizon. On landing at Boulogne, the prefect of the department welcomed the General, in the name of the Marshal President of France.



BOULOGNE

As there were not the excuses of sea-sickness to delay the party at Boulogne, after but a very short rest the General proceeded to Paris. Time enough was spent in Boulogne to understand why it is so appreciated by the English. Lying but a few hours from London, it is both the summer and winter resort of many an impecunious Englishman, pleasant climate and cheapness of living being the great desiderata.

Just before reaching the depot at Paris, General Noyes, the American Minister, General Torbert, the Consul-General, and an aide-de-camp of Marshal MacMahon entered the car. In the name of the President of the French Republic the Ex-President

of the Republic of the United States was welcomed to France. On arriving, a large crowd, comprising the leading members of the American colony in Paris, received the General. After greetings had been exchanged, the General drove to the Hôtel Bristol, through a heavy rain. It would be impossible to give in detail an account of the many receptions and dinners given to General Grant in Paris. His stay in Paris was a pleasant one. It is not worth while to detail such minor incidents of a disagreeable character which arose because French political feeling would not regard General Grant's visit to France in the exact light he intended it to be, a purely unofficial one. Because Mr. Washburne, our Minister to France during the Franco-Prussian war, had had at the same time the rights of the German residents in Paris intrusted to his care, and because he had acted with justice and humanity, it suited monarchists, imperialists, and some few of the republican party, to think that General Grant during his Presidency, in accepting the acts of his foreign minister had rather inclined toward the Prussians than to France. Victor Hugo did much to intensify this feeling. Poetic license sometimes becomes quite indifferent as to facts. It is a matter of regret that this feeling should have existed, but as it belongs to the history of General Grant's visit to France, as such I am forced to write it. Although this feeling existed, the French were too polite a people to show the least discourtesy to a guest. It must be mentioned that the Bonapartists and their reactionary papers went out of their way to excite anti-German feelings against the General. It was alleged by them that the General's visit was a demonstration in favor of republicanism. As a matter of fact the feelings of General Grant toward France were of the friendliest character. It is true, however, that one of his few aversions was directed toward the Bonapartist family. He looked upon the war between France and Germany as a causeless war, made by an ambitious and selfish despot to save his dynasty. In regard to Napoleonism, though General Grant had never written a poem on the same subject, he entirely agreed with Victor Hugo.

Although during the first few days the weather was bad, this

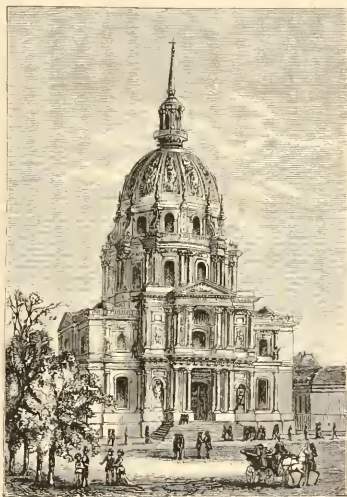
did not prevent the General's visiting all the places and public buildings worthy of attention in Paris. There is no enjoyment in Paris so complete as that of threading its streets. The party scaled the heights of Montmartre. Montmartre is an elevated quarter of Paris from whence a full view of the immense city can be had. The Quartier Latin was frequently visited. Here are the universities, the schools of medicine, the far-famed Sorbonne; it is the old heart of Paris, where for



CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

eight hundred years and more, students from all parts of the world have come; here all the great libraries are concentrated. It is a world in itself, a center of study and amusement, with its famous theater, the Odeon. There is a well-known street in the Quartier Latin, the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, which tells of its former character. Paris is indeed the elysium of loungers. Save when entangled in the very center of the old *cité*, go as you will, after a while you must emerge to some large and open place, which acts as a frame to a fine public building. Here are the Champs Elysées with their broad carriage-ways, where all the

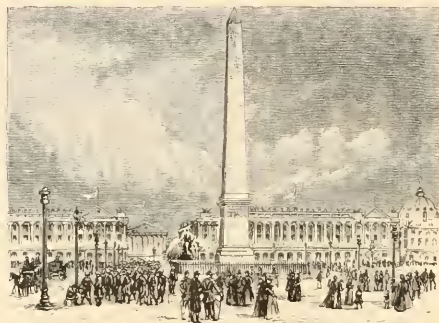
dashing equipages of Europe are assembled. The sidewalks are thronged by elegantly dressed people. Walk its length until you stand at the Rond Point midway, and look up and down. Far beyond you stands in its lofty magnificence L'Arc de l'Étoile. This triumphal arch, which is the grandest in Europe, conceived by the Emperor Napoleon I. in 1806, was finished thirty years afterward. Noble in form, it is ornamented with famous bas-reliefs, due to the greatest artists in France. Cast your eye farther beyond this arch, and the buildings of Neuilly and the green woods of the Bois de Boulogne, the famous riding and driving park of the Parisian, is seen. Now, standing as you are, face to the left, and see looming in the sky the lofty dome of the Invalides, the last refuge of France's brave soldiers. Many a veteran lives there and talks of his eventful life, while in his midst there reposes in his porphyry tomb all that remains of Napoleon Bonaparte. Now turning directly around, on your rear look down the broad Champs Elysées until your eye lights on the obelisk of Luxor, the Place de la Concorde, and the Tuileries. If we had been in Paris before the Commune you would have seen the



THE INVALIDES.

palace of the Tuileries. Now they only show their ruins; but the eye goes beyond them. The massive buildings of the Louvre are seen, and away beyond that looms up Notre Dame de Paris, and many a massive church and spire. Still the picture is not concluded yet. On your right spreads out the busiest portion of the great city. The line of the

boulevard is distinguished with the *Madelaine*—and following it on—there is the column of the *Bastille*. Perhaps, if not from the *Rond Point*, at least from the *Place Concorde*, the finest architectural *aperçu* the world knows is seen. No-



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

thing is wanting—for a river with many bridges, flanked with stately buildings, gives variety to the scene.

"How I long," said Mr. Greeley, "for the time when I can leave this desk and lose myself in the wilderness of London." If London is a wilderness,

and I have often thought the loveliest spot I ever saw was Cheapside at noon, Paris has its especial charms.

A formal visit was paid to the *Elysées*, and there was a presentation to Marshal MacMahon. The Marshal was extremely cordial, and greeted General Grant as a comrade and fellow soldier, and wanted to show him the army and some military shows. But here came something which often perplexed the General's hosts while in Europe, and that was his aversion to military displays. He never seemed to want to see a review nor hear a drum beat, nor visit any military pageant. There were many meetings between General Grant and Marshal MacMahon, and the General was impressed with the sincere straightforwardness of the President, who was devoted to France, and who seemed animated only by the purposes of both preserving and strengthening his country.

Before the courtesies which were to be extended to General Grant by the Americans in Paris were rendered, the series of visits to various parts of Paris were continued, and afforded much amusement to the party. The *Palais Royal*, with its

covered squares of shops, where the most brilliant, the most tempting merchandise is offered, was visited. For the major part of the day the interior gardens of the Palais Royal are thronged. Here are many leading restaurants; and from a dinner there, the party could go to one of the two theaters which are in the immediate proximity. Across the river, skirting again the Latin Quarter, was the Luxembourg Palace, with its noble gallery, containing the works of contemporaneous artists; the garden, with the observatory. An especial object of interest to General Grant was the church of Notre Dame, which, after St. Peter's, is the grandest ecclesiastical building in the world. Before its columns, in dusky crypt, has been enacted the whole history of France. Royal marriages, baptisms, and funerals have taken place here. The Revolution set up within its precincts the Goddess of Reason upsetting religion, to be followed by the coronation of Napoleon and a return to the faith. To contrast ancient church edifices with more modern work, the church of La Trinité, erected in 1860, was visited. The commercial aspect of Paris interesting General Grant, the Tribunal de Commerce on the Quai Desaix, and its method of working, had the particular attention of the American party.



ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

It was to the Louvre that numerous visits were paid. If a man with endless time and leisure could visit this most remarkable of galleries, its numerous treasures could hardly be exhausted in a life of study. Gallery follows on gallery. Here are all the great masters of the world, the Leonardo da Vincis, the Raphaels, the Correggios, Guidos, Van Dycks, Murillos,

Metsus, and Ostades. It is a progression of art, from the earliest times up to to-day. Pictures, statues, stretch out in end-



PORTE ST. MARTIN.

less view. There are single rooms devoted to the works of a particular country, and there is no style or method of art which is not represented. As we passed through the many galleries, perched on high scaffolds were artists from all coun-

tries copying and studying the glorious masters of the past.

Skirting the Rue de Rivoli, emerging from the Louvre, passing the demolished Tuileries, the Column Vendôme rears its height. Built by the Emperor Napoleon I. in 1810, it perpetuates the victories achieved at Ulm and Austerlitz. It is made of bronze, coming from the cannons captured by the French, and the metal bears carvings commemorative of the French campaigns. All know how Courbet, the realistic artist, as a revolutionist, with savage iconoclasm tore down this column, and how after peace was restored to France and the Commune was crushed, this trophy of French victory was again put in its former position.

Sight-seeing was interrupted from time to time by the numerous attentions and civilities showered on General Grant. On the 29th of October, General Noyes, the American Minister, gave the Ex-President a reception at his house on the Avenue Josephine. This reception was of the most brilliant character, and was attended by all the leading Americans in Paris. None of the republican leaders were, however, present. Subsequently, Mr. Healey, the artist, arranged a meeting, at which General Grant met M. Gambetta. From this and other meetings, a high feeling of esteem arose for the French

republican leader, who impressed the General as one of the foremost minds in Europe. It was on the 6th of November that the members of the American colony, numbering some three hundred, gave a public dinner to General Grant at the Grand Hotel. With but few exceptions, every American in Paris was present. General Noyes presided, and among the guests were MM. Rochambeau and Lafayette, the latter descended from the Revolutionary hero of that name. The veteran journalist Emile Girardin was there, whom Horace Greeley called the greatest journalist in the world. Edmond About and Laboulaye were present. This dinner proceeded without special incident, the General being received with the greatest enthusiasm, and making a brief speech. These two dinners, with one at the Elysées, were the special events of the General's visit. General Torbert entertained the Ex-President at his apartment. On the 20th of November, Madame Mackey of California gave a reception at her house near the Arch of Triumph, which from its splendor recalled scenes in the "Arabian Nights." The Marquis Talleyrand-Perigord, descended from the great Talleyrand, one of the few noblemen in France who cheerfully accepted the Republic, gave a princely dinner to the Ex-President, which was attended

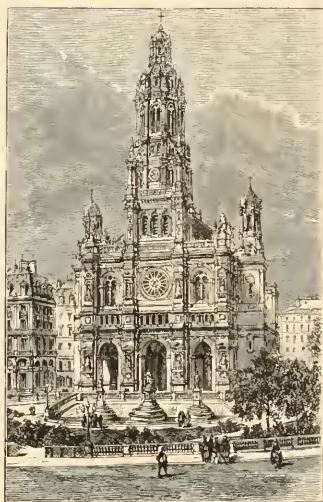


CHURCH OF ST. GENEVIEVE.

by over a hundred guests. M. Laugal gave a dinner, when the Count of Paris was presented to General Grant. Mrs. Sickles, wife of General Sickles, Madame Bakmitoff, formerly Miss Bates of Washington, Dr. T. W. Evans, I. H. Harjes, of the firm of Drexel, Harjes & Co., R. R. Scott, the Secretary of Legation, and R. M. Hooper, Vice-Consul of the United States

in Paris, were among those who gave dinners and entertainments in honor of General Grant and his family.

The American colony, of which General Grant was for the next few weeks the honored guest, is an institution in Paris. In this city of many nationalities, the American plays a prominent part. Several causes contribute to this. American society is composite; and citizens of the older nationalities desire to return to the memories and scenes of the older world. There are exiles, idlers, and students; business exiles, driven



TRINITÉ.

away in the bankruptcy revolution; political exiles, suffering from the fall of Tammany and the Southern Confederacy; social exiles, who seek oblivion in absence. There is so much in Paris to attract, that, when cultivated citizens gain wealth, they come to enjoy the art-life of the metropolis which is surpassed in no other city. There is a permanent colony, and a floating colony. The permanent colony numbers in winter as many as three thousand. The floating colony is at its height in the summer, and reaches in average years ten thousand. In

years of war, like 1870, it falls below the average. In years of the Exhibition, it exceeds the average. I remember reading in the statistics of travel, during the Exhibition, that the American was next to the English in number. Every year adds, because persons who once visit Paris are pretty certain to come again; and the means of travel grow so much more easy and attractive each year, that the coming is less and less difficult. There is a section called the American Quarter. I am afraid it is the gaudiest and most expensive in Paris. In this

quarter you find newspapers addressed to the American taste; drinking shops with the latest American contrivance in beverages; bazaars, where American fashions are taught in apparel. The hotels cultivate American custom, and pander to a supposed American appetite for fishballs and buckwheat cakes. The American section includes the Champs Elysées, the Boulevard Haussmann, the Grand Hotel, and Grand Opera Quarter, and the radius of wide, magnificent avenues which sweep



BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

around the Arch of Triumph. It is noted that in this quarter the tradesmen paint American coats of arms on their windows, and charge twenty-five per cent. more for their wares than their neighbors over the river. There are American clergymen who minister to your spiritual comfort; and the American dentist becomes an institution almost royal in its relations and appliances. There is a Fourth of July which, in ancient days, was wont to be the season for patriotic refreshment of soul. But since the jar which the war gave to our patriotism, Americans do not come together as much as in the past, and the eagle-wor-

ship, which in other days was a characteristic of our people, has faded away. There was something of a revival on the occasion of the coming of General Grant, which, let us hope, may be the beginning of a better and kinder era.

The center and head of the colony is the American Minister. Washburne reigned for many years, and Noyes reigns in his stead. Washburne is remembered as a sturdy, prompt, brave, kindly man, who won renown by remaining at his post during the siege and the Commune, when the other diplomatists ran away.



RUE DE RIVOLI—ST. JACQUES.

Washburne, as I have shown, is not much liked by the French because of his supposed German sympathies; but I presume it was the fact that he was assigned to the care of the German residents in Paris that led to the impression that he took sides in the war. It was a severe bit of work, and no American can read the story of our Minister's devotion without increased respect for his character. The old relations between Washburne and General Grant would have made it pleasant for the Minister to welcome the President. But this was not to be. When General Grant came Washburne had gone, and General Noyes

reigned in his stead. General Noyes is a young man, who came to Paris with an honorable record—the record of a man who had risen from poverty to the highest office in his State, who by the processes of self-education had become a famous member of the Ohio Bar, and who when the war broke out went into our volunteer army. One of his legs was left in Georgia, and he shows traces of suffering in his keen, handsome face. His is an honorable record in peace and in war, and it was pleasant to see in so important a post as the mission to France one who had given his blood for the Union. The Consul General, General Torbert, had commanded a division under Sheridan, and succeeded the amiable, accomplished, and ever-kindly Meredith Read. After Torbert, Fairchild was to come. Of him too it may be said that his record was an honorable one. In his boyhood days he crossed the plains, and was among the Argonauts of California. He returned home, and became Governor of Wisconsin. He lost an arm in the war, and his dangling sleeve, like the shorn limb of the Minister, is an eloquent suggestion of what our citizens did for the Union. Although it was a disappointment to General Grant not to meet his old friend Washburne, it was pleasant to have in official places men who had served under him in the war, and whose records had been so creditable as those of Noyes, Torbert, and Fairchild.

Around the legation and the consulate the colony revolves. General Noyes holds his court on the Rue du Chaillot, the old hill of Chaillot that you find in the early maps of Paris. If one place was not as near as another in Paris this might be called out of the way, but I can well understand how a legation might be too near for comfort. The tendency of the American mind to seek his minister upon all occasions when he is overcharged for candles, when he has lost his baggage, when he is homesick, and lacks in themes of conversation, when the mails are irregular, when the right gloves have not come home from the bazaar, would make the legation a burden if it were too convenient of access. The fact of an American being a taxpayer gives him a sense of possession in dealing with ministers and consuls

which it is inconvenient to question. There are other centers, however, in Paris, besides the legation: the newspaper offices in the Rue Scribe, the banking houses, the leading hotels. In journalism there is *The American Register*, the property of Dr. Evans, and under the control of Dr. Crane. *The Register* is the oldest of American journals on the continent, and its real advantage is as a bulletin which tells every American in Europe where every other American resides. Through its columns the members of our colony can touch elbows, and feel themselves

at home. There is another journal called *The Gazette*, under the direction of Mr. Kremer, who was formerly the publisher of *The Register*, and which shows the energy of new and ambitious undertakings. Monroe has a banking house on the Rue Scribe, while the famous house of Drexel will lend you money or sell you bonds on the Boulevard Haussmann. On the Avenue de l'Opera is the office of the *New York Herald*. This avenue is too beautiful to be called a vandalism, but those who



PAVILION OF THE OPERA.

loved old Paris, who remember the curious streets and byways, every street a remembrance of the past and every corner tinted by some historical association; those who remember what a pleasure it was, for instance, to leave the boulevard at Rue Neuve Saint Augustin and lose yourself in its devious winding ways, feeling that around you was the Paris of Henry IV. and Louis XIV., until you came into the sylvan inclosures of the Palais Royal; those who remember what a pleasing stroll it was, and what a comfort to plunge out of the fresh and modern Paris,

and revel in the quaint and dying past, will resent the Avenue de l'Opera. But it had to be. In new Paris it was necessary to have a shorter road from the Grand Opera House to the palace of the Louvre.

So this avenue came into being, like the Boulevard Haussmann, the Boulevard St. Germain, the Street of the Fourth September, and other pretentious avenues. The map was taken, and a line was drawn direct from the steps of the Grand Opera House to the gates of the Louvre. The Republic did this, and it was commended at the time as an illustration of the fact that Republic and Empire were alike animated by a desire to improve and beautify Paris. The Avenue of



GENERAL GRANT AT THE HERALD OFFICE.

the Opera is a beautiful street with beauty of a pretentious kind. As you turn from the boulevard, from the Rue de la Paix, along which falls the shadow of the Vendôme Column, you come to one of the centers of the American colony, the office of the New York *Herald*. This office is among the shrines of the American abroad. He can hear all the news. He can write his name on the register, and know that it will be called next morning to New York, and his presence in Paris spread to an envious or admiring world at home. He can read all about home, for here is the best reading-room in Europe. Whether he comes from Pennsylvania or Oregon, Maine or Texas, he will find his home paper, and read all about the church and the county fair, the latest murder or the pending

canvass—deaths and marriages. Perchance he will find some wandering brother, and there will ensue comforting chat about America, and how much cheaper it is than Paris, and what scoundrels these Frenchmen are, especially in the matter of candles. If he has any news to bestow, Mr. Ryan, who is in charge of the office, and is one of the oldest and most distinguished members of *The Herald* staff, will listen with an eager and discerning ear.

The Herald office was one of the favorite haunts of General Grant in Paris. He would slip in of a morning and seek out a quiet corner, and brood over the newspapers for an hour or two. There are other haunts patronized by the colony. There is the club-house, the Washington Club, over which Colonel Evelyn presides, where members may discuss baccarat for twenty thousand dollars, or the Athanasian creed, just as they please, for the deliberations of this club are secret. The colony breaks up into little zones or worlds, in which there is not always the harmony that you could wish. There is a Congress or a Jacobin Club, which holds sessions in the Grand Hotel. You can obtain admittance to this assembly by the franchise of a cigar or a glass of wine. The colony has class distinctions and draws lines. There is the old resident and the new resident; the American in trade; the idle American; the American who speaks French; the one who does not, but always buys a French newspaper and pretends to read it in public in a dazed condition. There is the colonist who has family relationships—the colonist who never obtrudes his domestic life upon friends; the American who wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; the democrat, who despises all such aristocratic nonsense, but who would give a good slice of his income to be able to wear it without danger from the police. These are the phases of colonial life which are apparent to the looker-on in Paris; but under all is another phase which you must know Paris well to know it at all—the real life in Paris, the life of those who come for the enjoyment of the higher phases of Paris society.

There are those who belong to what might be called the

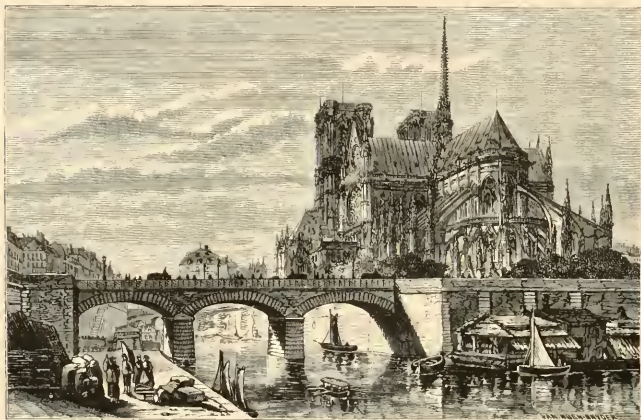
virtuoso colony. The members form that uneasy class of people who collect things. There are many phases in this class: the *virtuoso* who is a kind of pawnbroker or Chatham-street dealer of the Original Jacobs tendency, and who runs from one *bric-à-brac* and curiosity shop to another, buying all that is curious and odd, to be resold to American customers in the summer. There are some in the colony who follow the trade, who will sell you anything from a china jug of Louis XIV.'s time



PORT AU CHANGE.

to a stolen fragment of the Column Vendôme, and failing to make five hundred per cent. profit, will take five. There is one collector whose hobby is the French Revolution. A picture, print, or book on the French Revolution is to him a source of joy. He is a bit crazed on the subject, and will spend an afternoon on the quays among the old-book stores, and if he can find a print of Mirabeau, a colored caricature of Robespierre, or an edition of Père Duchesne, goes home in triumph. If he has one rare print and sees another of the same, he will buy it, not because he needs it, but to prevent some one else from

possessing it. I know another, a most respected member of the colony, whose taste is for books and prints illustrating the American Revolution. There was a time when Paris was a mine for those who had fancies in this way. America and France were so closely connected during the Revolution that a great part of the literature of the country was tinted with events in the Jerseys and Virginia, and the achievements of the famous General Washington. Franklin, residing in Paris for



NOTRE DAME.

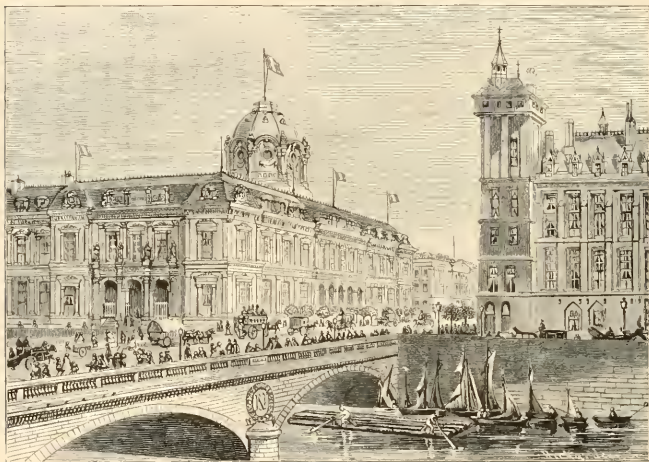
several years, had French sympathies, and was honored by the French people. I do not know how many portraits of Franklin there are, but I have heard hundreds as the figure. To collect these Franklins, to have copies of the peculiar prints, those with a turn to the nose or an extra button to the garment, or rudely engraved and with no more resemblance to the philosopher than to any conspicuous figure in that history—any odd, quaint, or unusual Franklin—is a rare pleasure.

There was a collector who had an admiration for Napoleon the First. So he searched and inquired and purchased until he had "a collection." One day he was in the Latin Quarter

discussing his fancy with a dealer in prints. "How many different prints of Napoleon are there?" "Three thousand," was the answer. There is another of the colony whose specialty is the Commune. This came and flourished and fell in 1871. One would think that it would be an easy matter to gather the records of that brief and recent time. But there are necessary documents and copies of proclamations and newspapers of the Commune as difficult to buy as those of the French Revolution. Another of my *virtuoso* friends has a fancy for Horace. Let it come in any shape, any translation or style, and the day that brings it is calendared among the red-letter annals. Another finds life only supportable through the painter Velasquez. My friend spends his time in going from place to place, wherever there is a reputed work of Velasquez, to look at it, and dwell upon the color and the movement, and the clear life and light that come from the marvelous canvas. Others collect old china and porcelain. Of this I know little—my fancies in the cup and plate line being easily satisfied. But I am told that no fascination grows upon the collector with more power than this for china, and that some of our countrymen have been known to experience emotions of an agitating nature upon discovering a plate of the time of Louis XIV. There are collectors, too, whose designs in the collecting line are neither quaint nor high nor patriotic, but who have grossly diseased fancies for things forbidden to men. Of such one writes with pain and anger.

There are types not classes of an original character. There is the stout old dowager, who has three daughters she wants to marry, and she trails them from Paris to the Springs, and from the Springs to Paris, and to Italy and the Pyrenees. You always encounter her just when you don't want to be bothered; and she informs you how that horrid beast in yellow whiskers came so near marrying Matilda; but he was not a count or a Prussian officer—only an adventurer from Wiesbaden. Then comes your friend the British officer, once in the Guards, who plays billiards, and likes Americans so much that he will not consort with Englishmen. He says he is a relative of the

Duke of Bethnal Green, and wears his colors. Our British friend has troubles with his family, and they limit his allowance ; when he becomes thirty he will have his money, and a little loan until that time would be so jolly—and if you would like to know the Duke, be at Chantilly on Sunday. Then we have our friend the Count, who speaks English with such a clear accent, and has been all over America, and will become a director in your company and place shares with his noble family for £5,000.



PALACE OF THE TRIBUNAL DE COMMERCE.

Then you have your Irish friend, whose French—barring the Tipperary accent—is fluent, who is a graduate of Trinity College, and was punished for his devotion to the true cause, and found times bad enough even in New York, and would like to travel with you, and pay his share of the expenses, if you could advance him a little until he hears from his bankers. Then you have your friend who chews tobacco and sees nothing in Paris to compare with America, and he has an invention, and wants to ascertain how he can invite the whole Paris press to a *déjeuner*; never mind the expense—a bottle of champagne on

each side of each plate, if necessary. Then you have your friend who belongs to the Church, and has a cough, and travels on a purse made up by his congregation, and means when he reaches Rome to deliver a lecture against the Catholics; who wants to dispute with the Pope in person, who eats an early breakfast, is always on the run from one palace to another, and carries a carpet-bag with him, which holds his clothes. Then comes your sharp young man, who crosses the ocean six times a year—as purchaser of goods for wholesale houses in New York,



THE LOUVRE.

and knows the best *tables d'hôte*, and tells English travelers of the horrors of American life, and how no prudent man would walk up Broadway without carrying a loaded pistol, and how Americans are dying for a monarchy, and would like to be ruled over by one of the Queen's sons. Then you have your friend who is always in trouble, whom no one treats well, who suffers from a succession of unappeasable wrongs; and you lend him a hundred francs to pay the landlady who is actually in possession, and have your own thoughts when you see him beaming with smiles, riding in the Bois de Boulogne in the afternoon with—well, we need not be too particular.

There are colonists that one does not meet at the Grand

Hotel or on the boulevards. One who knows told me that during the siege Americans came to light of whose existence the legation was not aware. Some come for study and rest—literary people and artists—who slip down to Fontainebleau during the summer, and in the winter do their work in quiet out-of-the-way studios, over near the Luxembourg. When Mr. Lowell came to Paris he took an apartment in the Latin Quarter, near the libraries, and was never seen in hotel or



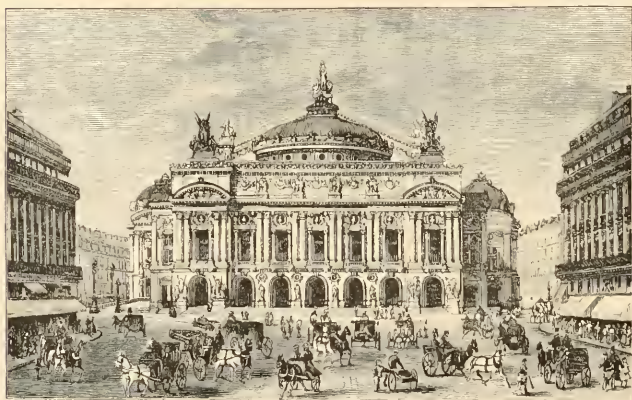
AMERICANS AT THE GRAND HOTEL.

banking house. Here he entertained Mr. Emerson, and I question if one colonist out of twenty knew that two of the most famous Americans of the day were dwelling with them. As an art center Paris is not as pretentious as Florence or Rome. There is no such gallery as in Madrid or Dresden. But good work has a perpetual market, and around Paris there are endless opportunities for study and observation. In Paris it is so easy to burrow into the deep earth and hide away, with no care for society or kid gloves. Paris is a charming place for true literary work. Writing people—who suffer from the damp,

depressing fogs of London and the roar and fever of New York life, say that Paris has a tranquillity and sunshine that they do not find elsewhere. When the mind becomes jaded and will not obey the spur, there are the outlying forests and long walks in the Bois, and little runs to Sceaux to dine under the chestnut trees, or a day at Versailles to see the fountains play.

If the colonist is literary and historical in his tastes, he will find inspiration in the associations of the wonderful city. You may walk miles and miles along the Paris streets and almost at every step you have palaces and palace ruins, from the wall of the baths where the Roman emperor Julian bathed, down to the charred wall of the Tuileries. But under this is a history. Here, for instance, lived Robespierre. It is a plain, dingy house, on the Rue St. Honoré—a house of his time, as the architecture shows, but now occupied by a tradesman. Duplay, the carpenter, and the daughter, and Robespierre, with his dog, have vanished like shadows; and this narrow gateway, which looks so dark now, and through which passed and repassed the first men of France in the anxious days of terror, is given over to workmen who plod in and out, and tradesmen who chaffer with you over a bargain. And you have only to take a short walk along the route paced daily in those days by Robespierre himself, and you come to the site of the Jacobin Club, where Mother Jacobin ruled until Thermidor came. But club and club house, and all the men and women who were wont to gather there, have gone into the realms of silence, and now you see a commodious market-house, and burly women cry fish on the spot where Danton once thundered. Nor is it far to the old Church of St. Roch, which has this memory—that one Napoleon Bonaparte found the beginning of his career here—for St. Roch is the church which was held by the insurrectionists when he, as general of the Convention, opened upon them with real powder and ball, and so ended the French Revolution. Cross the river and see the top garret-room which Napoleon and Junot occupied at five francs a month—the darkest shadows ahead—nothing to do but to sit brooding and looking

out at the Tuileries, sweeping so majestically before them and mocking their fate with the irony of its grandeur. You may return and cross the boulevard and walk a little way toward Montmartre, and see the house where Napoleon lived when he returned from Egypt. It is on the Rue de la Victoire. When he went to live there with Josephine it was called Rue Chauverine, but in his honor it was named the Street of Victory, and is so named until this day; and you may see his home, where was planned the Eighteenth of Brumaire, with its open



NEW OPERA HOUSE.

court-yard, which has a general appearance of dinginess and looks like the court-yard of a livery stable. While in this vicinity you may see where Mirabeau lived and died, and in the room underneath you may now suit yourself with hats and caps; or you may continue your inquiries and discover the house where John Paul Marat, "the friend of the people," was taking his bath one day when Charlotte Corday stabbed him.

Two institutions around which our colony centers harmoniously are the circus and the Bon Marché. Saturday is the evening given to fashion; and upon every Saturday evening you will find the high benches and uncomfortable seats crammed

with the American colony. Here all distinctions are lost. Here the lords of the Washington Club and the commoners of the Congress, in the Grand Hotel, assemble in strength. Next to the circus, as an institution, is "Au Bon Marché." If there are fond husbands who, having visited Paris, read these words, I know what memories they recall. O fellow countrymen, who love and honor and have vowed to protect and cherish, when you come to Paris avoid "Au Bon Marché"! Who



PONT NEUF.

enters here with a full purse, and wife and daughter in train, must leave all hope behind, at least while the money holds out. "Au Bon Marché" is a magazine for the sale of everything that woman can crave. When you compass what is meant by this definition, you will know its dangers and temptations. I mention it as one of a class—a vast class. You run against stores of this character all over Paris. They are named like the cafés and the taverns, but with a wider sweep of fancy. "The Scottish Mountains," "The Carnival of Venice," "The Spring," "The Great House of Peace," "The Good Devil,"

"The Infant Jesus," "Old England," "A Thousand and One Nights." These are some of the names given to the dry-goods stores, or rather shops, containing all that woman can need or crave, and where Americans are expected to come and squander their fortunes.

Our countryman when he comes to Europe not as a colonist, but as a sojourner, finds a fascination in Paris. He plans his continental trip, and you bid him farewell at the railway station,



AU BON MARCHÉ.

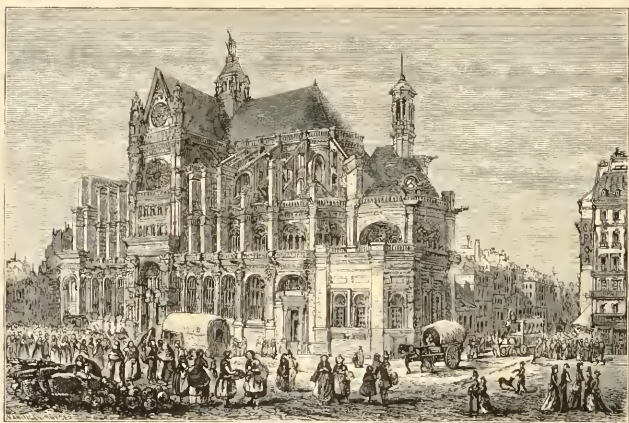
and see him disappear with hat-box, cane, shawl, umbrella, soft felt hat, and guide books, and say again "Good-by," as though you would not see him for a season. In a week or two you run against him on the boulevards, most probably wearing a new style of hat, and learn that he has "done" the Continent, and means to have another "go" at Paris.

During the midsummer months the self-constituted Congress in the Grand Hotel is well attended, and the home-sick American will have his heart gladdened by the sharp cockatoo accent in which he hears the English language spoken, reminding him

so noisily of home. This Congress is easy of access. Social distinctions are overlooked. I have seen the Congress in full session, attended by a gambler, a doctor of divinity, two or three bankers, a general officer of the army, and one or two fraudulent bankrupts. The members were harmonious and discoursed in company, they drank out of the same wine-bottle, and talked at the top of their voices, and almost quarreled as to who should pay for the wine. But as the summer dies away the Congress thins out. Some hurry home; others go to the south; and whoever enters the high and stately room toward November will see a painful spectacle. The last American of the season, deserted by his companions, sits over his third bottle of wine, vainly looking for a familiar face, smoking a mammoth cigar, his feet spread over a chair, his eye looking dismally at the carving and the decorations and the equipages that come and go. The familiar faces have fled. There is no one to whom he can express his contempt for the French nation—no one to whom he can impart his information as to what Bismarck ought to have done. He is stranded and alone. On mail days he has his American paper as a comfort, and the eagerness with which he reads that journal would delight its editors. Down to the last, the very last items, marriages and deaths and ship news and advertisements, beginning with the personal column, he ruminates and reads again and again, until nature summons him to his champagne.

If we asked this belated American what he thought of Frenchmen, he would state his opinion that they were vastly overrated in the accomplishments which all the world assigns to them. No Frenchman, strange to say, can cook. He may make a little salad, or some inefficient sauce, but for a "square meal" give our American friend a good old-fashioned Virginia negro grandmamma, who understands hoe-cake. There are no oysters in France, and the few that may be had for their weight in hard money are a poor consolation for the body accustomed to saddle-rocks and blue-points. Our friend will confound you on this cookery question by showing that there is not an oyster stew in all this great city. There is champagne, to be

sure, so dear to the heart of the American abroad as well as at home; but champagne, according to his theory, is made by Germans and German capital. Cheese is a grievance to him. How any human being can eat French cheese, and why every French waiter will insist upon offering our compatriot cheese at various stations of the meal, is something he cannot understand, unless there be some hidden insult to all the world in the composition of the cheese—a circumstance he is disposed to believe.



ST. EUSTACHE.

This same countryman believes that, as a general thing, French ladies are in the habit of dancing at the Jardin Mabille. Have I described Mabille? I am half afraid of that shrine. Well, Mabille is a garden just off the Champs Elysées, where you pay a moderately large fee for entrance. There are one or two small fountains, wooded walks, a shooting gallery, little alcoves, where you may sip coffee or what not, and a profusion of colored lanterns blaze everywhere, on painted canvas, that looks like endless forests, and innumerable mirrors flash the light to and fro. In the center is a band of musicians and a

boarded dancing floor. This is the Jardin Mabille. Mabille is himself at the door, with his keen, Oriental face, taking the money. It is a summer garden, and the music and dancing are under the stars. Well, Mabille has in his employ several young women, with hard, leering faces, and several young men, with shiny hats, who mingle around in the crowd as though they had paid to come in. When the music commences (generally the music of the harmonious Offenbach) these young men and women rush upon the boarded floor and dance peculiar dances—the “Can-can,” among others—not much worse than I have seen it on the New York stage. Our Paris-American Congress, assembled in a circle, believes that it sees the ladies of Paris at a common evening entertainment. I could never see the Jardin Mabille except to be disgusted with it, and why our American friends should visit it I cannot imagine, except that Mabille is said to be a very bad place, and they attend expecting that something outrageous will certainly happen. I do not imagine that it occurs to one out of ten of our observing countrymen that Mabille is simply an institution kept by a Frenchman for English and Americans to visit. During the first season the American frequents Mabille. If he prolongs his stay, and becomes a colonist, he takes this garden at its value and never visits it at all.

An instructive exhibition to those of our countrymen who are curious about the manners and customs of the nation will be found over in the Latin Quarter, in the dancing hall near the Luxembourg. There is a low entrance, guarded by gendarmes. A circular sun of blazing red light points the way. If you are curious and pause a moment, you will see in the light the figure of a soldier in bronze on a pedestal, in the attitude of command, his hand pointing to some imaginary foe. This bronze figure represents the famous Marshal Ney, and on this spot, where you may stand and hear the fiddling and the dancing, Marshal Ney was shot by French soldiers under Louis XVIII. for having commanded French soldiers under Napoleon. This dancing hall on Sunday evening, when the clerks are in abundance, or on Thursday evening, when the students come in numbers, is

not without its attractions to the observing American mind. The romp and noise and clatter, the buzz and hum of loud conversation, song and repartee, smoking and drinking, continue until the music strikes up and the multitude dissolves into a mass of dancing humanity. As to the dancing, I cannot say more than that it is very wild and clumsy, and I have heard my American brethren condemn it in strong terms. There are other dancing halls in outside sections, and one especially on the Rue St. Honoré, much frequented by our countrymen, almost opposite where Robespierre lived.

You can understand, perhaps, how the average American abroad, his observations limited to the Luxembourg and Mabilly, will have original notions as to the morals of France. The French are like the Chinese. They do not accept the foreigner. They have made Paris the most beautiful city in the world, because they are artists by nature, and could not have made an ugly city had they tried. Whether you see Paris in detail as you go roaming along the boulevards, or see it by day from the top of the Arch of Triumph, or by night from the heights of Montmartre, you are impressed with its marvelous beauty. This Paris was made by Frenchmen for Frenchmen. But there is no excess of welcome. A Frenchman will never ask how you like his city. Of course you like it, and know and feel and are glad to admit that for beauty and taste and all the resources of civilization there is nothing in the world like Paris. But that American instinct for commendation which leads the Yankee to call every post village a "city" and every alderman a "celebrated" man is not found among the French. There is no welcome in the French character toward the foreigner, none of the going into society which greets the foreigner in America. The American colony is regarded very much by Paris in general as New York would regard a German colony in Hoboken or a colony of Poles near the Bowery. The average Frenchman when he thinks of America is apt to confound the United States with Brazil and Paraguay—to think of it all as one country, inhabited by an extravagant, expensive, and in some respects, a wild people, who, strange to say, are white.

Nor is this surprising when one considers the character of the representatives of our country who come to Paris. There is, of course, the class accustomed to foreign life ; studious men, who seek the Latin Quarter ; business men, who keep in trading circles ; the American gentleman, with his " European habit " upon him, who knows Paris and avoids his fellow countrymen, and lives down in the narrow streets toward the Palais Royal. But every summer there comes the shoal of sight-seers from England and America. The English traveler is a type in him-



LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

self. You see him in the comedies, in the satirical papers ; the children play with a toy made like an Englishman. He is described as a man with one eyeglass, a small billycock hat, a plaided coat and striped trousers, a brown hanging beard, an opera glass swung over his shoulder, and the inseparable umbrella. This is the Englishman as French fancy paints him. So he was to our fathers. But the typical American changes with every season.

There was the hegira of " war Americans " during the Rebellion, when there were a Southern and a Northern colony, who used to frown on each other as they passed along the

boulevards. The French police had their hands full to prevent these Montagus and Capulets from doing more than bite their thumbs at one another. I remember a comic print of the time, entitled "North and South Americans Discuss Politics." The scene was an omnibus on a boulevard, filled with passengers. Seated on the top at one end was a Northerner with a pistol drawn, firing at a Southerner at the other end, who had a pistol drawn also, the alarmed passengers striving, in every attitude,



PONT DES ARTS.

to avoid the shots. French feeling was much with the South, upon whose supporters the Emperor was wont to smile his gloomy, inscrutable smile. After the cotton loan was sold and money ran short, our erring countrymen found Paris a hard place, and were reduced to many shifts. But with the war came the shoddy lords. During the closing years of the war this class ran over Paris, and amazed the frugal French mind by extravagance and want of culture. This was the harvest time of the cooks, and the *concierges*, and waiters, and more especially the dealers in pictures and imitation jewelry. The shoddy lords

were followed by the petroleum aristocracy—an astonishing class, who generally came in groups, under a competent courier, who spoke all languages and robbed his clients. Then came the Tammany hegira. First we had Mr. Sweeny and some of the chiefs, who came to study Paris, so that they might gain hints for beautifying New York. The example became contagious, and all the Americus boys, wearing diamond pins and gaudy scarfs, drove around in carriages and drank champagne before breakfast, and smoked amazing cigars, and gave the waiters a napoleon for drink-money, and spent their time in riot and folly. As most of these astonishing young men were known as colonels, or generals, or judges, or senators in Albany, and as in their interviews with Frenchmen they took no pains to diminish their importance at home, Frenchmen began to have their own ideas as to the ruling classes of our dear native land. But this happy hegira came to an end. The men with their diamonds are gone. They no longer boast of their consequence in New York.

To those having artistic or literary tastes, Paris has immense attractions. If you come here a stranger and under auspicious stars, and gain entrance into the art zone or the literary zone, you are blessed among wayfarers, and Paris comes to you as you would never see it were you to tramp the boulevards twenty years. The American colonist, thoroughly seasoned in Paris, with his European habit full upon him,

is in the main a pleasant person. He has acquired the best qualities of the French. He does not hold you at arm's length and give you his views. His home animosities about politics and so on are deadened, and in their stead you see a genuine,



THE BRIC-À-BRAC DEALER.

full-grown patriotism—a love of the whole country, democratic and republican. The finished American colonist has acquired a thorough knowledge of the side streets—he is the discoverer of the oddest out-of-the-way places for dishes, or queer prints, or books, or odds and ends. You see in time what underlies the French varnish of Paris life—that French varnish which foreign eyes so frequently see and nothing else. You have glimpses of the true life in France and learn what it is that has made this people, with all their faults and misadventures, the richest and thriftiest in the world. This edge of colonial life is full of interest; but has it no drawback? I have spoken of what is called the European habit, and of the advantage that one finds in foreign travel when he has it upon him. “Ah, my friend,” said a wise man that I know, who has lived many years here, to one who spoke with him in a hopeful bright way about coming to live in Paris and making it a home, “Ah, my friend, don’t; you will never have any true home elsewhere should this Paris fever come upon you. It will not come at first. Madame your wife will see many things to annoy her. If she is religious and has our Puritan notions, as most women have, whether Catholic or Protestant, she will not understand the theaters being open on Sunday and races at Longchamps on the same day. Then there are social and personal freedoms permitted to men and women which fall rudely upon eyes that have always looked at such things behind a veil. This never-ending panorama of life and brightness and activity—these boulevards, the passage Choiseul, the Palais Royal, the Champs Elysées—where do you find a counterpart? If you are poor you can dine at Duval’s for two francs; if you are rich you can pay a hundred at Bignon’s. You can live in the Rue du Bac at fifty francs a month, or in the Avenue Gabriel at a thousand, and you will neither lose nor gain in respectability. You select your café. You give John a few sous now and then, and the café is your home. So in time the habit grows upon you. Life is so smooth! The Government being of the paternal kind, does so many things for you that you lapse into easy ways. Then the people are so pleasant. But this is not

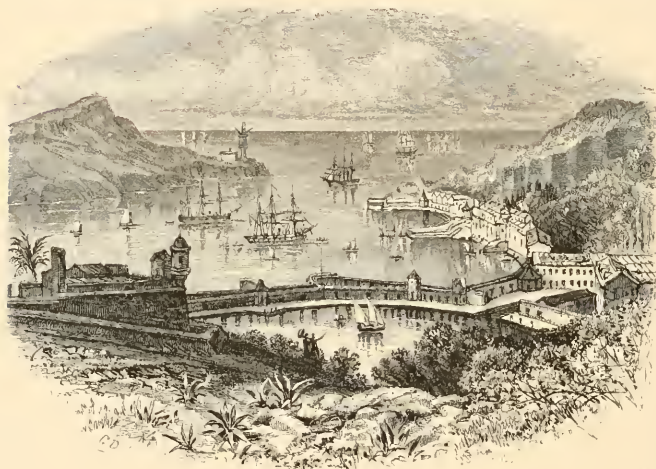
surprising. A Frenchman is always pleasant, but it is only courtesy. You know him twenty years, and he is as agreeable in the end as in the beginning—no more! It never is home. You like the city, you grow attached to certain ways and places. You form a sincere regard for your *concierge*; but it is not home. You never take root. But what are you going to do? You cannot go home. Who are you going to see? Then you have your European ways, which are not the ways of America. You want your coffee so, and so it never comes, and life begins to fret you. One home has gone, and you have not gained another. This ever running, rippling stream of life, many-tinted as the rainbow and as full of joy as a summer wind, this is not home! Then think of dying here, and of being buried in a hearse with plumes and coachmen with mourning garments—garments that have mourned over three generations, and will mourn over three more, perhaps. No, my friend, do not let this European habit come upon you, or you will one day be, in a dreary sense, a man without a country and a home."



THE DISGUSTED AMERICAN.

These are the words of a colonist who knows France well—a satisfied colonist, no matter what his griefs may be, one who loves Paris well. But we come to the dissatisfied colonist—the American who sees in New York the consummate fullness of all civilization. He cannot leave Paris. He must educate his children or attend to certain business, or what not. He is always angry with the French people. He reads the American newspapers with hungry eagerness, and is in a state of constant excitement over events in New York. You meet him on the boulevard, and he flashes into speculations upon

home news, and surprises you with his averments that the jury will never agree to convict that negro of arson down in Arundel County. His French is not of an illuminative, descriptive quality, and he supplements it by swearing at the coachmen, who take his speeches for compliments, and smile in answer. He has had a quarrel with his *concierge*, with his bootmaker, with a florist. It was a question of ten francs with the latter, and it was taken before one justice of the peace and another, and after paying



VILLEFRANCHE.

five hundred francs in costs, he won his case. "Ah," he said to the writer, "you can never trust the French. Bismarck should have exterminated them. They are all cowards, all hypocrites—all—worse than that. I have lived here five years, and I tell you I never saw a Frenchman who would not steal. They are monkeys and barbers. I was at a French party the other night, and it shows just what they are. None of your square-up-and-down parties—champagne and cards in the back room, and boned turkey and terrapin, like civilized people—but ices and meringues and thin little cakes and liquors; and

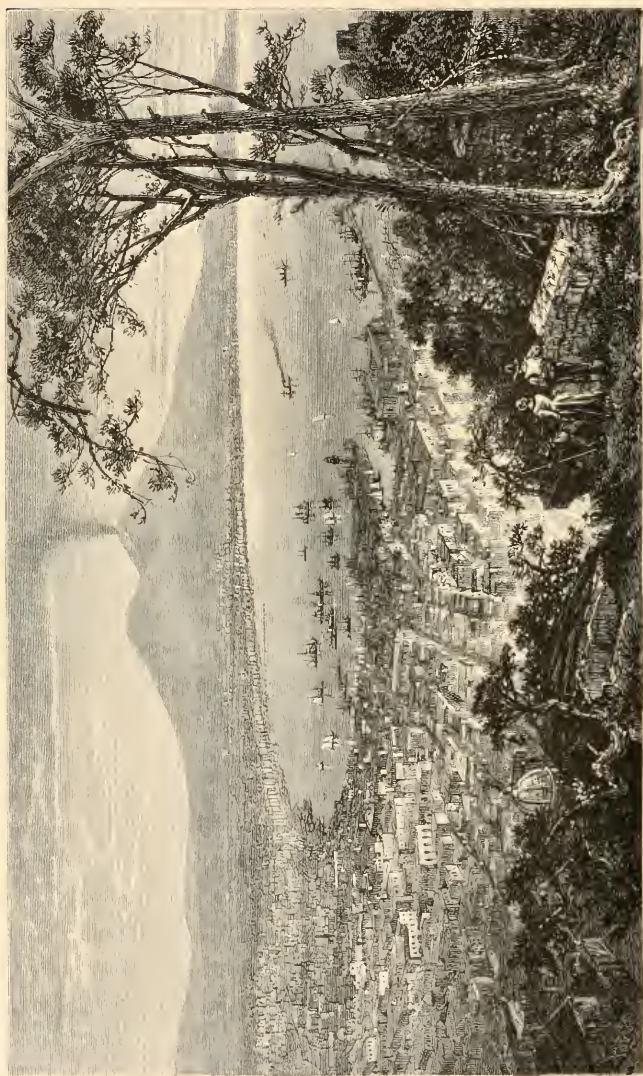
you rush out into the corridor and smoke a cigarette and hurry back, and then a young chap with a stubby mustache stands up and reads an original poem, and you cannot understand what he says except that it is about France and Germany, and Alsace and Lorraine; and it ends 'Revenge! Revenge!' and they all shout and cry, and the men rush up and kiss him on both cheeks—yes, on both cheeks, the fools. If I had my way—but let me tell you about a bill I got last month, and a charge for candles."

But is there any society abroad for the colony? Oh, yes; very charming circles—French, English, and American. The colonist who can speak French, to begin with, is an object of envy and reproach to those who cannot. I discover also that it is a great card to know a nobleman. I have heard of one family who entertain largely, especially floating Americans in summer, who, it is said, keep a marquis. This nobleman was in distress, and had a dismal home down in Montmartre. But an enterprising American found him out, and during the summer when he gives a dinner, the marquis, with a red ribbon in his lappel, is present and presented. This gives dignity to the dinner, and has a majestic effect upon the American guests. Before he arrives it adds to the zest of the conversation to discuss whether the marquis will come, whether his engagements will allow him to come, whether the rumor is true that he was suddenly summoned to the Count de Chambord. After he goes (which is early, his highness not finding the average American conversation stimulating) comes the discussion of the marquis and his pedigree—Montmorency at least—grandfather guillotined by Robespierre. The circumstance of the marquis being actually under contract to wine and dine at so much a day, for the benefit of free and independent American travelers, I do not guarantee. It came to me as gossip from a satirical, slighted colonist, who had not been asked to meet the marquis; and who, not being much in the society of French noblemen, has the conviction that they are very poor and know nothing except to play on the violin and lie in wait for the daughters of wealthy American gentlemen, who, having garnered in their

millions in the development of our petroleum industry, or in furnishing supplies to our brave boys in the field, crave a coronet for their family, if even only a French one.

But hold! for now I come upon enchanted ground, and before me stretches a vista that would lead far beyond the patience of the most industrious reader. When I begin to speak of counts, I fear lest, in telling tales that have been told to me, words would fall wounding where I have no right to wound. So long as Americans are vain of title and rank and have marriageable daughters, so long as our petroleum and bonanza dowagers see in a coronet a glory exceeding the glory of the sun, or the moon, or an army with banners, and to be prized even above true, genuine American manhood, so long will our maidens dear be bought and sold in a strange sad way.

It was in this colony that General Grant lived for a month or so until the winter days came, and early in December he left for the South of France. The American Government had placed at his disposal the man-of-war "*Vandalia*," which was cruising in the Mediterranean, and she had arrived at Villefranche to await the General. On the 13th of December, 1877, at five in the afternoon, General Grant, his wife, his son Jesse R. Grant, and the writer of this narrative embarked on the "*Vandalia*," amid cheers from the other American ships in the harbor, and kind wishes from the many friends who came to see us off. We at once steamed out to sea toward Italy, Egypt, and the Holy Land.



NAPLES



VESUVIUS AND THE BAY OF NAPLES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MEDITERRANEAN—VESUVIUS—POMPEII.

THE "Vandalia" cast anchor in the beautiful Bay of Naples December 17th, about ten in the morning. We came hoping to find sunshine, but the Consul, B. Odell Duncan, Esq., who comes on board to welcome the General, tells us there has been no such weather known for many seasons. It would be even cold in our inclement New York. I rejoice in the possession of a capacious ulster, which I brought into the Mediterranean against many protests, but which has been a useful companion. Poor Naples looks especially cold. These poor Neapolitans need sunshine, and they are almost too cold to beg. So much has been written about Naples that I may be spared a catalogue of its attractions. On anchoring in the harbor the General and his wife landed, and made a tour of the city. There was the summer

palace, in which royal persons live for a few weeks every year, and whose grounds are open only by permission. There is the castle of San Martin, an old monastery, now turned into a museum and a barracks. We spent a good hour in looking at its curiosities, which did not impress us either as curious or startling. "This," said the guide, "is the picture of Mr. So-and-so, who generously gave this museum to Naples." "Well," said the General, aside, "if I had a museum like this I would give it to Naples or whoever would take it." There was a beautiful chapel, in which the Lord is no longer worshiped, but which was a gem of elaborate decoration. There was a burial ground of the monks, surrounded by marble pillars, upon which skulls were engraved. In the center was one larger skull, grinning, and over the temples a withering laurel wreath. Around this cemetery were the cloisters under whose arches our friends the monks used to walk and read and meditate, with such suggestions as the skulls would inspire. It was ghostly enough, and there was a comfort in turning from it to the balcony, a few steps off, which overlooked the brow of a hill, showing Naples beneath us and Vesuvius beyond, and the shining sea. We stood on the balcony and looked down from our dizzy height, and thought how much more in consonance with true religion it was to worship God as we saw him here in his majesty and glory, and not over stones and bones and sights of evil omen.

There, far above, was Vesuvius, and we were impatient for the ascent. It was too late when we arrived in Naples, but the General, with military promptness, gave orders for the march next morning. We stood on the deck and studied the stern old mountain, and picked out the various objects with a telescope, and did an immense amount of reading on the subject. The volcano was in a lazy mood, and not alive to the honor of a visit from the Ex-President of the United States, for all he deigned to give us was a lazy puff of smoke, not a spark, or a flame, or a cinder. I suppose the old monster is an aristocrat, and a conservative, and said, "What do I care for presidents or your new republics! I have scattered my ashes over a Roman republic. I have lighted Cæsar's triumphs, and thrown my clouds over

the path of Brutus fresh from Cæsar's corpse. Why should I set my forces in motion to please a party of Yankee sight-seers, even if one of them should be a famous general and ex-ruler of a republic? I have looked upon Hannibal and Cæsar, Charlemagne and Bonaparte. I have seen the rise and fall of empires. I have admonished generations who worshiped Jupiter, as I have admonished generations who have worshiped the Cross. I am the home of the gods; and if you would see my power,



DRIVE TO VESUVIUS.

look at my base and ask of the ashes that cumber Herculaneum and Pompeii." So the stubborn old monster never gave us a flash of welcome, only a smoky puff now and then to tell us that he was a monster all the time, if he only chose to manifest his awful will. We stood upon the deck in speculation, and some of us hoped that there would be an eruption or something worth describing. The General was bent on climbing to the very summit and looking into the crater, and with that purpose we started in the morning of Tuesday, December 18th.

We should have gone earlier, but many high people in uniforms, commanding one thing or another, had to come on board

and pay their respects. It was ten before we were under way, the General and party in the advance, with our courier, whom we have called the Marquis, on the box, and Mrs. Grant's maid bringing up the rear. We drove all the way. You will understand our route when I remind you that the Bay of Naples is something like a horseshoe. On one side of the shoe is the city, on the other is Vesuvius. Therefore to reach the mountain we have to drive around the upper circle of the shoe. The shores of this bay are so populous that our route seemed to be one continuous town. We only knew that we were passing the city limits when the guard stopped our carriage to ask if there was anything on which we were anxious to pay duty. As there was nothing but a modest luncheon, we kept on, rattling through narrow, stony streets. Beggars kept us company, although from some cause or another there were not as many as we supposed. Perhaps it was the new government, which we are told is dealing severely with beggars; or more likely it was the weather, which is very cold and seems to have taken all ambition out of the people. Still we were not without attentions, and from streets and by-roads a woman or a man, or sometimes a blind man led by a boy, would start up and follow us with appeals for money. They were starving or their children were starving, and lest we might not understand their distress, they would pat their mouths or breasts to show how empty they were. For starving persons they showed great courage and endurance in following our carriage. The General had an assortment of coins, and, although warned in the most judicious manner against encouraging pauperism, he did encourage it, and with so much success that before he was halfway up the mountain he was a pauper himself to the extent of borrowing pennies from some of his companions to keep up the demands upon his generosity.

What we observed in this long ride around the horseshoe was that Naples was a very dirty, a very happy, and a very picturesque town. We learned that the supply of rags was inexhaustible. I never knew what could be done with rags until I saw these lazzaroni. They seem to have grown rags, as a

sheep grows his fleece, and yet there was no misery in their faces. Happy, dirty, idle, light-eyed, skipping, sunny—you looked in vain for those faces, those terrible faces of misery and woe, which one sees so often in London. I take it, therefore, that begging is an amusement, an industry, and not a necessity—that the Naples beggar goes out to his work like any other laborer. He is not driven to it by the gaunt wolves hunger and disease. One scamp—a gray-bearded scamp, too—who followed us, was a baker, who made and sold loaves. He was standing at his counter trading when our carriage hove in sight. At once he threw down his loaves and started after us in full chase, moaning and showing his tongue and beating his breast, and telling us he was starving.



LAZZARONI OF NAPLES.

Well, when he received his coin he went to his store, and I presume began to haggle over his bread. That coin was clear gain. He was not a beggar, but a speculator. He went into the street and made a little raise, just as brokers and merchants at home go into the "street" and try an adventure in stocks. The Neapolitan speculator was a wiser man than his New York brother. He ran no risk. Even if he did not gain his coin the run did him good, and his zeal gave him the reputation of an active business man.

In the meantime our horses begin to moderate their pace and the streets to show an angle, and horsemen surround our carriage and tell us in a variety of tongues that they are guides, and, if we require it, will go to the summit. Women come to cabin doors, and hold up bottles of white wine—the wine called *Lachrymæ Christi*, by some horrible irreverence—and ask us to

stop and drink. And already the houses begin to thin, and we have fields around us and glimpses of the sea; and although the lazy volcano, with its puffs of smoke, looks as far distant as when we were on the deck of the "Vandalia" miles away, we know that the ascent has begun, and that we are really climbing the sides of Vesuvius.

While we are making this slow ascent let me recall some facts about Vesuvius, which are the results of recent reading—



ON THE SHORE—NAPLES.

reading made with a view to this journey. In the times of fable these lava hills were said to have been the scene of a battle between the giants and the gods, in which Hercules took part. Here was the lake Avernus, whose exhalations were so fatal that the birds would not fly over its surface. Here, also, was the prison house of Typhon, although some critics assign him to Etna. But Etna, Vesuvius, and Stromboli are a trinity of volcanoes, evidently outlets to the one sea of fire, and any one would do for the prison house of a god. It was here that Ulysses came, as you will find in the eleventh book of the

Odyssey. Three centuries before the Christian era a great battle was fought at Vesuvius between the Romans and the Latins, the battle in which Decius lost his life. It was on Vesuvius that Spartacus encamped with his army of gladiators and bondsmen, in his magnificent but unavailing blow for freedom. Just now there are two cones or craters—one passive, the other active. We read in Dion Cassius of an eruption which does not speak of the present crater. The great eruptions are placed in the years 79, 203, 472, 512, 685, and 993. The eruption in 472 seems to have been the severest known since the shower of ashes that destroyed Pompeii. In the early eruptions there was nothing but ashes and stones. The first mention of lava was in 572. Sometimes the volcano has done nothing but smoke for a century or two. About three centuries ago a new peak, 440 feet in height, was formed in twenty-four hours, and there it is now before us as Monte Nuovo. There was no eruption, however, and the hill is as placid as one of your Orange hills in New Jersey. In the last century there was a good deal of movement, as we have, from the pen of Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples, accounts of eruptions in 1776, 1777, and 1779. There are also pictures in the Museum of two eruptions in the later part of the century, which must have been terrible enough to suggest the last day if the artist painted truly. In one of these eruptions the liquid lava, mixed with stones and scorïæ, rose 10,000 feet. At times Sir William saw a fountain of liquid transparent fire, casting so bright a light that the smallest objects could be clearly distinguished within six miles of the mountain. There was another eruption in 1793, which Dr. Clarke described—volleys of immense stones. The doctor went as near the crater as possible, and was nearly suffocated by the fumes of sulphur. The lava poured down the sides in a slow, glowing, densely flowing stream. Thousands of stones were in the air. The clouds over the crater were as white as the purest snow. In a week the lava stopped, and columns of light red flame, beautiful to the view, illuminated the top. Millions of red-hot stones were thrown into the air, and after this came explosions and earthquakes, shocks louder than

cannon, terrible thunder, with a "noise like the trampling of horses' feet." The next eruption was in 1822, when the crater fell, reducing the mountain's height about eight hundred feet. Since 1822 there have been several eruptions, the most important happening in 1861. Vesuvius is now a double mountain upon an extended base from thirty to forty miles in circumference, not more than one third the base of Etna. Its height varies. In 1868 it was 4,255 feet; but since 1872 it has slightly diminished. Stromboli is 3,022 feet, but, although in constant motion, the stones nearly all fall back into the crater. Etna is 10,870 feet in height, but slopes so gradually and has so broad a base that it looks more like a tableland than a mountain. I did not see Stromboli, for although we sailed near it the mist and rain hid it from view. I have seen Etna, however, and think it far less imposing and picturesque than Vesuvius.

In the meantime we are going up steadily. The horses go slower and slower. Some of us get out and help them by walking part of the way and taking short cuts. The few houses that we see on the roadside have evidently been built with a view to eruptions, for the roofs are made of heavy stone and cement. General Grant notes that where the lava and stones have been allowed to rest and to mingle with the soil good crops spring up, and here and there we note a flourishing bit of vineyard. Soon, however, vineyards disappear, and after the vineyards the houses, except an occasional house of shelter, into which we are all invited to enter and drink of the Tears of Christ. Our convoy of horsemen, who have been following us for a mile or two, begin to drop off. The Marquis has been preaching to them from the box in various languages upon their folly in wasting time, and they heed his warnings. There are no beggars. It is remarked that beggars always prefer a dead level. One bright-eyed boy keeps at our side, a lad with about as dirty a suit of clothes and as pretty a pair of eyes as you could see even in squalid, smiling Naples. Well, there is something in the eyes, or it may be in the boyishness of their possessor, which quite wins one of the party, for when the Marquis insists that he shall join his fellow mendicants in the valley below, a gracious

protection is thrown over him, and he follows us up the road. I think the patronage must have pleased him, for he gathered a handful of wild flowers and presented them, and refused a coin which was offered in return; but the refusal of this coin did not prevent his acceptance of two or three others, and a good dinner included, an hour or two later in the day.

Still we climb the hill, going steadily up. Those of us who thought we could make the way on foot repent, for the way is steep and the road is hard. All around us is an ocean of chaos and death. There in all forms and shapes lie the lava streams that did their work in other days, black and cold and forbidding. You can trace the path of each eruption as distinctly as the windings of the stream from the mountain top. We are now high up on the mountain, and beneath



NEAPOLITAN BOY.

us is the valley and the Bay of Naples, with Ischia and Capri, and on the other horizon a range of mountains tinged and tipped with snow. In one direction we see the eruption of 1872; the black lava stream bordered with green. What forms and shapes! what fantastic, horrible shapes the fire assumed in the hours of its triumph! I can well see how Martial and Virgil and the early poets saw in these phenomena the strife and anger of the gods. Virgil describes Enceladus transfixed by Jove and the mountain thrown upon him, which shakes and trembles whenever he turns his weary sides. This is the scene, the very scene of his immortal agony.

There are no two forms alike; all is black, cold, and pitiless. If we could only see one living thing in this mass of destruction; but all is death, all desolation. Here and there, where the rains have washed the clay, and the birds, perhaps, may have carried seed, the grass begins to grow; but the whole scene is desolation. I thought of the earlier ages, when the earth was black and void, and fancied that it was just such an earth as this when Divinity looked upon it and said, "Let there be



SORRENTO.

light." I thought of the end of all things, of our earth, our fair, sweet and blooming earth, again a mass of lava, rock and ashes, all life gone out of it, rolling through space.

The presence of a phenomenon like this, and right above us the ever-seething crater, is in itself a solemn and beautiful sight. We all felt repaid with our journey; for by this time we had come to the journey's end, and our musings upon eternity and chaos did not forbid thoughts of luncheon. For the wind was cold and we were hungry. So when our illustrious captain intimated that we might seek a place of refuge and entertain-

ment, a light gleamed in the eyes of the Marquis, and he reined us up at a hostelry called the Hermitage. This is the last resting-place before we reach the ascent of the crater. Here the roads stop, and the remainder of the journey must be made on foot. Just beyond the Hermitage is a Government institution known as the Observatory, a point where information for weather reports is gained. We thought when we came into these upper regions that we were in an atmosphere too pure for the beggars. We were congratulating ourselves upon this circumstance coming up the mountain side, but on descending we had a beggar or two to await us. I suppose they belonged to the hostelry, and were simply speculating upon us like our friend the baker, whom we had left haggling over his loaves far down in Naples. Some of us, the General certainly, had come this distance meaning to climb the crater. But it was very cold, and we had delayed our departure from the ship, so that the day was well on. So, instead of climbing the rocks and looking into a sulphurous crater, we organized a kind of picnic in the Hermitage. The house seemed to have been an inquisition or a dungeon—the rooms were so large, the walls were so thick, there were such mysterious, narrow passages and chambers. But people who build houses under the rim of Vesuvius must build for fire and flame, and showers of ashes and stones, and the Hermitage could stand a severe eruption before it became untenable. A slight crackling fire of twigs was made on the hearth, and a brazier of burning coals was brought into the room. We were some time in comprehending the brazier, but when its uses became apparent, it was comforting enough. There, in quite a primitive fashion, we had our luncheon, helping ourselves and each other in good homely American fashion, for we were as far from the amenities of civilization as though we were in Montana.

After luncheon we walked about, looking at the crater, where fumes were quite apparent—at the world of desolation around us, some of it centuries old, but as fresh and terrible as when it burst from the world of fire beneath us. But there was still another picture—one of sublime and marvelous beauty. There

beneath us, in the clear, sunny air—there was Naples, queen among cities, and her villages clustering about her. Beautiful, wondrously beautiful, that panorama of hill and field and sea, that rolled before us thousands of feet below! We could count twenty villages in the plain, their white roofs massed together and spangling the green plain like gems. There were Capri and Ischia—their rugged outlines softened by the purple-golden glow of the passing day—lying at the mouth of the bay as if to guard this rich valley. There was Naples, her rags and dirt quite veiled and only her beauty to be seen. There was Misenum, where Pliny saw the destruction of Pompeii. There was Nisita, where Brutus took refuge when he fled from the murder of Cæsar. There was Sorrento, where Tasso lived. Every village has its history and associations, for these plains and islands and promontories have been for ages the seats of a brilliant and glorious civilization—a civilization which even now only shows the beauty of decay. The splendor of a Roman imperial civilization has gone from Italy. Ages of darkness and superstition and despotism have rested upon her like the ashes which cover Pompeii. Let us hope that a new era is coming, which, based upon freedom and patriotism, will far excel even that of the Cæsars. These were our thoughts as we stood in the cold winds studying the magnificent scene. And thinking of the living, we thought of the dead—of the cities of the plains which perished one thousand seven hundred years ago. The romance that surrounds Naples only deepens the tragedy of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and we found our thoughts ever turning from the glory and majesty of all we saw to those buried cities of the plains, as we were hurried home again—home to our graceful vessel whose lights awaited us in the harbor.

On the 19th of December the General and his party visited Pompeii. We arrived at Pompeii early in the morning considering that we had a long ride. But the morning was cold enough to be grateful to our northern habits, and there was sunshine. Our coming had been expected, and we were welcomed by a handsome young guide, who talked a form of English in a rather high key, as though we were all a little hard of

hearing. This guide informed us that he had waited on General Sheridan when he visited Pompeii. He was a soldier, and we learned that the guides are all soldiers, who receive duty here as a reward for meritorious service. There was some comfort in seeing Pompeii accompanied by a soldier, and a brave one.

This especial guide was intelligent, bright, and well up in all concerning Pompeii. We entered the town at once through a gate leading through an embankment. Although Pompeii, so far as excavated, is as open to the air as New York, it is surrounded by an earthen mound resembling some of our railway embankments in America. Looking at it from the outside you



STREET IN NAPLES (PORTA CAPUANA).

might imagine it an embankment, and expect to see a train of cars whirling along the surface. It is only when you pass up a stone-paved slope a few paces that the truth comes upon you, and you see that you are in the City of Death. You see before you a long, narrow street running into other narrow streets. You see quaint, curious houses in ruins. You see fragments, statues, mounds, walls. You see curiously painted

walls. You see where men and women lived and how they lived—all silent and all dead—and there comes over you that appalling story which has fascinated so many generations of men—the story of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

You will say, "Yes, every schoolboy knows that story;" and I suppose it is known in schoolboy fashion. It will complete my chronicle of General Grant's visit if you will allow me to tell it over again. In the grand days of Rome, Pompeii was a walled city numbering about twenty thousand inhabitants. It was built on the sea-coast, and was protected from the sea by a wall. I should say in extent it was about as large as the lower section of New York, drawing a line across the island from river to river through the City Hall. It was an irregular five-sided town, with narrow streets. Its inhabitants were, as a general thing, in good standing, because they came here to spend their summers. I suppose they had about the same standing in Roman society as the inhabitants of Newport have in American society. Pompeii was an American Newport, a city of recreation and pleasure. It is said the town was founded by Hercules, but that fact you must verify for yourself. It was the summer capital of luxurious Campania, and joined Hannibal in his war against Rome. Hannibal proposed a kind of Southern Confederacy arrangement, with Capua as capital. After Hannibal had been defeated Capua was destroyed and Pompeii spared—spared in the end for a fate more terrible. Cicero lived near Pompeii, and emperors came here for their recreation. In the year 13 the city had an omen of its fate by an earthquake, which damaged the town seriously, throwing down statues, swallowing up sheep—so appalling "that many people lost their wits." In 64, when Nero was in Naples singing, there was another earthquake, which threw down the building in which his majesty had been entertaining his friends. This was the second warning. The end came on the 24th of August, 79, and we know all the facts from the letters written by Pliny the Younger to Tacitus—letters which had a mournful interest to the writer, because they told him that Pliny the Elder lost his life in the

general desolation. Pliny tells how he was with his uncle, who commanded the Roman fleet at Misenum. Misenum is just across the bay from Pompeii—twenty miles, perhaps, as the crow flies. On the 24th of August, Pliny the Elder was taking the benefit of the sun—that is to say, he had anointed his person and walked naked, as was the daily custom of all prudent Romans. He had taken his sun bath and retired to his library, when he noticed something odd about Vesuvius. The cloud assumed the form of a gigantic pine tree and shot into the air to a prodigious height. Pliny ordered his galley to be manned, and sailed across the bay direct for Vesuvius, over the bay where you may now see fishing boats and steamers.

A letter from some friends whose villas were at the base of the mountain warned him that there was danger; but like a Roman and a sailor he sailed to their rescue. As he drew near the mountain the air was filled with cinders. Burning rocks and pumice-stones fell upon his decks, the sea retreated from the land, and rocks of great size rolled down the mountain. His pilot begged him to return to Misenum and not brave the anger of the gods. "Fortune," he said, "favors the brave—carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was what we now call Castellamare, a little port from which the fish come. Here the eruption fell upon him. The houses shook from side to side, the day was darker than the darkest night. The people were in the fields with pillows on their heads, carrying torches. The fumes of sulphur prostrated Pliny and he fell dead. The scene of the actual destruction can be told in no better words than those of the younger Pliny, who watched the scene from Misenum. Remember it was twenty miles away, and you can fancy what it must have been in Pompeii. "I turned my head," writes Pliny, "and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out into the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dash of the crowd that followed us. We had scarcely stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights are extinct.

Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children and the cries of men ; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices ; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family ; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying, some lifting their hands to the gods ;



DINNER AT THE HERMITAGE.

but the greater imagining that the last and eternal night had come which was to destroy the world and the gods together. Among these were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the affrighted multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared which we imagined to be rather the forerun-

ner of an approaching burst of flame, as in truth it was, than the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. At last this dreadful darkness

was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke, the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes, which were extremely weakened, seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

This was in the latter part of August, 79, and Pompeii slept in peace for more than sixteen hundred years. Ashes twenty feet deep covered the town, and it is believed about ten thousand persons perished. In 1748 the first excavations were made by the Bourbon Charles III. The villa of Diomedes was opened in 1771. It was in this villa that a group of eighteen skeletons was found. It was not until 1806, when the French took Naples, that the work was pursued with any intelligence. About one third of the town has already been opened, and the excavation goes on under judicious superintendence.

Our first visit was to the museum, a carefully arranged collection. Here you may see windows and doors as they came from the ruins. There are also casts of eight human bodies, the faces and forms expressing the agony of the last moment. One is that of a finely formed woman, her brow resting upon her arm, lying in an easy attitude of repose. Some had their clothing on, others scarcely a vestige of clothing. Some were in attitudes of despair and combat, as though they would resent Death when he came. There were skeletons of animals and skulls. There were vases as they came from the opened chambers, rainspouts in terra-cotta, helmets, bucklers, and swords that belonged to the gladiators. There was bread as found in the oven, and a dish in which the meat was roasting. There was a pot in which were the remnants of a sucking pig, the skeleton of the pig clearly traceable. There were barley and olives and various kinds of food. Almonds, pears and figs, pouches of coin, sandals, garments, rings and trinkets, amulets that were to keep off the evil eye. All was here arranged as found in the ashes of the buried city. And all was so real—so horribly real—I cannot express the impression which came over us as we passed from the gate into the very streets of the buried town—

the very streets of this bright, gay, luxurious town. We could not realize the solemnity of Pompeii. It seemed so natural that we should come here—so natural that we should be at home, so natural that this should be a living and not a town that had been buried and risen again—that our visit seems a day's holiday in a charming country town, and not a mournful march through a town of ashes and death.

Here, for instance, is the home of our friend, M. Arrius Diomedes. Our friend is a patrician, a great man in Rome, who came to his villa by the sea for summer air and repose after the cares of the capital. I am certain that he would receive us with true Roman courtesy did he know of our arriving. But he has vanished into the night, and all we have is the gracious word "*Salve*," in mosaic, on the door-sill. Here it is in indelible mosaic—curiously worked, is it not? You push the ashes away with your foot, for somehow our patrician friend is not as well served with all of his slaves. You push the ashes aside and read the warm word of welcome, its white stones smiling as though they would anticipate the greeting of the master. So, encouraged, we trace our way into this suburban villa. The street through which we have just passed is the Street of the Tombs, but let us draw no inhospitable omen from that, for our Roman friends are stoics and find no terror in death. There is much dust and ashes, and roofs that might be mended, and the villa of M. Arrius Diomedes has changed somewhat since his retreating footsteps pressed for the last time the welcoming word on his door-sill. We can examine this house at our leisure, if we are curious to see how our noble friends lived in the golden days when Cæsars reigned. You note that there is a slight ascent to the house, the doorway being as much as six or seven feet above the roadway. Well, this is as should become a patrician, and a man like Diomedes does not choose to live under the staring gaze of gladiators and tragic poets, and the riffraff of people who flock about Pompeii. You go up to the porch by an inclined plane, and pass through the peristyle into an open court-yard, where the rain was gathered. On one side the descending staircases point the way to the rooms devoted

to the humbler offices of this princely house. Around us are rooms, say twenty in all, which open on the court-yard. In one corner are the rooms for bathing, for our host belongs to a race who do honor to the gods by honoring the body which the gods gave them.

Here are cooling chambers, warm chambers, an anointing room, a furnace. If you do not care to go through the process of a bath, you may anoint yourself and walk in the sun. Here is a chamber fitted for the purpose—a gallery lighted by windows looking out upon the trellises, where I am sure the roses would be creeping in luxuriant bloom were our friend only here to look after his home. The roses have faded, but if you pass into a small room to the right you will see why this gallery was built. Out of that window—which unfortunately is wanting in glass—out of that window, through which you may gaze while your slave anoints your person and perfumes your tresses, you may see beyond the gardens the whole sweeping Bay of Naples as far as Sorrento. After you have enjoyed your bath, and care to discipline your body further, here is another room, upon which the sun beats with undisputed power, a room given to in-door games and amusements. Here is the eating



NEAPOLITAN FISHER GIRL.

room, commanding a view of a garden, and here is a room which was once the library—a library of papyrus volumes—where we can fancy our friend studying the sciences with Pliny, or verifying a quotation with Cicero. The papyrus rolls are not here, to be sure, although some of them are up in the Naples Museum,

and since we have this modern fashion of printing we shall not envy M. Diomedes his few cherished scrolls. And if you ask for the ladies, you are pointed to the staircase leading to the gymnasium, or the door leading to the *venerium*, where I am afraid we should not under ordinary circumstances be welcome. You see our friend has exclusive notions about the ladies, and prefers to dispense his own hospitalities. Beyond these rooms is a garden, a garden inclosed by walls, and over the walls should be a trellis of flowers. Under the walls is a portico, where M. Diomedes and his friends can walk when it rains. Here should be a fountain, rather here is the fountain, but the waters somehow have ceased to flow. But you may put your fingers into the very spout and admire the grain of the marble, for the work came from the hands of cunning workmen. If you open this door—alas! I am afraid it is open, with no prospect of its being closed—if you open this gate you will find that it is the rear of the villa and looks out upon the vineyards, the gardens and the sea. This garden should be full of mulberries and figs, and if the gardening slaves were diligent, we should now be walking, not in ashes, but under a shady wall of vines, and breathing the perfume of the violet and the rose.

You will observe, if time is not pressing, that our friend was fond of the arts, and that the walls of these rooms are decorated with care. This is none of your whitewashing—none of your French paper and modern English decorations, all running to pale green and gray. Our noble host lived in the land of sunshine, and drew his colors from the rainbow. To be sure, the colors do look fresh—so fresh as to make you wonder if they are already dry. But time will give them the Titian and Rembrandt tint; time will mellow them, if we only wait long enough. When a Roman nobleman builds a home like this, a home possessing all that taste, and luxury, and wealth can wish—if, I say, a Roman patrician like Marcus Arrius Diomedes plants all these gardens and constructs so luxurious a home, you must not be impatient at the glowing colors. Perhaps, if you are an artist, you will note the poverty of his invention in the matter of colors—red, blue, green, yellow, and black. These

are all that seem to have occurred to his craftsmen. And you will object to many of his pagan themes. But do not forget, I pray you, that our friend is a pagan, and that you will find in this home, and the homes of his neighbors and kinsmen, many things to offend a taste educated up to the moral standard of Boston and New York. But, happily, we are neither missionaries nor critics, but friends—friends from far America—who have heard much of Pompeii, and have come to call upon this



STREET OF TOMES.

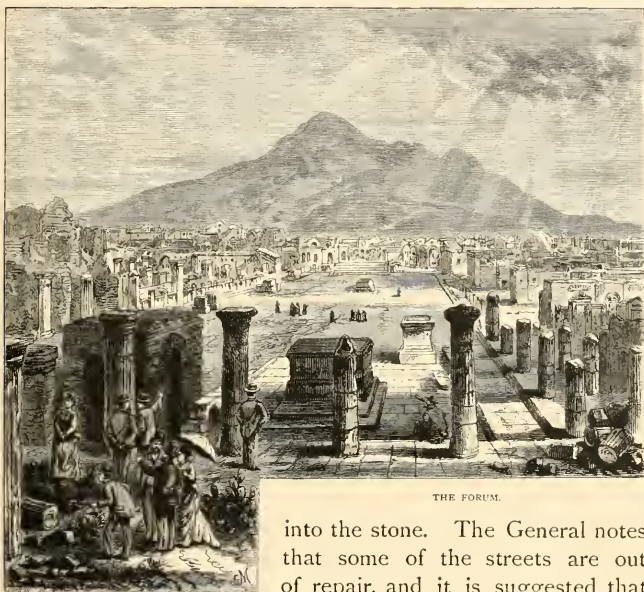
opulent citizen. See with what minute care this house is decorated. The floors are of mosaic—white stones on a black ground, or black stones on a white ground, describing plain geometrical lines and curves. If you study closely this mosaic work you will find it of marble (black and white) and red tiles, buried in mortar. If you pass on you will see even finer work.

Here, for instance, is a group of dancers and musicians, masked figures, playing upon the tambourine, the cymbals, and the pipe. What skill, what patience in the fashioning, in the folding drapery, the movement of the limbs, harmony of motion!

You note that the walls are all painted ; and if you do not like the glaring colors in some rooms, pause for a moment before this figure, a female form floating into space. The lips are open in the ecstasy of motion, the limbs are poised in the air, and the light drapery, through which the sun shines, seems to toy with the breeze ; the bosom almost heaves with life and youth. It means nothing, you say. You miss the sweetness of the later schools ; you see nothing of the divine, seraphic beauty which lives in the Madonnas of Raphael ; you miss the high teachings of our modern art—the mother's love in the Virgin's face, the love that embraceth all things in the face of the suffering Redeemer. You miss this, and long for that magic pencil which told, as in a poem or an opera, of the splendors of ancient and modern Rome. You say that our friend knew only of fauns and satyrs and beastly representations of lecherous old Silenus and that drunken brute Bacchus ; that even his Venus was a degradation rather than an idealization of woman ; that his art was physical, and became an apotheosis of strength and vice and passion. You ask what possible use, either as entertainment or study, can there be in a bearded Bacchus, or in many other things that I am not permitted to describe ? This art is not our art, and as we study it and admire much of its taste and skill and truth to nature, we cannot but feel, and with grateful hearts, that the Pompeiian age is dead, and that we come in a new age ; that the gods whom our friend worshiped have faded into night, and that a nobler, higher faith has taken their place, giving purity to our art. This we owe to the work done by Jesus Christ. And if you marvel that our friend Marcus Arrius Diomedes did not feel the same influence, remember that our friend is a Roman, a patrician and a man of great wealth and station, and not a man to shape his tastes after the canons of a Jewish carpenter, crucified just seventy-nine years ago, and of Jewish fishermen who followed him, and have been meetly punished for their follies and crimes.

But our friend Diomedes does not come, and I am afraid there is no use in waiting. Pompeii is a most interesting town, and there are a thousand other things to be seen—the Forum,

for instance, the amphitheater, the temples of Jupiter and Venus, the Exchange, the tombs. How real it all seems! Here are the narrow streets, with stepping stones to keep us out of the running water as we cross. Here is the wide street, the Broadway of the town, and you can see the chariot ruts worn deep



THE FORUM.

into the stone. The General notes that some of the streets are out of repair, and it is suggested that

Tweed was not the first magistrate who failed to pave the roads. Here are the shops on the highway, shops in which you may buy and sell to your heart's content, if we can only believe the signs on the walls. One irritable merchant (I suppose he has amassed a large fortune and retired from business) informs the public that there must be no lounging about his shop, and that if people do not mean business they had better go elsewhere. If you think my translation is a free one, I will give you the exact inscription: "*Otiosis locus hic non est, discede morator*"—"Loiterer, pass on;

this is no place for idlers." Passers-by are warned against committing trespass by two large serpents painted on the walls; and if we are disposed to seek other entertainment in Pompeii, not having found M. Diomedes at home, here is a tavern, the Elephant Snake Inn I suppose it should be called, having as its sign an elephant in the folds of a serpent. The sign also informs us that within may be found a triclinium or dining room, "with three beds and other conveniences." Politics seem to be running high in this luxurious town. Here is an advertisement in which Philippus beseeches favor and patronage that he may be made a duumvir of justice. Sometimes these inscriptions take the form of compliment and adulation. The candidate, instead of beseeching suffrage of the unterrified, the high-minded people, seeks the aid of some high-placed citizen, just as a century or two ago our tragic poets and comedians used to address their wishes to some mighty duke or most ducal lord and king. You note that in spite of the paganism, and other things in which we have improved, there was a great deal of human nature—of Massachusetts and Brooklyn human nature—in these Pompeians. In those days people wrote on the walls, as home idiots do now, their names and inscriptions, verses from a poem, jibes from a comedy. Here is an advertisement setting forth that Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius, has to let a bath, a venerium, nine hundred shops with booths and garrets, for a term of five years from the 6th of August. Mme. Julia wishes likewise tenants with references, as she has no desire to deal with immoral persons. Another scribe named Issus seeks the patronage of the ædile as one "most deserving." We note as we go on that this was a city of fountains, and that superstition was rife, there being on nearly every house some engraved charm to protect the inhabitants from the evil eye. I wish these charms were all as innocent and proper in their character as our dear old homely horseshoe, which has protected so many generations from the perils of witchcraft.

The sun is shining as we pass from the narrow streets and come upon the Forum. The heart leaps as we look upon this scene of the elegance and the strife and the patriotism of

twenty centuries ago. The sun shines upon many a broken column, upon entablatures falling into decay, upon plinths and molds that retain only a faint semblance of their former beauty. I have seen a picture called "*Pompeii Restored*," with special reference to the Forum. I see an oblong space like that in the court-yard of the Louvre. This space is surrounded by columns forming an arcade, and galleries above the arcade. On one side was the temple of Mercury, on the other the Pantheon. This space is five hundred and twenty-four feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. On the other side is the temple of Jupiter and the temple of Venus. The temple of Jupiter borders on a road spanned by triumphal arches—one to the immortal glory of Nero, that great emperor who one day rode in triumph down the very road over which we are sauntering this morning in the wake of a nimble and loud-talking guide. This temple of Jupiter is the home of the presiding deities of Pompeii, if any of us choose to go in and worship. But I am afraid we are more interested in the prison where the skeletons of the prisoners were found, the shackles still confining them. Here is the Pantheon, or what we are at liberty to call a Pantheon until the men of science really determine whether it is so or not, or, as is supposed, a temple of Vesta. I am afraid it makes very little difference now what it is, as it is incontinently a ruin. Another building about which there is doubt is called the *Senaculum*, where the senators met. These various temples were decorated with a profusion which I have not space to catalogue. Statues, endless statues, and busts, paintings, sacred utensils, altars, and columns—what a world of wealth and labor was expended upon the worship of these pagan gods! What a strange religion it must have been! Here are dancing figures, battles with crocodiles, devotees performing sacrifice to Priapus. Here, more apt than the others to-day at least, is Penelope discovering Ulysses. In the room of one of the priests of the temple of Venus was a painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which must have inspired a frail kind of devotion. Around the Forum are pedestals on which were exalted in their day the statues of the men and the gods Pompeii delighted to

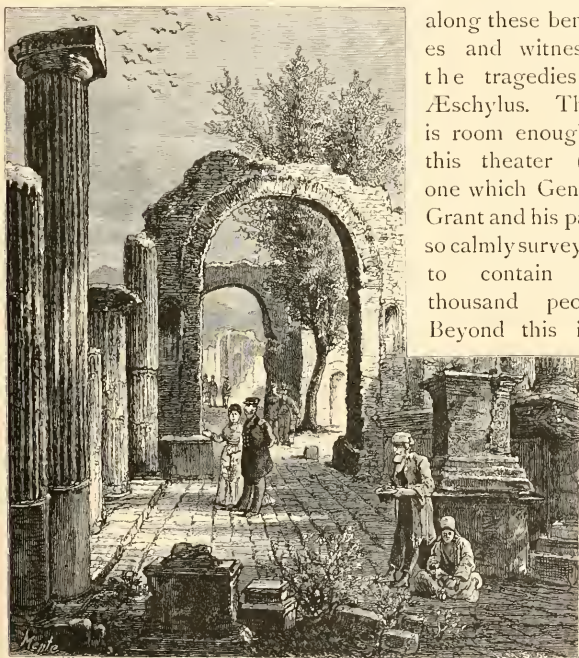
honor. If we marvel at the extreme expense lavished on the Forum, especially as compared with the other parts of the town, we must remember that in these ancient days the Forum was where the Roman citizen passed most of his time. He spent his days at the baths, the theater, and the Forum, and, as a consequence, whenever you find any remains of the old Rome, you find that the bath, the theater, and the Forum were the centers of display.

We might spend more time with the temples, but I am afraid the religion of Pompeii is not severe enough to inspire our awe. There is a temple to Fortune, built by one Marcus Tullius, supposed descendant of Cicero. There are temples to Isis and Esculapius—that of Isis being in excellent preservation. These priests were severer in their devotions than our friends who held out at the other establishments. They were celibates, who lived mainly on fish, never eating onions or the flesh of the sheep or hog. I suppose they were faithful in some respects, for the skeletons of two were found in this very temple, one attempting to break a door with an ax and another at dinner. As one of the rules of this order was perpetual devotion before the statue of the deity, it is supposed they were at their prayers when the hour came. Let us honor them for that, and trust that even fidelity to poor foolish Isis will not be forgotten in the day when all remembered deeds are to have their last account.

But almost as dear to Pompeii as her baths and Forum were the theaters. Here is a building which is known as the school of the gladiators. All the evidences show that Pompeii excelled in gladiatorial displays. Why not? Her people were rich and refined, and in no way could a community show its wealth so much as by patronizing the gladiators. The school shows that there were accommodations for as many as one hundred and thirty-two in that building alone. Inscriptions show that in some of the public displays as many as thirty or thirty-five pairs of gladiators exhibited at one time. We did not visit the large amphitheater, the small theater being sufficient for our purpose. The ancient theaters were always open to the sun, this being a climate blessed with a sun. They were planned very much like our own. Where plays were performed there was a stage, an

orchestra, rows of shelving seats made of cement or stone, aisles and corridors and lobbies, just as you find them in Wallack's or Drury Lane. The mask played a prominent part in these plays, no object being more common among the discoveries of Pompeii than the tragic and the comic mask. The plays were mainly from the Greek, and one can imagine and almost envy the multi-

tudes who swarmed along these benches and witnessed the tragedies of *Æschylus*. There is room enough in this theater (the one which General Grant and his party so calmly surveyed) to contain five thousand people. Beyond this is a



STREET IN POMPEII.

small theater which would hold fifteen hundred persons. The amphitheater is at the outside of the town, and from the plans of it the writer studied, our party being too weary to walk the distance, it was a counterpart of the bull rings which you see in Spain at the present day. The amphitheater was the

popular place of amusement in Pompeii, as the bull ring is to-day in Madrid and Seville. It had accommodations for the whole population. In the center was an arena, and in the center of the arena an altar dedicated to Pluto or Diana, or some of the Jupiter species. It was here that the gladiators fought. Sometimes they fought with wild beasts who were introduced into the arena.

We have representations in the museum of combats between gladiators and the bull, the lion and the panther. In some of these pictures the man is unarmed. Others show a gladiator in the attitude of a Spanish matadore in a bull ring, fighting a bear. The gladiator holds the cloak in one hand and the sword in the other, precisely as Señor Don Larzuello goes down the arena in Madrid to fight an Andalusian bull. There are frescoes showing how men fought on horseback, the men armed with helmets, spears, and oval bucklers about large enough to cover the breast. The most frequent pictures are those of gladiators on foot, wearing winged helmets, buskins of leather, on the thighs iron guards, greaves on the knees, the other parts of the body naked. You remember, no doubt, the picture of Gérôme, representing the arena—one gladiator prostrate, the other over him with sword extended, awaiting the signal from the emperor as to whether he would slay his foe. The signal was given by the spectators turning their thumbs if they want death. It was the wounded man's privilege to ask for life, which he did by raising his finger in supplication. In most of these pictures we have the raised finger in entreaty. Some show that the prayer has been refused, and the sword of the victor is at the throat of the victim. In this amphitheater the Christians were thrown to the lions, and the ashes still encumber the door through which the ghastly bodies of the slain were dragged after they had been "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

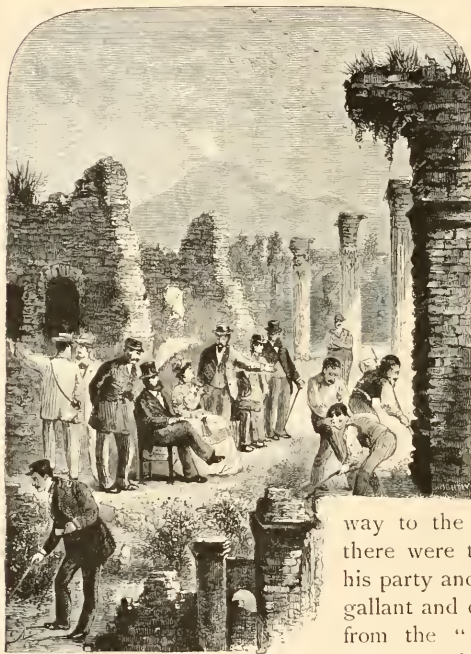
It is in these remnants of Pompeian splendor that we see the cruelty of the old Roman life. We turn from it with a feeling of relief, as it is not pleasing to think that such things ever were possible in a world as beautiful and refined as that surrounding Pompeii. We pass to happier scenes, glimpses of the

real life as it was two thousand years ago. The value of these ruins is in the truthfulness of what we see around us. We tire of temples, and fauns, and shows. How did these people live? We see that there was little or no poverty in Pompeii. If there was any Five Points or Seven Dials quarter it has not been excavated. This was a happy summer town, where people came to find their pleasures. There was the house of unspeakable shame, which the guide, with glistening eyes, pointed out to the General as the special object of interest to tourists. But our General had no interest in scenes of shame and vice, and declined to enter the house. We sauntered about from street to street, and looked at the house called the house of the Tragic Poet. It is here that Bulwer Lytton places the home of Glaucus, in his "Last Days of Pompeii." We pass a lake house where the mills are ready to grind corn, and our guide explains how it was done in the ancient days—"Pretty much," the General remarks, "as it is done in primitive settlements now." Here is an arcade which was supposed to be a market. Here is a subterranean passage leading to a dungeon. In the roof was a hole through which the judge announced to the prisoners their fate. We can fancy Christian martyrs clustering under these walls, and fearing not even the lions, in the blessed hope of that salvation whose gospel had only come from the shores of Galilee. We see ruined tombs and evidences of cremation, and house after house, streets and houses without end, until we become bewildered with the multitude and variety of sights. The impression made by the journey may be summed up in a remark of General Grant, that Pompeii was one of the few things which had not disappointed his expectations, that the truth was more striking than imagination had painted, and that it was worth a journey over the sea to see and study its stately, solemn ruins.

The Italian authorities did General Grant special honor on his visit to Pompeii by directing that a house should be excavated. It is one of the special compliments paid to visitors of renown. The guide will show houses that have been excavated in the presence of Murat and his queen, of General Championnet, and Joseph II., of Admiral Farragut and General Sher-

man, and General Sheridan. These houses are still known by the names of the illustrious persons who witnessed their exhumation, and the guide hastens to point out to you, if you are

an American, where honor was paid to our countrymen. When Sherman and Sheridan were here large crowds attended, and the occasion was made quite a picnic. But General Grant's visit was known only to a few, and so when the director of excavations led the



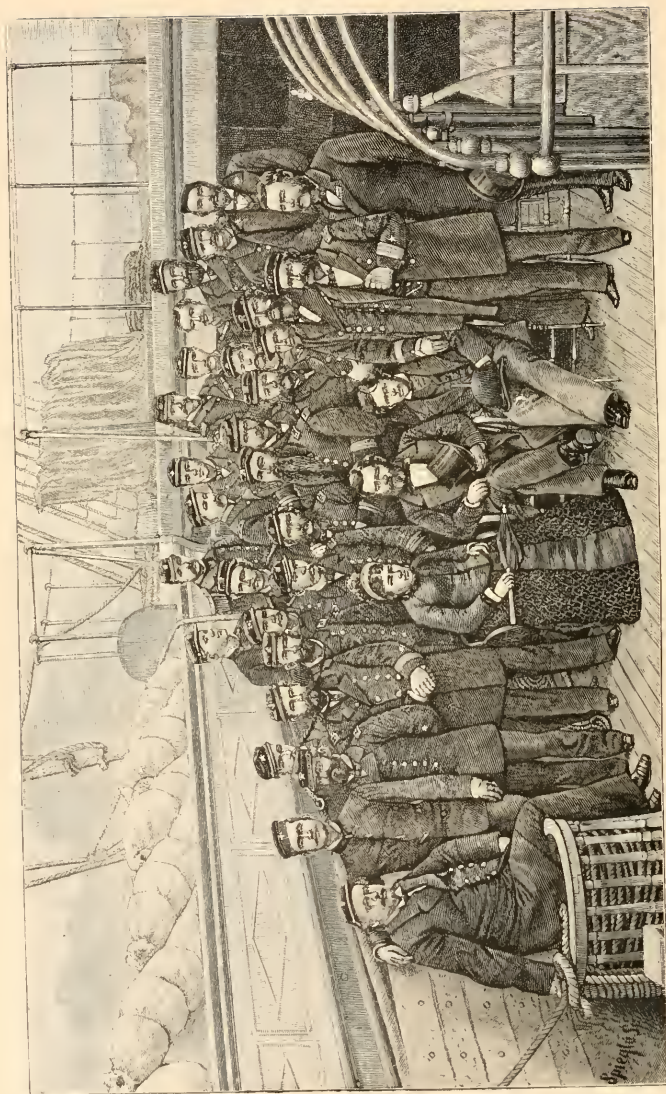
EXCAVATING A HOUSE.

way to the proposed work, there were the General and his party and a group of our gallant and courteous friends from the "Vandalia." The quarter selected was near the Forum. Chairs were ar-

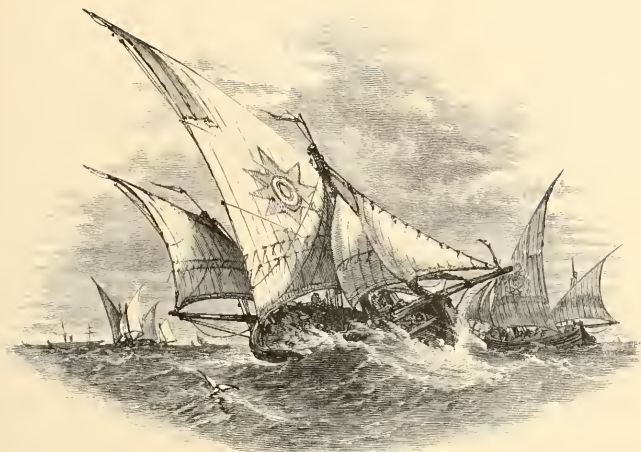
ranged for the General, Mrs. Grant, and some of us, and there quietly, in a room that had known Pompeiian life seventeen centuries ago, we awaited the signal that was to dig up the ashes that had fallen from Vesuvius that terrible night in August. Our group was composed of the General, his wife and son, Mr. Duncan, the American Consul in Naples, Commander Robeson, of the "Vandalia," Lieutenants Strong, Miller and Rush, and Engineer Baird, of the same ship. We formed a group about

the General, while the director gave the workmen the signal. The spades dived into the ashes, while with eager eyes we looked on. What story would be revealed of that day of agony and death? Perhaps a mother, almost in the fruition of a proud mother's hopes, lying in the calm repose of centuries, like the figure we had seen only an hour ago dug from these very ruins. Perhaps a miser hurrying with his coin only to fall in his doorway, there to rest in peace while seventeen centuries of the mighty world rolled over him, and to end at last in a museum. Perhaps a soldier fallen at his post, or a reveller stricken at the feast. All these things have been given us from Pompeii, and we stood watching the nimble spades and the tumbling ashes, watching with the greedy eyes of gamblers to see what chance would send. Nothing came of any startling import. There were two or three bronze ornaments, a loaf of bread wrapped in cloth, the grain of the bread and the fiber of the cloth as clearly marked as when this probable remnant of a humble meal was put aside by the careful housewife's hands. Beyond this, and some fragments which we could not understand, this was all that came from the excavation of Pompeii. The director was evidently disappointed. He expected a skeleton at the very least to come out of the cruel ashes and welcome our renowned guest, who had come so many thousand miles to this Roman entertainment. He proposed to open another ruin, but one of our "Vandalia" friends, a very practical gentleman, remembered that it was cold, and that he had been walking a good deal and was hungry, and when he proposed that, instead of excavating another ruin, we should "excavate a beefsteak" at the restaurant near the gate of the sea, there was an approval. The General, who had been leisurely smoking his cigar and studying the scene with deep interest, quietly assented, and, thanking the director for his courtesy, said he would give him no more trouble. So the laborers shouldered their shovels and marched off to their dinner, and we formed in a straggling, slow procession, and marched down the street where Nero rode in triumph, and across the Forum, where Cicero may have thundered to listening thousands, and through the narrow streets, past the

wine shops filled with jars which contain no wine—past the baker's, whose loaves are no longer in demand—past the thrifty merchant's, with his sign warning idlers away, a warning that has been well heeded by generations of men—past the house of the Tragic Poet, whose measures no longer burden the multitude, and down the smooth, slippery steps that once led through the gate opening to the sea—steps over which fishermen trailed their nets and soldiers marched in stern procession—into the doors of a very modern tavern. Pompeii was behind us, and a smiling Italian waiter welcomed us to wine and corn, meat and bread, olives and oranges. Around his wholesome board we gathered, and talked of the day and the many marvels we had seen.



ON THE "VANDALIA."



THE MEDITERRANEAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

WE arrived in Palermo at noon on the 23d of December, 1877. We found Palermo attractive enough, especially as the town was in the full glow of Christmas finery. Here we celebrated our Christmas festival. The officers of the "Vandalia" dedicated their festival as a special honor to Mrs. Grant. The day was colder than usual in this sunny climate, and those of us who had remembered to bring winter apparel did not find it out of place. Palermo, although under the dominion of the liberal King Victor Emmanuel, still contains enough of the Bourbon and ecclesiastical element to give a festival like Christmas especial value. On Christmas Eve a delegation of ship captains, now in port, plying between Palermo and New England, called and paid

their respects to the General. Christmas morning their ships were radiant with bunting in honor of our guest. The morning came with the ringing of multitudinous bells, whose peals came over the bay, telling us that the good people of Palermo were rejoicing in the Nativity. The effect of this bustle and tumult of sound—bells in every key and tone, ringing and pealing and chiming, their echoes coming back from the gray hills, under whose shadow we were anchored, was unique, and as every bell awakened a memory of home, the day brought a feeling of homesickness, visible on many faces, as they came into the wardroom, interchanging the compliments of the season. The General remained on board until noon to receive the visit of the prefect, who came in state, and was honored with a salute of fifteen guns. His Honor remained only a few minutes, in which he tendered the General all the hospitalities and courtesies of the town. But the General declined them, with thanks. After the departure of the city authorities, the General and Captain Robeson went on shore and sauntered about for two or three hours, looking on the holiday groups who made the day a merry one in their Sicilian fashion. There were spurts of rain coming from the hills, which dampened the enthusiasm of this lazy, happy, sun-loving people.

There was nothing in the rain to deter any one accustomed to our cold, gray northern skies, and the General continued his walk without even paying the weather the tribute of an umbrella. Some of the officers went to the pretty little Episcopalian church, and others busied themselves in preparing for the Christmas dinner. I never knew the capacities of a narrow wardroom until I saw what Lieutenant Miller and his assistants achieved on the "Vandalia." The hatchway became an arbor, the low ceiling bloomed with greenery, the mast seemed about to return to its original leafage. The table became a parterre of flowers and trailing vines, and although the limitations of the service were felt in the candles and candlesticks, the whole room was so green and fresh and smiling when we came down to dinner, that it seemed like a glimpse of far, dear America. The hour for dinner was half-past five, and we assembled in the

wardroom with naval promptitude. I give you the names of the hosts: Chief-Engineer J. Trille, Surgeon George H. Cooke, Lieutenant-Commander A. G. Caldwell, Lieutenant E. T. Strong, Past Assistant-Engineer G. W. Baird, Past Assistant-Engineer D. M. Fulmer, Lieutenant Jacob W. Miller, Paymaster J. P. Loomis, Lieutenant Richard Rush, Captain L. E. Fagan, commanding the marines; Lieutenant H. O. Handy, Lieutenant W. A. Had-den, and Master J. W. Dannenhower.

In this list you have the names of the wardroom officers of the "Vandalia," and if it were not so soon after the feast as to excite a suspicion of my disinterestedness, I would tell you what a gallant, chivalrous company they are. The guests of the evening were: General Grant and wife; Commander H. B. Robeson, commanding the ship; Jesse R. Grant, and the writer of these lines. The General looked unusually well as he took his seat between



GENERAL GRANT AND CAPTAIN ROBESON IN PALERMO.

Lieutenant-Commander Caldwell and Paymaster Loomis, his face a little tanned by the Mediterranean sun, but altogether much younger and brighter than I have seen him for many years. The abandon of ship life, the freedom from the toils of the Presidency, the absence of the clamor and scandal of Washington life have driven away that tired, weary, anxious look which marked the General during his later years as President. And, as he sat under the green boughs of the Christmas

decoration, the center of our merry company, it seemed as if he were as young as any of the mess, a much younger man by far than our junior Dannenhower, who looks grave and serious enough to command all the fleets in the world. Mrs. Grant was in capital health and spirits, and quite enchanted the mess by telling them, in the earliest hour of the conversation, that she already felt when she came back to the "Vandalia" from some errand on shore as if she were coming home. I wish I could lift the veil far enough to show you how much the kind, considerate, ever-womanly and ever-cheerful nature of Mrs. Grant has won upon us all ; but I must not invade the privacy of the domestic circle. She was the queen of the feast, and we gave her queenly honor.

This was the company, and I give you our *menu*, as an idea of what a ship's kitchen can do for a Christmas dinner :

Potage.
Tomate purée.
Bouchées à la reine.
Cabellon à la Hollandaise.
Purée de pommes.
Dindonneau aux huitres.
Haricots verts.
Filets aux champignons.
Petits pois.
Punch à la Romaine.
Salade.
Plum pudding.
Mince pies.
Dessert.

It was nearly six when the soup made its appearance, and it was half-past eight before the waiters, in their cunning white canvas jackets and black silk scarfs, brought in the coffee. The dinner went with the cadence of a well-rehearsed opera. There was no hurry—no long pauses. The chat went around the table, the General doing his share of talk. I wish I could tell you many of the things that were said ; but here again the necessities of my position fall in the way. Suffice it to say that it was a merry, genial, home-like feast, and when Mrs. Grant suggested that we remember in our toast, "Loved ones

at home," it was drunk with many an amen, and many a silent prayer for the loved ones over the seas. I mention this toast because it was the only one of the evening. There was a conspiracy, headed by Surgeon Cooke, to force Lieutenant-Commander Caldwell into proposing the General's health and compelling him to speak. But Caldwell, like the illustrious captain on his right, is an obstinate and a somewhat silent man, and



CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE "VANDALIA."

there was no speech. But what was more welcome was the cigar, which ended our evening.

It was between nine and ten when we came out on deck. The ships in our neighborhood were blazing with fireworks, and vocal with songs and cheers from neighboring ships—cheers among other things for "General Grant." The men who gave these cheers were Germans and Englishmen who were in port on their way from Constantinople to England. They were honoring Christmas in their honest, homely way, and, knowing that the General was with us, they sent him their hearty wel-

come and congratulation. So we sauntered about and listened to the merriment on the ships and the ringing of the Christmas bells in Palermo, and watched the moon trailing through the clouds, and studied the outlines of the hills where the Carthaginians once held the power of Rome at bay. Our Christmas had been a merry and pleasant one—as merry and pleasant, I will add, as such a day can be thousands of miles from home.

The next morning there were calls to make—official calls on consuls and generals and prefects and great people. This is one of the duties—I was nearly writing penalties—of our trip. The incognito of General Grant is one that no one will respect. He declines all honors and attentions, so far as he can do so without rudeness, and is especially indifferent to the parade and etiquette by which his journey is surrounded. It is amusing, knowing General Grant's feelings on this subject, to read the articles in English and home papers about his craving for precedence and his fear lest he may not have the proper seat at table and the highest number of guns. General Grant has declined every attention of an official character thus far, except those whose non-acceptance would have been misconstrued. When he arrives at a port his habit is to go ashore with his wife and son, see what is to be seen, and drift about from palace to picture gallery like any other wandering, studious American doing Europe. Sometimes the officials are too prompt for him; but generally, unless they call by appointment, they find the General absent. This matter is almost too trivial to write about; but there is no better business for a chronicler than to correct wrong impressions before creating new ones. Here, for instance, is an editorial article from an American newspaper which has drifted into our wardroom over these Mediterranean seas. The journal is a responsible newspaper, with a wide circulation. It informs us that General Grant travels with a princely retinue; that he is enabled to do so because the men who fattened on the corruptions of his administration gave him a share of their plunder. He went to the Hôtel Bristol in Paris. He took the Prince of Wales's apartments. He never

asks the cost of his rooms at hotels, but throws money about with a lavish hand. These are the statements which one reads here in the columns of an American journal. The truth is that General Grant travels not like a prince, but as a private citizen. He has one servant and a courier. He never was in the Prince of Wales's apartments in the Hôtel Bristol in his life. His courier arranges for his hotel accommodations, as couriers always do, and the one who does this office for the General takes pains to make as good bargains for his master as possible. So far from General Grant being a rich man, I think I am not breaking confidence when I say that the duration of his trip will depend altogether upon his income, and his income depends altogether upon the proceeds of his investment of the money presented to him at the close of the war. The Presidency yielded him



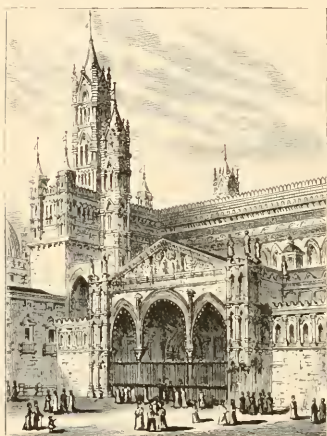
MRS. GRANT.

nothing in the way of capital, and he has not now a dollar that came to him as an official. By this I mean that the money paid General Grant as a soldier and as a President was spent by him in supporting the dignity of his office. Everybody knows how much money was given him at the close of the war. As this was all well invested and has grown, you may estimate the fortune of the General and about how long

that fortune would enable him to travel like a prince or a Tammany exile over Europe. There are many people at home who do not like General Grant, who quarrel with his politics and think his administration a calamity. That is a matter of opinion. But his fame as a soldier is dear to every patriotic American, and I am glad of the opportunity of brushing away one or

two of the cobwebs of slander which I see growing over it.

But this is a digression. I was thinking of Palermo in her holiday finery; for the Christmas bells are in the air, and, as we walk from street to street, we see the South, the Catholic South, in every group. I can well imagine how this sunny, picturesque town might grow on one after a time. Yet, to our prim, well-ordered Northern eyes, it is hard to become accustomed to its dirt and squalor. This Sicily is the land of many civilizations.



CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.

Here the Greek, the Carthaginian, the Roman, and the Saracen have made their mark. This is the land of the poetry of Homer, the genius of Archimedes, the philosophy and piety of Paul. These hills and bays and valleys have seen mighty armies striving for the mastery of the world. Certainly, if example, or precept, or the opportunity for great deeds could ennoble a nation, Sicily should be the land of heroes. But its heroism has fallen into rags, and the descendants of the men who destroyed the Athenian fleet in Syracuse, and who confronted the power of Carthage at Agrigentum, now spend their time sleeping in the sun, swarming around chapel doors to beg, and hiding in the hills to waylay travelers and rob them or keep them for a ransom. Brigandage has for generations been the dominant industry in

the Sicilies. If I were to repeat all the stories of the banditti I might tax your credulity. There is nothing that takes romantic dimensions so rapidly as stories of crime and adventure. But one of the gentlemen who called on General Grant yesterday is an English banker resident. A few months ago he went out of town with his brother to visit some mining property in which he was interested. When he reached the station, and was quietly walking through the town, two horsemen galloped up, leading a riderless horse. They had carbines over their shoulders. They stopped the banker and bade him mount. He objected, and appealed to some fellow passengers for protection. They shrugged their shoulders, and told him that God's will had to be done, and he had better mount; these armed men were Leoni, the terrible brigand, and a lieutenant who would murder any who interfered with him. So the banker was mounted and carried into the hills. He lived in a cave and was arrayed in brigand's costume. A messenger was sent to his family saying that unless sixty thousand francs were paid within a certain time the banker would be slain. The money was paid, one half by the Government, the other by the family, and the banker came home after three weeks' life in the hills. All this happened within a few months, and the victim is as well known in Palermo as Mr. Belmont in New York. The capture was arranged on careful business principles. The bandit bribed a servant of the banker to inform him of his master's movements, and took his measures accordingly.

I allude to brigandage as a dominant industry. But it is due to the Italian Government to say that the authorities have done all in their power to suppress it. This brings me to another point—the manifest and gratifying advance that has been made in Sicily since the union of the Italian nation under Victor Emmanuel. I have no doubt that there are many things about such a reign as that of the Bourbons to be regretted, especially by a society like that of Palermo. In the Bourbon days kings came here and lived in the palaces. Now the palaces are deserted. Occasionally a prince comes and there is a ripple of life, but as a general thing Palermo is no longer a

royal, courtly town. I visited one or two of the houses of the king—houses which are untenanted unless by the royal servants. There was the château of La Favorita, for instance. We reached it by a long drive through the environs of the city, under range of Monte Pellegrino. This range is one of the attractions of the city. It is a gray limestone of early formation, which Goethe found "indescribably beautiful." To my mind it resembles the Palisades, opposite Yonkers, although there is more beauty, more grandeur in our brown Hudson hills. It was to a cavern here that St. Rosalia retired to live out her brief and holy life, and pilgrims go to the shrine where her statue lies carved in marble and covered with bridal robes. We drive along the base of the hills through avenues of orange and olive trees until we come to the château. Two or three liveried servants awaited us. The gates were closed. The avenues were untidy. There was no sign of life in the house, and yet the site was one of rare natural beauty. It was the work of Ferdinand IV., a mighty sovereign, who now rests with God. Ferdinand governed for as many years as George III. He was driven out by the French and brought back by the English, and after receiving from Murat many attentions when Murat was king, afterward shot the French hero as a revolutionist. Ferdinand belonged to the driftwood period of European politics, and had an uneasy time of it until Waterloo secured the tenure of every despotism in Europe. This château is one of his works. It is a Chinese building, with rooms in various styles of decoration—Turkish, Pompeian, and Chinese. The view from the observatory, the bit of sea on the left sweeping through the hills, the majestic range of limestone in front, to the right the city, with shipping in the harbor and the sea beyond, embowered in groves of roses and oranges and lemons and olives, made the spot one of the most attractive I have ever seen. Yet it is abandoned to a few servants. No royal persons come here. The grounds are closed, except to those who can obtain permission. I noticed this spirit of exclusion in other royal habitations, and it led to the wish that some radical parliament would throw open the royal reservations to

the people whose money made them what they are and for whose pleasure they should be preserved.

Yet the day of awakening has come even to this Bourbon nest of Sicily. It is seventeen years since Garibaldi began here the mad errand which was to go into history as one of the most glorious of heroic deeds, for it was from Palermo that he marched with a handful of soldiers and overthrew the Bourbons. Behind that handful of men was the spirit of Italian



THE MADONNA, PALERMO.

unity, which seemed to break out with all the force and fire and splendor of her volcanoes. In that time great changes have come over Sicily. I was told that for twenty-five years before the union of the kingdoms not a house had been built in Palermo. Now a mole has been thrown out into the bay. Walls and walks encompass the sea. Fine avenues have been laid out; and it was a gratification to an American and a sign of the new days that have come to pass to see that one of these avenues bore the venerated name of Lincoln. There are beggars enough, as General Grant and his friends could testify, but the authorities are pursuing and repressing beggary. The brigands

still infest the hills, but they are severely handled when caught, and the regular troops are fast making brigandage a crime and no longer a form of political action. Much, very much remains to be done in Sicily, and every step showed us matters for regret and amendment. We tried to speculate upon what a firm, gifted Englishman or American would do with this island. But when we remembered what Sicily had been; that under the reign of the Bourbons the feudal spirit survived; that the Church has held it in the darkest tyranny; that for ages no light has fallen upon its people; that they have been trained and coaxed and driven into the deepest superstition and ignorance; when we remembered this we forgave Sicily even her bandits and her beggars, and rejoiced with her sons in the coming of the glorious day of freedom and light—recalling as we did the eloquent lament of Byron over Italy of the Bourbon days:

“Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plowed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.”

It was not without a regret that we saw the anchors slowly release themselves from their oozy bed and the good ship swing from her moorings. The day was far spent, and the sun was throwing the mountain of Hamilcar in long trailing shadows over the bay of the beautiful Palermo. Beautiful Palermo—beautiful despite the dust and grime, the poverty and idleness, the weakness and crime of her people. Something, perhaps it was those Christmas bells, had won us to the place. Or perhaps it was the four American flags shining in the sunshine. Or perhaps it was the orange groves. Or perhaps it was the mountain which recalled the Palisades on the Hudson. Or perhaps it was the romantic thought that in those hills and caverns banditti were in wait who would have welcomed any one of our party, more especially our silent captain, as a lucrative prize. Or perhaps we were thinking of Paul and his journeyings to Rome, and the fact that the seas we were about to dare were the seas which had tossed the apostle about for so

many days. Or perhaps it was memories of the *Odyssey* and the wanderings of Ulysses, and the knowledge that we were soon to skirt the shores of the Æolian Islands, and to pass between Scylla and Charybdis. I cannot tell you what spell it was that gave Palermo its beauty. But we sat on the quarter deck and talked of these things—the romance, and the history, and the poetry of the place—while every moment it was fading from sight. Our wandering Ulysses, in the silent comfort of an



ISLAND OF STROMBOLI.

afternoon cigar, had many warnings of the sirens. Our Penelope was congratulating herself that she was daring the sea with her lord, and not at home awaiting his coming. We read how Paul went to Malta, and how Ulysses went on his travels. We dug out of books the legends, and sat on the deck weaving the memories of the place into a garland, like idle people as we were, weaving flowers—in a wood. Beautiful Palermo faded into a deeper mist, and still out of the mist came those Christmas bells whose peals had been so much of a comfort. I suppose, after all, it was these Christmas bells that gave Palermo its beauty. Every peal awoke an echo in our hearts, and every echo had a memory of home. We were far off on Mediter-

anean seas. We were in the lands of chivalry and fable. But our thoughts were in dear, far America, and some of us talked of children, and some of us of friends, and however the talk might drift into classic or scriptural ground, it always came back to home. The Christmas bells were pealing cheerily, telling that all Palermo was in a holiday mood. The shadows grew longer and longer. The hills faded into clouds. Our city became a line on the horizon. The breeze caught our boat, and with steam and wind we plowed through the waves. The shadows came—they always come, even in the Mediterranean. And as we stood and looked at the passing day the sunshine, wreathed in clouds, fell upon Palermo and lighted its domes and housetops, bathing them with glory.

So Palermo faded from us, and we took our leave of it as the night came, and we sped on into the whispering sea. But with night came more clouds and wind, and after we had supped the sea arose and we had a gale and rain. It would have been a trifle in the Atlantic, but we were bent on pleasure, and it was not pleasant to think of the mists and storms in the country of the *Odyssey*. I arose early in the morning to see Stromboli. This island has an obliging volcano, which never pauses in its entertainment. But when we came to Stromboli, although we were near enough to be under its shadow, there was only the rain. Captain Robeson pointed it out to me and I fancied I saw it, but I am afraid it was only a cloud. If there was any danger of the sirens enchanting our Ulysses the weather saved him. All we saw of the islands was a mass in the mist. The night became angry and the day brought a heavy sea, and I could well understand the anxious look of the captain when, about six in the morning, he came out of his cabin in his oil-cloth coat and glass in hand. We were driving rapidly upon the Calabrian coasts, and there was a rock he desired to see. The rock had its place on the chart as the signpost showing the way into the Straits of Messina. But it had a far more important place in our imagination, for it was the rock of Scylla, and the straits into which we were entering were the straits tormented by the whirlpool of Charybdis.

We passed the rock of Scylla about eight in the morning. It was an ordinary rock, not very large or imposing. As for Charybdis, if such a whirlpool existed, its turmoil is over, for we plowed through the waves undisturbed by its emotions. This part of our trip was through the Straits of Messina. The straits are narrow, not much wider than the Hudson opposite New York, and as we sailed through we had a fine view of one of the most beautiful prospects in Europe. On one side was



MESSINA.

Sicily, on the other Calabria. We passed Messina—now a city of 70,000 people—her domes white and shining in the sunshine. Messina has suffered from conquerors since the days of Hannibal, from the plague, and from earthquakes. It was early in 1783 that the earthquake threw down the transept of her cathedral. Passing Messina we next saw on the Italian coast the town of Reggio, now a flourishing settlement of 16,000 souls. Reggio has had its own troubles with earthquakes, and in 1783 was almost destroyed. It was here that Garibaldi landed when he crossed from Sicily. It was also in the hills behind Reggio—

those dark brown hills that we see so clearly in the morning sun—that he made his fatal fight of Aspromonte, and was wounded and taken prisoner by Pallavicini in 1862, the same General Pallavicini who was so polite to General Grant the other day in Naples, when he marched his troops in review before us. Reggio, however, has a deeper interest to us than even attaches to the fame and fortunes of the illustrious Garibaldi. It is the Rhegium of the New Testament. “And landing at Syracuse,” saith the gospel, “we tarried there three days. And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium.” Passing Reggio we soon saw on our right the majestic mountain of Etna. All day it remained with us—the snow covering its summit—thirty miles away, but so vast and high that it seemed only a mile or two. Etna is a quiet volcano, or at least we could see nothing but a cloudless sky above it. It looks more like a tableland than a mountain. This is because of its size. The mountain is ten thousand eight hundred and seventy feet high, but the crater is a chasm two or three miles wide, and the circumference of its base is more than a hundred miles. It is not an unreasonable volcano as volcanoes go, not breaking forth more than once every ten years. The last demonstration was in August, 1874. When the sun went down Etna was still watching us. The sea was high, and our course was directly south to the famous island of Malta.

We arrived at Malta about one in the afternoon of the 28th of December. The gale continued to be severe. We thought of the ancient times when Paul was thrown on the island. You will find the story in the last chapters of the Acts of the Apostles—how Paul was fourteen days driven up and down in Adria; how the apostle bade the centurion and soldiers be of good cheer and stand by the ship; how the angel of God appeared to Paul, and told him to have no fear; how the ship, with its two hundred and seventy-six souls, was cast on the rocks; how they came to a place where two seas met, and “when they were escaped, then they knew the island was called Melita.” You will remember, also, they were a barbarous people, who were kind, and kindled a fire, and how the

viper came out of the fire and hung upon Paul's hand. You will remember, also, that Paul shook off the viper, which is a wise thing to do with venomous beasts, and that the people were amazed because Paul did not swell and fall dead, and "said he was a god," and treated him courteously and honored him with many honors, and on his departure laded him with such things as were necessary.

If there were no other historical attraction in Malta but



ETNA.

what is thus written in the New Testament it would be well worth a visit. But Malta, now one of the strongholds of the British Empire, one of the citadels on her Indian highway, has had more than her share of the mutations of human fortune. It is supposed to have been the island of Ogygia, where Homer gave a home to Calypso. It fell in the hard hands of the Carthaginians. Then the Romans came and threw it into their empire. Then came the Vandals, the Goths, and the Arabs in fierce succession. Afterward came the unique dominion of the

Knights of St. John, who came from Rhodes when the Turks pulled down the cross. In 1800, Napoleon, then on his way to Egypt, took the island; but in 1802 it came into the hands of the English, who have made it as strong as Gibraltar; strong enough to be regarded as impregnable.

We had made fast to our anchorage and had fired the salute of twenty-one guns, by which a vessel of war does honor to a foreign port, when an officer reported to General Grant that the Duke of Edinburgh was coming on board. The ship next to the "Vandalia" was the "Sultan," a noble English ironclad, under the command of his royal highness. The General was standing on the deck, studying the town, when the captain's boat of the "Sultan," with the duke steering, whirled around the stern. His royal highness was received at the gangway by Captain Robeson. He was dressed in his uniform as captain, wearing on his breast the star of the Garter. The General advanced and greeted the duke and presented the gentlemen with him, and they retired to the cabin. They remained in conversation for the best part of an hour, talking about Malta, its antiquities, its history, England, education, the Eastern question, the weather, and Besika Bay. His royal highness said he had orders to sail, and supposed his destination was Smyrna. He had had his time at Besika Bay, and did not regard the return with any enthusiasm. He spoke of the visit of his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexis, to America, and of the gratification of the family at the reception by our people. The duke is the pattern of a sailor, and has all the ease and off-hand grace of his family. On taking his leave his royal highness asked the General and family to visit him at his palace of San Antonio and take luncheon. The palace of San Antonio is about four miles from the town. It is surrounded by orange groves and walls, and is noted as the only large garden on the island. The drive was through an interesting, glaring country, the perpetual glare almost dimming our eyes. When we reached the palace the duke and duchess received the General and party. After luncheon his royal highness escorted them through the orange groves. At noon General

Grant visited the Governor General of Malta. On leaving, the General was saluted with twenty-one guns. A regiment was drawn up in front of the palace as a guard of honor. The governor, a famous old English general, Van Straubezee, wore the order of the Grand Cross of the Bath. He received the General and party at the door of the palace, surrounded by his council and a group of Maltese noblemen. After presentation to Lady Van Straubezee the same ceremonies were



MALTA.

repeated. In the evening there was a state dinner to the General and party at the palace, including among the guests Commander Robeson and Lieutenant-Commander Caldwell, of the "Vandalia," as well as the captain and executive officer of the "Gettysburg." At the dinner General Grant's health was proposed, which was responded to in the heartiest manner. We all then went to the opera, and on the entrance of the General the company sang the "Star-spangled Banner," Miss Wheelock of Boston singing the air. The cheering was en-

thusiastic, and the reception of the General cordial in the last degree.

There were many temptations to remain in Malta. Hospitalities showered upon us. All the great ones of the place, beginning with his royal highness the Duke of Edinburgh, vied with one another in making our visit a pleasant one. I think if our mail had been ordered to Malta instead of Alexandria, we should have remained anyhow. At the last moment there was a disposition to stay, but the General had taken his leave and sent his cards, and he is not apt to change his mind. In the morning of the last day of the year he pushed ashore and roamed about an hour or two through the quaint streets of the strange old town. I have called the town Malta, but it is really named Valetta, after John de la Valette, who was Grand Master of the Order of St. John, and built the town in the middle part of the sixteenth century. The knights held Malta for nearly two hundred and fifty years, and remained until the French and then the English drove them out. The people have a peculiar dialect, based on the Arabic, with plenty of Italian, French, and English thrown in. The prevailing industry seems to be following officers and strangers around all day and begging. The town has many beautiful views, and I could see very easily how life might be tolerated here for the warm, genial air. It was the last day of the year when we pushed out into the bay and turned our prow toward the Mediterranean. There was quite a group of officers on deck surrounding the General and his party. As we neared the "Sultan" the band played our national airs, winding up with "Auld Lang Syne." We exchanged greetings with them, and with our compatriots of the "Gettysburg," who had gathered on the quarterdeck to say good-by. So our last remembrance of Malta is the music that came from the "Sultan," the hurra that came from the "Gettysburg," and the lowering of one solitary flag, far up the cliff, which indicated that our consular agent was on the watch and was bidding us good speed.

I am writing these lines while our ship is speeding through

the Mediterranean, in the region where St. Paul found the wind called Euroclydon. We left Malta in a soft summer breeze, and in the night the winds came, and this morning the sea is high and sweeps over bows, and the rain falls and oozes into your cot. As stumbling about a slippery deck is not the most entertaining proceeding to one whose life has been mainly spent on land, I came down stairs and sat down to write. It occurred to me that folks at home would like to have a sketch of our life at sea, how we live and what we do when we are under sail.

Our company is composed of General Grant, his wife, his son Jesse R. Grant, a maid, and a courier, Mr. Hartog, who has been with the General on his journey. The General occupies the cabin, which he



STREET IN MALTA.

shares with the captain. It is a commodious cabin, prettily decorated, with the exception of one appalling print of Wellington and Blucher meeting at Waterloo. This print rather overwhelms the cabin, and I can imagine nothing more conducive to sea-sickness than a calm study of this bewildering work of art. The General has a commodious little room in the bow of the ship; his son lies in a swinging cot and takes his rest like the clock pendulum. The steady routine goes on around us. On a man-of-war, life moves to the beat of the drum. The hours, the watches, the calls, the drill, the discipline, the ceremony—the sense of command and the sense of obedience—all this is so new to us that it becomes interesting. Life on board of a man-of-war is like being a cog in a

wheel—you go around and around and cannot help yourself. You rise by the beat of the drum; the drum beats when you go to sleep. Its alarm summons you to dinner. Everything is strict, steady, precise. Here is a company of young gentlemen—and, as far as one can know, gifted and accomplished gentlemen—who give up home, and a career at home, to live for years and years in a space about as large as a New York drawing room. Their whole life changes. They merge their individuality in a code of regulations. They listen for the drum tap that may call them at any moment—at midnight to fight the storm, at daybreak to fight an armed foe. Home and friends are given up, and a new life—an artificial life—is accepted. I can think of nothing more attractive than such a life in the beginning, when faces are new, and one feels the sea breeze freshening his brow. But after six months, after a year or two—how wearisome it must be! Yet here are gentlemen who are now in the second year of their cruise, and one sees no signs of strife or chafing. I suppose such things do exist, and that there are skeletons in the staterooms which stranger eyes cannot see; but I have not seen them, or any token of their existence. I should not ask better comrades in time of peace, or better defenders in time of war, than my good friends of the “Vandalia” mess.

Our General fell into his sea life quite readily. He seemed to welcome the sea with the rapture of a boy going home for a holiday. He is not an early riser, but keeps up the American custom of a breakfast at ten. After breakfast he takes up a newspaper, if he can find one, and a cigar. My friend Mark Twain will be glad to know that the General read with delight and appreciation his “Innocents Abroad.” In Naples one of us discovered an English version of the “Nasby Papers,” which was a boon. About noon, if the weather is calm, the General comes on deck, and converses or studies the sea and the scenery. Dinner comes at six o’clock, and after dinner there is talk. When the General is in the mood, or when some subject arises which interests him, he is not only a good, but a remarkably good talker. His manner is clear and terse. He

narrates a story as clearly as he would demonstrate a problem in geometry. His mind is accurate and perspicacious. He has no resentments, and this was a surprising feature, remembering the battles, civil and military, in which he has been engaged. I have heard him refer to most of the men, civil and military, who have flourished with him, and there is only one about whom I have seen him show feeling. But it was feeling like that of the farmer in the school-book who saw the viper



MEETING WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

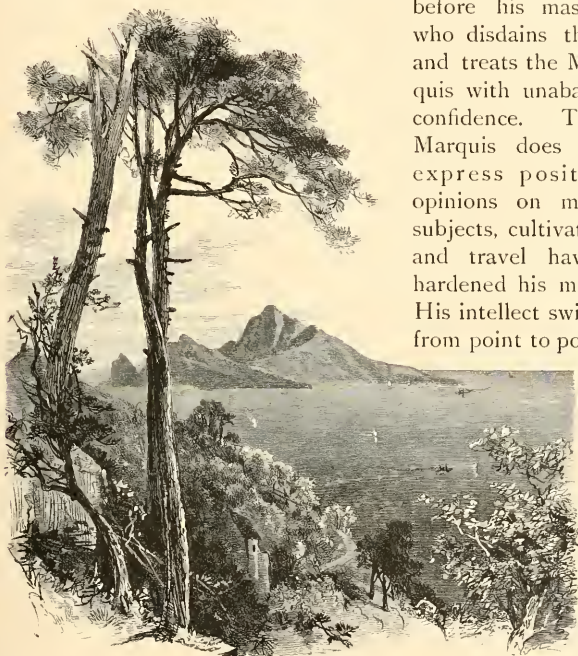
which he had warmed to life about to sting him. I had known General Grant fairly well before I became the companion of his travels, and had formed my own opinion of his services and character. A closer relation strengthens that opinion. The impression that the General makes upon you is that he has immense resources in reserve. He has in eminent degree that "two o'clock in the morning courage" which Napoleon said he alone possessed among his marshals and generals. You are also impressed with his good feeling and magnanimity in speaking of comrades and rivals in the war. In some cases—especially in the cases of Sherman and Sheridan, MacPherson and

Lincoln—it becomes an enthusiasm quite beautiful to witness. Cadet days are a favorite theme of conversation, and after cadet life the events of the war.

Among our company is a gentleman who attends the General as a courier or secretary in foreign tongues. I call our friend "secretary" because the title is the one of his own choosing. His name is Jacques Hartog, native of Holland, educated in Paris, and citizen of the world. We call him the "Marquis." The title expresses Mr. Hartog's address and accomplishments, and I am proud to publish the renown that the "Vandalia" mess has conferred upon him. He has an aristocratic air, and it is almost like a breeze from land—a breeze from the Sicilian shores laden with the odor of the orange blossoms—to see the Marquis come to breakfast in the wardroom, with the sea rolling heavily, having passed a bad night. We are all fuzzy and ragged; we have taken refuge in flannels and old clothes; we have that uneasy feeling which verges on illness. The Marquis comes with the manner of a lord of the antechamber in the days of Louis Quatorze. Every hair is in its place, the curl is posed on the brow, the face is clean as a parchment, the full brown mustache has the faintest suspicion of brillantine, the scarf-pin is adjusted. There is not a crease in his garments. If the Marquis were a good sailor there would be no special merit in this, but our noble friend is a bad sailor and hates the sea, every motion of the ship being a misery to him. For a nobleman in the agonies of sea-sickness, of a constant sea-sickness, to array himself as though he were about to promenade the Champs Elysées, shows a power of self-control which is worthy of admiration. The Marquis wants to know the American people, and this trip he proposes to make the glory of his career. Although General Grant pays him liberally, no pay could induce him to travel on board a man-of-war. To have been the courier or secretary of General Grant will be a title of distinction in his profession. Consequently, he takes pride in his office, and especially in fighting the General's battles with hotel-keepers, hackmen, and beggars. Partly because of his renown, and partly because he will not allow a feather of the

General to be plucked, he has aroused enmity in his profession. Other couriers, jealous of him, write anonymous letters, saying he is a scoundrel, and threatening to expose him. These communications he reads with unruffled composure, and lays them

before his master, who disdains them and treats the Marquis with unabated confidence. The Marquis does not express positive opinions on many subjects, cultivation and travel having hardened his mind. His intellect swings from point to point,



ISLAND OF CAPRI.

like my swinging cot, into which I mount with so much care for fear of vaulting out on the other side. But about hotel-keepers and couriers, as a class, he has pronounced opinions. A hotel-keeper is very good so long as you keep him well in hand and show him you know his character and resources. But once give way, and he will overwhelm you with charges for soap and candles and extras. As for couriers, the Marquis thinks badly of them as a class. "My aim," he said, "has

been to elevate my calling to the dignity of a profession. But your other courier, why, all he wants is a commission and to make money. Now I like to make money, of course, but I want to make reputation first." Two other subjects upon which the Marquis has pronounced opinions are sea travel and the fickleness and inconstancy of woman. If he had his way he would either make the ship go forty-five knots an hour and burn more coal or run her ashore. As for woman, he shares opinions like those of Rochefoucauld and Voltaire and Lord Byron. I observe, however, that the fair sex always suffer from the observations of gentlemen of rank who see much of the world. You will know from this that our noble friend is unmarried. I advised him in one of our conversations to form an alliance with some of our ladies of great fortune; but he does not have an exalted opinion of American ladies, as seen in Paris, and would require a large sum of money before he offered his hand and his title. Another subject which interests him is the political future of General Grant. He believes the American people should elect the General to the Presidency, and that they should do it next year. I explained to him that it would be difficult, very difficult, for us to have a canvass for the Presidency next year, or indeed before 1880. The Marquis would readily come to the United States in the event of the General's election, and I gave him all the information in my power as to the law and mode of naturalization. His immediate purpose is to write a guide-book for European travel. In this book he will recommend only such hotels as General Grant has patronized. So great is the esteem in which the General is held by all English and American travelers that they will rush to the General's hotels and avoid all others. I suggested that this would be destructive of the other houses, but the Marquis answered that his aim was to destroy the other houses. He proposed dealing with them as Napoleon did with the Republic of Venice and the minor States of Italy. His guide-book will have ample space for advertisements, which he will insert at reasonable rates, and on the proceeds of this work—to be called "*Hartog's Guide*"—and upon his fame as General Grant's secretary, the

Marquis will retire to his home in Paris, and there spend the remainder of his days in glory—in envied glory and content—unless political events should summon him to the United States. These are the views of the Marquis, expressed at various times on our trip. This dream of glory came to me vividly as I was passing through the steerage only a few moments ago. It was early in the afternoon and the sea was high. There, on the floor of the deck, with his greatcoat around him—there, pale



SICKNESS OF THE MARQUIS.

and ghastly, was my noble friend. Some of the midshipmen had been trying to console him with suggestions of beans and pork and molasses. Others had been telling him of fearful storms in the air coming from the coast of Africa. My noble friend had surrendered, and there, huddled up against the walls of the engine room, he lay in pain and grief and illness. "And this," I said as I climbed up the stairway to the deck, not quite sure whether I would keep my feet—"And this is only another instance of what men will do for glory." For glory my noble friend leaves Paris, the boulevards, the opera bouffe, his evening stroll and his cigar, his *petit souper* at Velour's, his *bal*

masque, and all the joys of French life, and tumbles about on this cold and cruel sea. All for the glory of being the secretary of General Grant, who, by the way, was quietly walking up and down the quarterdeck in a greatcoat, smoking his after-breakfast cigar, caring nothing for the sea and the storm.

An English nobleman is reported to have said that a man who would say he liked dry champagne would say anything. I thought to-night, as I felt my way along the deck from the General's cabin, that a man who would say he liked the sea would say anything. The night was cold. The rain was falling and bubbling about in pools. The wind was ahead, and the good old ship every moment wriggled and trembled as she thrust her head in the sea. Officers in weird costumes of oil-cloth and gutta-percha were moving about, looking at the sky and the rigging, and the barometer and the canvas. Hadden was walking the bridge with his trumpet, like an uneasy spirit, staring into the night. There was the night before us, around us, beneath us—not a star in the sky, only heavy, angry clouds. Every now and then the sea came with a tug and whirl, and sometimes forced its way over the bow. Far up on the yards were the lights to warn other ships of our coming. There, perched in the rigging, was a dripping Jack Tar, staring into the night. Now and then a call is heard—a call in some dialect unknown to me, which is answered from the bridge. But on the forecastle one of my fair, peach-faced young friends in the steerage, a midshipman, keeps his dripping watch, staring into the night. On the quarterdeck my old friend the quartermaster, with his gray head and grave face, holds watch and ward, staring into the night. Somehow I have great confidence in the quartermaster, and feel safe when I see him on deck. There is something so respectable and fatherly about this quartermaster that you instinctively depend upon him in a storm. In the wardroom some of the officers are writing, others are trying to read. As we come from the deck there is a run of comments and criticisms in that fresh Saxon sailor method of speech which breathes of the sea. The night is very dark, relieved only by the phosphorescent flashes of the waves and a



PALERMO.

burst of lightning which illumines the horizon toward Sicily and Crete. The captain comes out and looks into the night, and visits the chart room and the binnacle, and goes up to the bridge to talk with Hadden and stare into the night. I suppose the oracle has given him some response, for he returns to the cabin. The General is cheerful over his zeal and success as a sailor, and is disposed to vaunt his seamanship when one of us proposes to go to bed to prevent further uneasiness. The lady of our ship has been unable to leave her cabin on account of the storm, although all reports concur in saying that she proves to be an admirable sailor. The captain overrules one of her suggestions—that we should come to an anchor—by the statement that it would do no good; and the General vetoes another suggestion—that we should return to Malta—by the argument that we are as near to Alexandria as to Malta, and nothing would be gained by returning. The good ship strains and twists and keeps on in her course.

The chief engineer, who is an amiable man and never complains, now finds fault with the water for coming into the cabin. You see it has been coming in for an hour, and when the boys have finished swabbing I suppose it will come in again. I repeat that a man who would say he liked the sea would say anything. I am looking at my cot, which swings over my head as I write. I wonder if I am really going to climb into it to-night without coming out on the other side, and in among the pitchers and charts in Lieutenant Strong's room. I wonder if the rain will come through the blankets as it did last night. I wonder if the cot in the midnight watches will begin a series of battering-ram assaults on the dining table, as it did the night before, assaults which were only terminated by the engineering skill of Mr. Dannenhower. Well, we might as well be cheerful about it. I try and find a light side to it, although Mr. Caldwell makes the profound observation that nothing could be worse than a ship when it rains. Caldwell as an executive officer is in an exceedingly cheerful mood to-night, arising from the fact that he has a good deal to do. Well, I would much rather have him command the ship than myself, my disposition being

to vote for Mrs. Grant's proposition to bring the ship to anchor. But since I am not in command, and since the ship will go on like a fate, right on to the shores of Phœnicia, I try and kill an hour by writing this paragraph and giving you a sketch of one of our evenings at sea.

I suppose there must be a fascination in this life if we could see it. I still think, to repeat, that a man who would say he liked the sea would say anything. In this opinion I am sustained by my noble friend the Marquis. That gentleman informed us all this evening that the English were all fools (fools emphatically expressed) for keeping yachts, and that if he had a million dollars a year he would never keep a yacht. But my noble friend was in deep depression of spirits at the time. He had been lying all the afternoon in a corner on the lower deck, near the engine, disturbed by the noises of the machinery and the smell of the oil. He had tried to dine, and no one knows better the philosophy of dinner, but he retreated with the soup. A man—even a man with the naturally broad and generous mind of the Marquis—would be apt to take a dismal view of yachting. If I were sure there was no rain in my cot I might find reasons for owning a yacht. But rain in one's cot, and an unruly sea outside, and water oozing along the cabin floors, and a general feeling of inexpressible discomfort, the feeling that you know where you are now, but you are not sure about the minute after next, these are incidents tending to dampen the enthusiasm of any man—of any man in this ship, unless it is Caldwell, who, as I remarked, has never been so happy and cheerful as since the storm came. I knew when he came down stairs five minutes ago, all wreathed in smiles, that the barometer was going down, and that his heart was leaping with the thought that he might be on the bridge all night battling with the winds. But there's where we differ, and why, among other things, the Providence who ordained our fate made it his duty to be the executive officer of the "*Vandalia*" and mine to write. If I must go to sea I want a calm sea. I never saw one too calm for my nerves, not even on the Delaware and Raritan Canal. I like sunshine, and when I was in Naples found rea-

sons for envying the poor ragged beggars who had gorged themselves with macaroni and were sleeping in the sun. I like to sleep in a bed which does not swing like a pendulum and into which the rain does not fall. I like a hansom cab. I felt like saying to General Grant the other evening when he was talking about some of his generals, that if I could only command an army in a hansom cab I would do wonders. I do not like rain or cold, or tumbling seas. One of the reasons which made me welcome this trip was the certainty that I would pass



STREET OF MOHAMMED ALI, ALEXANDRIA.

from the fogs of London into the enrapturing sunshine of France and Italy. Well, I have not found the sunshine yet, as I said to myself in an ironical mood, when I found myself rowing ashore in tropical Malta wearing a heavy English ulster. I wonder if I will find it in Egypt, toward which we are driving, driving, driving through the cold, unrelenting rain.

I am afraid I shall do the Mediterranean an injustice if I leave the impression that it is always an ugly sea. When I wrote the last paragraph I had just come in from the rain. But this morning the rain has gone and our sea is as gentle as a millpond, and we begin to rejoice in sun and cloudless skies. The old ship brightens up like a spring morning, and the deck

swarms with sailors putting everything in order. Give me a man-of-war for putting things in order. There is no end to the washing, the scrubbing, the cleaning of brass. In a short time the traces of the storm are removed and we have quarters. The marine guard comes to its post—every man as fresh as a new pin—and as Captain Fagan carefully inspects the line, our General notes that the line is well kept and the men in good discipline. The sailors at their guns, the engineers at their quarters, every man at his post, the inspection goes on, and reports are made. One or two poor fellows who jumped over and swam ashore in Malta, and were taken, are now “in the brig,” and the lady of our ship has been using her influence to have their punishment lessened—it being the holiday season, and so on. I do not like to ask whether she has succeeded or not, for, as you will see, it is really none of my business. But I have great confidence in the persuasive powers of Mrs. Grant, and I only allude to this incident because it gives me an excuse for referring to her generous and thoughtful character, to that never-failing kindness and amiability which go so far to enhance the pleasure of our trip. As you stand on the quarterdeck and see the well-ordered movements of the ship; the men in uniform going from place to place; the calls, the commands; the great menacing guns crouching under the ports; as you watch the always changing novelty of a man-of-war’s duties, and feel the soft, warm airs coming over the calmest of summer seas, you begin to feel that there is some attraction in a sailor’s career. You see we are all on a sharp lookout this morning, for Strong has just been to the chart room, and announced that land may be seen at any time. Strong is the navigating officer, and I sometimes fear he has sold himself to the common enemy of mankind, or how else could he prophesy to the minute when we shall see certain rocks and lights? Why should he sit up all hours of the night figuring, figuring huge columns of figures, unless—well, I will not venture my suspicions. He has told us this morning that we may see land at any moment, and we all believe in Strong, and look steadily at the horizon, now fringed with a shining mist. How glorious is the sea in repose! Under

the fore-castle is a group of young officers, and we hear sounds of laughter. The Marquis is out in full force, and is entertaining our friends with anecdotes of high life in Paris and renderings, recitative and musical, from the operas of M. Offenbach. The fringe of shining mist assumes a form—a low, white beach; and, as we look closer, tapering lines and towers. We know, then, that the coast before us is really Egypt—the land of imagination and fable—and that these tapering lines and towers are the minarets of Islam. It is not long before we come inside the port of Alexandria, and before our engines are stopped we hear the cheers from the ships and the Egyptian bands playing American national airs. These dear old strains were the last we heard at Malta and the first we hear at the Nile. You see the protecting telegraph has hovered over us, and friends knew of our coming; and before these pages reach the shore they must pass through the smoke of the cannon now about to thunder Egypt's welcome to General Grant.



CHAPTER VIII.

EGYPT AND THE NILE.

WE arrived in Alexandria January 5th, 1878, coming only because we wanted an anchorage, our point being Cairo and the Nile. We remained there three days. Our reception was cordial. The "Vandalia" had hardly anchored when the governor of the district, the admiral and the generals, pachas and beys, the Consul General, Mr. Farman; the Vice Consul, Mr. Salvago; Judges Barringer and Morgan, and the missionaries, all came on board. The receptions lasted an hour, and as each officer was saluted according to his rank and the salutes were returned, there was smoke enough in the air for a naval engagement, and we could almost fancy another battle of the Nile like that fought only a step or

two up the coast one eventful day, nearly eighty years ago. The governor, in the name of the Khedive, welcomed General Grant to Egypt, and offered him a palace in Cairo and a special steamer up the Nile. It is Oriental etiquette to return calls as soon as possible, and accordingly in the afternoon the General, accompanied by his son, Commander Robeson, Chief-Engineer Trilley, and Lieutenant Handy, of the navy, landed in the official barge. As this was an official visit, the "Vandalia" manned the yards and fired twenty-one guns. These salutes were responded to by the Egyptian vessels. A guard of honor received the General at the palace, and the reception was after the manner of the Orientals. We enter a spacious chamber and are seated on a cushioned seat or divan, according to rank. The pacha—who has a Greek face, and I presume is a Greek—offers the company cigarettes. Then compliments are exchanged, the pacha saying how proud Egypt is to see the illustrious stranger, and the General answering that he anticipates great pleasure in visiting Egypt. The pacha gives a signal, and servants enter bearing little porcelain cups about as large as an egg, in filagree cases. This is the beverage—coffee—or, as was the case with this special pacha, a hot drink spiced with cinnamon. Then the conversation continues with judicious pauses, the Orientals being slow in speech and our General not apt to diffuse his opinions. In about five minutes we arise and file down stairs in slow, solemn fashion, servants and guards saluting, and the visit is over.

The General and Mrs. Grant went to dine, and in the evening we had a ball and a dinner at the house of our Vice Consul, Mr. Salvago. This was an exceedingly brilliant entertainment, and interesting in one respect especially, because it was here that the General met my renowned friend and colleague, Henry M. Stanley, just fresh from the African wilderness. The General had heard of Stanley being in town, and had charged me to seek him out and ask him to come on board and dine. My letter missed Stanley and we met at the consul's. Stanley sat on the right of the General, and they had a long conversation upon African matters and the practical results of the work done by our intrepid friend. The consul general proposed the health

of General Grant, and Judge Barringer proposed that of Mrs. Grant, who, by the way, was prevented by fatigue from coming. Then a toast was proposed in honor of Stanley, who made a grateful response, saying it was one of the proudest moments in his life to find himself seated by our guest. Stanley looks quite gray and somewhat thinner than when I saw him in New York, just before his departure, three years ago. I gave him



GATEWAY, CAIRO.

all the news I could remember about friends in New York and elsewhere. Next morning Mr. Farman, our Consul General, and myself saw him on board the Brindisi steamer, which was to carry him to Europe—to new honors and the enjoyment of a well-earned and enviable renown. The entertainment at Mr. Salvago's at an end, we returned on board. The next day was Sunday. The General, accompanied by the writer, landed, meaning to stroll about the town. Walking is one of the General's

favorite occupations, and he never sees a town until he has gone ashore and lost himself. His eye for topography is remarkable; but that is a military quality after all, and in Alexandria, one of the most huddled-up and bewildering towns, he had a fine opportunity for the exercise of his skill. Then there was an informal luncheon, as became the Sabbath, with Mr. Gibbs, the director of the telegraph; Commander Robeson and Lieutenant-Commander Caldwell forming the other members of the party. The event of Monday, January 7th, was that we formed a group on the quarterdeck and had our photographs taken, the General and family in the center, and around them the wardroom, steerage, and warrant officers of the "Vandalia."

This event closed our life on the "Vandalia" for a month at least. It was only *au revoir* and not good-by, but there was just enough of the feeling of parting to give a tinge of sadness to the mass of trunks and bundles which the sailors, under the orders of the Marquis, were arranging on deck. We were to do Cairo and the Nile, we were to be gone three weeks, and we were to return. But the only one of the party who really wanted to leave was our noble friend, the Marquis, whose spirits have been steadily rising since he came to land and heard the rumor of the Khedive's hospitality. As he takes command of the baggage and directs the sailors in their handling of it, you see in his eye the enthusiasm of one born to command when in his own element. When he pushes off in the tug, trailing the luggage in a boat behind him, there is a disposition to fire a salute, but the regulations are not elastic, and the Marquis with his important command has only a silent adieu. We are not long in following him. We have a special train at our command, and the captain and a group of the officers are going up to attend the presentation to the Khedive. The governor of the province, with his retinue, met the General, and at eleven the train, a special one, started. Judge Barringer and wife were of the company, and the run to Cairo was made in four hours. The General studied the scenery closely, and noted the resemblance in some portions to prairie land in Illinois. Mrs. Grant was more impressed with the poetry of the scene—with the biblical associations that cluster about this strange land. The officers formed a merry company in their compartments, while the Marquis was in an advanced section, holding guard over a lunch basket. The Marquis is a great admirer of the Khedive, and expresses himself earnestly in favor of a government which welcomes its guests to a palace. He takes no interest in the ruins, believing Cairo to be more interesting because of the cafés, which remind him of Paris, than the Pyramids, which he regards as entirely useless. At three o'clock we come to Cairo. There is a guard, a carpet way, and a group of officers and civilians. The General, looking at the group, recognizes old friends. "Why," he says, "there's Loring, whom I

have not seen for thirty years ;" and "There's Stone, who must have been dyeing his hair to make it so white." The cars stop and General Stone enters, presenting the representative of the Khedive. This officer extends the welcome of his highness, which General Grant accepts with thanks. General Loring comes in, and receives a hearty greeting from his old friend in early days and his enemy during the war. General Stone and General Grant were at West Point, and are old friends, and



IN CAIRO.

their meeting is quite enthusiastic. The General asks General Loring to ride with him, while General Stone accompanies Mrs. Grant, and so we drive off to the Palace of Kassr-el-Noussa—the palace placed at General Grant's disposal by the Khedive. Commander Robeson and Lieutenant Rush accept the General's invitation to reside in the palace while they are in Cairo, and the remainder of the party find homes in the hotel.

The General dined quietly with his family, and next day called on the Khedive. The hour fixed for the reception was

eleven, and a few minutes before that hour the state carriages called at the palace. The General wore plain evening dress, and was accompanied by the following officers: Commander H. B. Robeson, commanding the "Vandalia;" Joseph Trille, chief engineer; George H. Cooke, surgeon; Lieutenant E. T. Strong, Lieutenant J. W. Miller, Paymaster J. P. Loomis; G. W. Baird, engineer; H. L. Hoskinson, ensign; B. F. Walling and E. S. Hotchkin, midshipmen; E. R. Freeman, engineer. Jesse R. Grant and Consul-General Farman accompanied the General. We reached the palace shortly after eleven. There was a guard of honor, and the officers of the household were ranged on the stairs. The General entered and was met by his highness the Khedive at the foot of the stairs. The General, his son, and Mr. Farman went into an inner room, where the ceremonies of the formal presentation took place. The officers then entered and were received by his highness, who expressed his gratification at seeing so many representatives of the navy. This reception lasted about half an hour, the Khedive showing the General the pictures on his walls painted



STREET IN CAIRO.

in commemoration of the opening of the Suez Canal. We then returned to the palace. We had scarcely entered when the carriage of the Khedive was announced. The General received the Khedive, who was accompanied by his secretary for foreign affairs, and welcomed him in the grand saloon, where General

Grant also received his highness. The officers of the "Vandalia" were present, and their striking uniforms, the picturesque costume of the Khedive and his attendants, and the splendid, stately decorations of the room in which they assembled made the group imposing. In the course of this conversation General Grant spoke of General Stone, now chief of staff to the Khedive. He said he had known General Stone from boyhood, and did not think he had his superior in our army; that he was a loyal and able man, and he was pleased to see him holding so important a command. The Khedive said he was very much pleased with General Stone, that he found him a most useful as well as a most able man, especially fitted to organize troops, and had made him a member of his privy council. At the close of the interview General Grant escorted the Khedive to his carriage. Official calls were then made upon the two sons of the Khedive, who at once returned the calls, and so ended our official duties.

Judge Batcheller, the American member of the International Tribunal, gave General and Mrs. Grant a reception and a dance, which was a most attractive affair. The Khedive intended to give the General a dinner and reception, but the death of the King of Italy threw his court into mourning, and this dinner will take place after our return from the Nile. The Consul General, E. E. Farman, gave a dinner at the New Hotel. The guests were General Grant, Mrs. Grant, Jesse R. Grant, Judge and Mrs. Barringer, Judge and Mrs. Batcheller, M. Comanos and Mme. Comanos, General Charles P. Stone, Mrs. Stone and Miss Stone, General Loring, Colonel Dye, Mme. Colestone, Colonel Graves, Colonel Mitchell, Rev. Dr. Lansing and Mrs. Lansing, M. and Mme. de Ortega Morejon, Judge and Mme. Hagens, Mr. Tower, Admiral Steadman, Mr. Van Dyck and Dr. George H. Cooke of the "Vandalia." The members of the Khedive's household and family who were invited could not come because of the mourning for the King of Italy. The dinner was worthy of the best kitchens in Paris, and gave the guests a good idea of the culinary resources of Egypt. At its close toasts were drunk to the Khedive and President. Mr.

Farman then proposed the health of General Grant in a felicitous speech. He said we had with us a distinguished citizen of the United States, and made a graceful reference to the services of the General. During the darkest hours of our national life our guest had by his own merits risen from the modest position of colonel to command a million of men. After the war, which, under the leadership of this illustrious chieftain, had been brought to a successful close, a grateful people elected General Grant to the Presidency. They believed that a man who had done so much in war would be the proper ruler in peace. "They were not deceived," continued Mr. Farman, amid hearty cheering. "He administered the government so wisely that he was re-elected by an increased majority. He declined a third nomination, and comes to Europe, and now to Egypt, for rest and recreation. Coming as he does from one of the youngest of nations to a land abounding in monuments of antiquity, we can assure him of a hearty welcome." General Grant said in response that nothing in his trip thus far pleased him so much as his visit to Egypt, and he anticipated even more pleasure as he progressed in his journey. Speeches were made by General Stone and Judge Batcheller. Judge Hagens, in French, asked us to do honor to Mrs. Grant. This honor was paid most loyally. Dr. Lansing would not speak because he had to preach next day. After an hour or two of chat we went home, feeling that our entertainment by Mr. Farman had been of the most felicitous and successful character—feeling also, as General Grant remarked to the writer, that America had in Mr. Farman a most excellent representative, who could not but do honor to our consular service.



THE KHEVIVE'S CARRIAGE RUNNER.

On Wednesday, the 16th of January, we embarked on the Nile. As the hour of noon passed the drawbridge opened, farewells were said to the many kind friends who had gathered on the banks, and we shot away from our moorings, and out into the dark waters of the mighty and mysterious stream. One cannot resist the temptation of writing about the Nile, yet what can a writer say in telling the old, old story of a journey through these lands of romance and fable! The Khedive has placed at the disposal of the General one of his steam vessels, and she swings out into the stream with the American flag at the fore. We have all been in a bustle and a hurry to get away. There was the leaving the palace, the massing of bundles, the com-

mand of the impedimenta. We were alert for the trip, and we had been feeding our imaginations with visions of Eastern life, with visions of the faded but glorious remnants of the ancient civilization. Cairo was French. The infidel had gilded and wall-papered the city of the faithful, and it was hard to realize that you were in an Oriental land where everybody spoke Italian and French, and Vienna beer was



EGYPTIAN LADY.

among the principal articles of merchandise. But now we were really to throw behind us the tawdry French manners and customs which invaded us even in our palace, and to go for days and days upon the waters of the Nile. We read about it in guide-books, all except the writer of these lines, who resolved that whatever his impressions might be he would print them without incurring the mortification of seeing how well the work had been done before him. We bought each a Turkish fez, and some of us ventured upon the luxury of an Indian hat. Others went into colored spectacles, and the Marquis, a far-seeing man, who had been on the Nile and who was not in the best of spirits at leaving a palace to float for weeks between

Arab villages, appeared with an astonishing umbrella. We had many friends to see us off—General Stone, Judge Batcheller, and Judge Barringer, with their wives, General Loring, and others. There were radiant mounds of flowers as remembrances to Mrs. Grant, and as much leave-taking as though we were bound from New York to Liverpool. Some one makes this suggestion, when the observation is made that we are about to undertake a journey as long as from New York to Liverpool and return. The General sits in a corner with Stone and Loring, talking about old days in the army, and making comments upon famed and illustrious names that the historian would welcome if I could only dare to gather up the crumbs of this interesting conversation. At noon the signal for our journey is given and farewells are spoken, and we head under full steam for the Equator.

Our party is thus composed: We have the General, his wife, and his youngest son, Jesse. About Jesse there has been so much said in a satirical way, in some of the journals, that I am almost tempted to do him justice by telling you how manly, original, and clever he is. But the young man is only a boy after all, and I hope he has many years in which to learn that praise or dispraise are to be heeded as the idle wind. The Khedive has assigned us an officer of his household, Sami Bey, a Circassian gentleman educated in England. Sami Bey is one of the heroes of our trip, and we soon came to like him, Moslem as he is, for his quaint, cordial, kindly ways. I suppose we should call Sami Bey the executive officer of the expedition, as to him all responsibility is given. We have also with us, thanks to the kindness of the Khedive, Emile Brugsch, one of the directors of the Egyptian Museum. Mr. Brugsch is a German, brother to the chief director, who has made the antiquities of Egypt a study. Mr. Brugsch knows every tomb and column in the land. He has lived for weeks in the temples and ruins, superintending excavations, copying inscriptions, deciphering hieroglyphics, and his presence with us is an advantage that cannot be overestimated, for it is given to him to point with his cane and unravel mystery after mystery of the marvels engraved on the

stones and rocks, while we stand by in humble and listening wonder. "What a blank our trip would be without Brugsch!" said the General, one day as we were coming back from a ruin—a ruin as absolute and meaningless as the Aztec mounds in New Mexico, but which our fine young friend had made as luminous as a page in Herodotus. The Consul General, E. E. Farman, formerly editor of *The Western New-Yorker*, is also of our party, and I have already spoken of the pleasant impression he made



"HAVE A DONKEY."

upon General Grant in Cairo. The General had so agreeable a time with the good boys of the "Vandalia" that he asked Commander Robeson to come and bring with him as many of his officers as could be spared. He was anxious to have Robeson, and all kinds of schemes and persuasions were invented to secure him. When the gracious commands of the lady of our expedition were put upon him the commander paused, and I think for one whole evening he had resolved to go up the Nile. But the morning came, and it brought the cold fact that the commander had a ship to command, and that it was his duty to command it, and the Nile was in no sense a navigable water.

So Robeson gave up the Nile, and sent three of his officers to accept the General's invitation—the Chief Surgeon, George H. Cooke, Lieutenant W. A. Hadden, and Ensign F. A. Wilner—who, with the writer (in all ten), form the party who make this Nile excursion. That is to say, we form that fragment of the party who live in the main cabin. The consul general is accompanied by a kind of Arabian Sancho Panza named Hassan. I am afraid it is because the consul general is tall and thin, and

Hassan is short and brown and stout, that we call the latter Sancho Panza.

However, the comparison comes from illustrious lips, and was made one evening when our consul general and Hassan were coming over the plains of Dendoreh, mounted on donkeys. Hassan has been eighteen years in the legation. He speaks a ready, expressive, but limited English; wears an Arabian costume, including a cimier, and is proud of two things—first, that he wears a gold American eagle mounted on a pin,

with which he was decorated by Consul-General Butler; and second, that he captured John H. Surratt. Hassan is a Moslem, the husband of two wives, and believes in Dr. Lansing, the missionary, who educates his children. No one ever heard Hassan speak ill of a consul general. For eighteen years he has seen dynasties rise and fall, from De Leon to Hale, from Butler to Farman, and he has only good words for them all, living and dead. Hassan is proud of his mission as a member of the General's party, and walks the deck sabered and turbaned like



STREET IN CAIRO.

Othello. The Marquis makes no secret of the fact that his heart is in our palace of Kassr-el-Noussa. He would gladly have waited there until our return, but I suppose it never occurred to the General, and so he paces the deck with colored glasses, and an umbrella under his arm, wondering how people can go for weeks on a boat, and ride donkeys, and wander among dust-heaped ruins, when a palace is in readiness and you have only to clap your hands for slaves to answer your call.

Our boat is called Zinet-el-Bohren, or as my omniscient friend translates it, the Light of Two Rivers. It is a long, narrow steamer, with two cabins, drawing only a few feet of water, with a flat-bottomed keel. The Nile is a river of sand and mud, and as the bottom is always changing, you must expect to run aground every little while and to run off again. This in fact we do, and the announcement that we are aground makes about as much impression upon us as if a passenger in a Broadway omnibus heard the wheel of his coach interlocking with another. The Nile boats seem arranged to meet any emergency in the way of land—for this river is sprawling, eccentric, comprehensive, without any special channel—running one way to-day, another next day. To know the river, therefore, must be something like knowing the temper of a whimsical woman—you must court and woo her and wait upon her humors. Navigation is a constant seeking after knowledge. We have a captain in a comely uniform, with a clear-cut Arab face, who stands in the middle of the boat and shouts. We have two men with poles, who lean over the prow and sink their poles in the water, and shout. Then at the wheel we have one, or perhaps two steersmen, generally fine, grave, swarthy fellows, who do not shout much, but knowing the river's coquettish ways, do as they please, unmindful of the shouting. For an hour, for two or three hours, we hum along with an easy, trembling motion, the smooth, shining river lapping our sides, and the low, green banks falling behind us. Then we have a tremor, a sidling to one side, and the engines stop. This was so serious a business, especially to our seafaring friends, that for the first or second time they regarded it as a call to quarters or a fire alarm, but

we soon became used to it, and running aground hardly interrupted the idlest conversation. When evening comes our captain picks out the best point that can be found after sunset and runs up to the land. The crew are sent ashore with torches and hammers, posts are driven into the soft clay, and we are tied to the shore. There, as if out of the earth they come, we have a group of Bedouins in their turbans, who gather on the river bank and make a bonfire of dried sugarcane or cornstalks, and keep watch over us during the night. The first night we tied



BEDOUINS OVER SUGARCANE FIRE.

up, Mr. Grant the younger and the writer went ashore, seeking out Hassan to keep us company. There was our group of crouching Arabs over the fire, their dark features lighting up into a strange but not unimpressive kind of beauty. We had been told—I believe all the books written by our English friends tell us—that the only way to extract courtesy from an Oriental is to beat him, trample him, or at least show him the hilt of your dagger or the muzzle of a pistol. The only daggers our party possess are the honest table-knives, which some one of

the many Mohammed Alis in attendance on our party is at this moment most likely scouring. The only pistols I can trace are General Grant's and my own. The General, however, left his weapon in the bottom of one of his trunks in London, and mine is looked upon as a kind of infernal machine, dangerous to no one but the owner. However, we treat our Arabs with civility, and Hassan supplies them with cigarettes. They wish to stand in our honor, but we insist on their taking all the comfort possible out of their modest, crackling fire. They tell us their names, Mohammed one thing and Mohammed another. They have only one wife each, and live in the neighboring village. They have a sheik, and he sent them hither to watch over the hadji. Times are hard with them. The Nile has been bad, and when the Nile is bad calamity comes and the people go away to other villages. We did not like to talk politics with them because we feared that Hassan, who is an admirer and friend of the Khedive, might limit the tendencies of our inquiries and give only barren answers. They said, however, they would sit over us all night and keep us from harm. I have no doubt they were sound asleep, burrowed near the cinders, long before any one of our party had retired, except perhaps the Doctor, whose habits are exemplary, and who sets us an example of early hours.

There can be no more interesting, and, I am afraid, perilous experiment than to put ten human beings on a boat for three weeks and bid them enjoy themselves. I looked around the boat with a little curiosity as we came in and began to adjust ourselves to the conditions of our trip. There are two things that try friendship—getting married and traveling together. You have to dovetail, to make and receive compromises. Questions of coffee and tea and chocolate, of breakfast and luncheon, of amusement and conversation, enter into travel. There is the passenger who is never quite well, the passenger whose health is a reflection upon others, the passenger who worries about the engines and the mails, the passenger who cannot stand the sea cooking, and compares every dish with a famous dinner he once enjoyed at Delmonico's. Then

there is the exasperating passenger, who contradicts everybody and is ready to wager. Our little party developed none of these eccentricities. So far as the daily and hourly rubbing together was concerned nothing came to mar our harmony. We adjusted ourselves to the General's modes of life; and as these were of the simplest and most considerate character, it in-

involved no sacrifice. We live in a cluster of small rooms around the cabin. My own little room has a window within a few inches of the water. I have only to put out my hand to feel the cooling sense of the stream. It is a wonder how much you can do with a room not much larger than an ordinary sideboard. Clothing and books find rest in odd kinds of places. You sleep with your



VISIT TO THE KHEWIE.

brushes and combs. In one corner is a little crate of Egyptian crockery which the Marquis induced me to purchase at Siout, and when I awake at night I wonder how I am ever to carry it over the seas. I do not think that the purchase was a useful one, but it did not cost much, and as everybody seems to be going mad on crockery, I may make a reputation as a connois-

seur of Egyptian art at a small expense if only the crockery stands the seas. We breakfast whenever we please—in the French fashion. The General is an early or late riser, according as we have an engagement for the day. If there are ruins to be seen in the morning he is generally first on the deck with his Indian helmet swathed in silk, and as he never waits we are off on military time. If there are no sights to be seen the morning hours drift away. We lounge on the deck. We go among the Arabs and see them cooking. We lean over the prow and watch the sailors poke the Nile with long poles and call out the message from its bed. Sometimes a murderous feeling steals over some of the younger people, and they begin to shoot at a stray crane or pelican. I am afraid these shots do not diminish the resources of the Nile, and the General suggests that the sportsmen go ashore and fire at the poor, patient, drudging camel, who pulls his heavy-laden hump along the bank. There are long pauses of silence, in which the General maintains his long-conceded supremacy. Then come little ripples of real, useful conversation, when the General strikes some theme connected with the war or his administration. Then one wishes that he might gather up and bind these sheaves of history. Or perhaps our friend Brugsch opens upon some theme connected with Egypt. And we sit in grateful silence while he tells us of the giants who reigned in the old dynasties, of the gods they honored, of the tombs and temples, of their glory and their fall. I think that we will all say that the red-letter hours of our Nile journey were when General Grant told us how he met Lee at Appomattox, or how Sherman fought at Shiloh, or when Brugsch, in a burst of fine enthusiasm, tells us of the glories of the eighteenth dynasty, or what Karnak must have been in the days of its splendors and its pride. But you must not suppose that we have nothing but serious talk in those idle hours on the Nile. Hadden sometimes insists that Sami Bey shall become a Christian, and offers to have subscriptions raised in the churches at home for his conversion, and this generally superinduces a half serious, half laughing conversation, in which our Moslem friend shows how

firmly he believes in the Prophet, and how it is that an accomplished and widely traveled man of the world may see all the virtues of faith in the faith of Islam.

Sometimes a dahabeeah sweeps in sight, and we rush for the glasses. The dahabeeah is an institution on the Nile, a cumbersome, quaint sailing machine, with a single bending spar like the longest side of a right-angled triangle. The dahabeeah, although a boat with sailing qualities, might really be called a suit of floating apartments. You take your dahabeeah for two or three months. You supply yourself with the luxuries of Cairo. You hire a dragoman, a crew of Arabs. If you like books you have your small library. If you like sport you have your guns. You steal off in the morning and shoot the wild duck. You lounge and read. If you have no wind you lie in the river and watch the idle flapping of the sail and the crowd of black and brown fellahs howling for baksheesh. You enjoy your life, or you fancy you enjoy it, which is the same thing. We met several friends on the way. The first we overhauled was Mr. Drexel, and he came on board as brown as Sitting Bull, having a glorious time, but not above hearing about home. Then we boarded another, under the impression that it was an American, and found that we had fallen upon a hospitable English cousin, who had been dawdling about waiting for the wind. His first question was as to the health of the Pope, which was answered by telling of Victor Emmanuel's death. Then we came across Mr. and Mrs. Howland, enjoying their honeymoon on the Nile, but anxious for news from home. Home! Yes, that is the blessed magic word which all the glory of the Orient cannot obscure. This witching life only heightens the dear memories of far America. I wonder if the third month, or let us even say the second month, does not hang wearily upon our friends in the dahabeeah. You see we are coming by steam, swift from the living world, laden with news; and when our friends ask with almost the eagerness of thirst for some drop of news from the world behind, you wonder how time must hang upon active minds the third month on the Nile. One gallant friend whom we met near Keneh informed us that the

principal amusement was betting, not on cards, but on everything—whether there would be wind or not, I suppose; whether the eggs would come on the table hard boiled or soft boiled; whether the oranges would be sweet or sour. You see how betting may become an endless amusement like arithmetical progression, and have some idea of the resources of the third month on the Nile. But we had no complaints—not one.



STREET IN CAIRO.

All the stories that came to us were that our friends were having the best time, the very best time, never such a glorious time. Only that anxious thirsting question about news from home!

I suppose you will think that we are above any anxieties about home, that we are an idle, cynical party, steaming against wind and tide, steaming on toward the Equator. Why should not a very tired Ex-President, upon whose shoulders have devolved vast burdens, crave the Lotus Land, if only for

a season, a brief season? Well, I think we are enjoying all the rest a winter season on the Nile implies, but I find even now, when we are only a few days on our journey, that whenever the dusky face of a consular agent comes over the side to salute the General, there is, with some of the party at least, that thirsty question about news—not that any news is to be had in these deserts, none later than the French invasion of Bonaparte, at least, but the instinct is alive. And when one of us the other evening in an encouraging mood ventured to dwell upon the calm, the peace, the delight of this drifting, colorless, undisturbed ex-



THE HALT.

istence, there was just the faintest remonstrance, just the faintest moan about news from home and "letters" that told how a mother's heart was over the seas. So it only remained to point to the telegraph poles staring at us out of the sand, and preach a little about the influences of civilization and the electric current that binds even deserts and continents, and so on. I am afraid the preaching was like most performances of that kind—based on nothing; for I tried at the town of Esneh to send a dis-



MORNING.

patch to *The New York Herald* announcing our visit to Thebes. There was not much in the dispatch, but I was anxious to have the *Herald* print next morning what I had written amid the ruins of Karnak. I thought there would be sentiment enough in it for a good Sunday-morning leader, and that some of my old comrades in the council room who were beating the universe for themes would thank me for the hint. But the telegraph was useless except for Government messages. "The only thing you can do," says Sami Bey, "is to send your message by mail to Cairo, and it will go from there." But as the mail generally

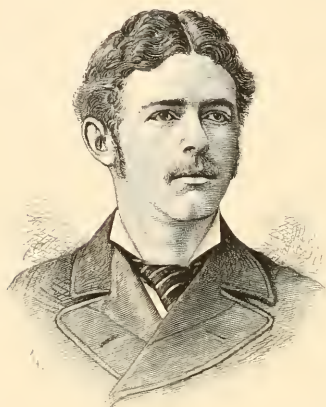
goes on donkeys and we are going by steam, and as we should probably reach Cairo a week or two in advance, I concluded to carry my dispatch back with me.

When the sun throws his shadow over the desert, and the white desert sands assume a browner hue, and the plodding camels pass like shadows over the horizon and pant with the long day's burden, our sailors begin to look out for the shore. The Arab mariner loves the shore and has no fancy for the night. It may be the evil eye, which has a singular influence in all Eastern deliberations. It may be that we are not in much of a hurry, and the river is not to be depended upon. By the time the twilight comes we have reached a convenient place, and our boat hugs up snugly beside the shore. Stakes are driven into the soft clay banks, rude steps are cut in the side if it is precipitous, and very soon we have the gray-headed sheik, with his followers, coming to watch over us. Then comes the clatter of cooking and supper, the crew sitting around a large dish and helping themselves with their fingers. We have two or three devout Moslems among our crew, who go ashore to pray. The steersman, who wears a turban and a white flowing robe, is the pattern of piety. He takes his woolen mantle about him. He steps down to the brink and washes his feet, his hands, and his forehead. Then he lays his mantle upon the ground and looks toward Mecca. He stands, and holding his hands in front, with the finger tips touching, makes a low bow, a stately, slow bow, his body bending almost into a right angle. He rises again, standing erect, murmuring his prayer—that there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. He prostrates himself on the earth, kisses it, and rising stands erect again. The prostration takes place two or three times; the prayer is over; the faithful Moslem gathers his garment over his shoulders and comes back to the boat and supper. When our dinner is over we have coffee on the deck, where we sit and talk. If we are near a village some of the younger ones go ashore. In a few minutes we know by the barking of the dogs that they have invaded the quiet homes of an Egyptian community. Hassan generally goes along on these expeditions; but the precaution

has not been of any value thus far. The villages are sleepy enough and the villagers are quiet as possible. The children peer at you through the straw, the elder ones come clamoring for baksheesh, and there is sure to be a blind old soul to crave charity in the house of the most merciful God. You pass along through streets not more than a few feet wide, with dogs in the front and rear, and dogs barking from the roofs of the low mud huts thatched with straw. One or two of these expeditions generally satisfies even the most enterprising of our party; for Egyptian villages are, as far as I have seen, about the same. While some of us are ashore seeking adventure, and the others are clustered on the deck, chatting about friends and home and the incidents of the day, our sailors gather in a circle and we have Arab music. I cannot claim any knowledge of music, although many of my most pleasant memories are associated with its influence. This music of the Arabs is a school of its own, which I would defy even the genius of Wagner to embody. I have often thought that the spirit of a people is expressed in its music as much as in its literature and laws. The music of our Northern nations always seemed to ring with the sense of strength and victory. I remember how the music of the Southern slaves was a strange contrast to the fiery strains of their masters. There was a low, plaintive key in it that spoke of sadness, despair, degradation; that was more a moan and cry than a harmony. I fancied I heard the same plaintive cry in the music of the Arabs.

There is one thing whose enjoyment never ceases, at least with the writer—the beauty of the atmosphere and the sky. Sleep with me is so coy a dame, not always to be won by the most gentle and persistent wooing, that I am alive to all the incidents of the vessel. Before sunrise you hear the ropes released from the shore struggling back to the ship. You see the torches flashing up and down the bank, noting the preparations for departure. I sleep with my cheek almost against the wide window pane, almost on the level of the stream, and if I am weary of dreaming or of seeking for dreams, I have only to open my eyes to see the heavens in all their glory, the stars and constel-

lations—to see them again, as it were, embossed on the dark-brown river. You hear the cries of the sailors at their posts, and answering cries from the shore, and the boat pulls herself together like a strong man gathering for a race, and we are



JESSE GRANT.

away. You throw open your window and put your hand in the water, and feel the current play with your fingers with almost the old delight of childhood. The morning comes over the sands, and you watch the deep blue of the night melt into primrose and pearl. The brown sands of the desert become pale again, and the groves of date palms become palms in truth, and not the fancies that almost startle you during the night. In the early morning it is cool, and it is noon before the sun asserts

his power, and even then it is not a harsh dominion, for we have known no hour as yet when we could not walk up and down the deck in our fall garments without discomfort. Throughout the day there is that same open sky, the same clear atmosphere which makes far-distant objects as near as you find them in Colorado. Sometimes you see with wonder in the very heart of the desert grateful streams of water, skirted with palm and sheltered by hills. This is the mirage—one of the most frequent phenomena on the Nile. Sometimes a battalion of clouds will come from the east and marshal themselves from horizon to horizon, and the sight is rare, indeed, and you cannot know, you who live in the land of clouds and storm, what beauty they conceal. I am thinking of one sunset which I saw. The clouds had been following us all the afternoon, throwing their fleecy canopy over the plains of Thebes. Not ominous, black clouds, big with rain and thunder and bringing awe, but light,


trailing clouds, hanging over the heavens like gossamer. There was the desert, coming almost down to the river—grudging the Nile even the strip of green which marked the line of the telegraph. There was the desert—vast, wide, barren—with no vestige of life beyond a belated peasant driving his camel, or a flock of birds hurrying as we came. So the clouds were a comfort, and we watched them at their play, grateful for anything that took our thoughts from the scene of endless and irretrievable desolation. Then as the sun went down there came the struggle between coming night and the stern, burning majesty of the eternal monarch of nature. The pearls and grays became crimson and saffron. The sun shot forth his power in a sunburst of light. There were ridges of crimson and gold, luminous and flashing that it might almost seem to burn and hiss like flames in the forge. Then came the tranquil blue—blue of every shade—every conceivable tint of blue—from that which Murillo threw into the eyes of the wonder-stricken Madonna in the supreme moment of her joy, to the deep violet blue which tells of the passion, the patriotism, and the revenge of Judith. The struggle still went on, but the victory was not with the sun, and it only remained for him to die as became a great king. The palm grew dim in the shadows. The flaming tints of crimson and scarlet and gold became brown and black. The desert flushed with purple—with the purple of wine—and it seemed as if old Egypt's kings spoke from the desert that was once their throne, proclaiming their sovereignty. All that was left was the line of green that had become black, and the desert that had become black, and the glorious sky above, with the glory of conquering night; and about us this land of eternal summer, beautiful even in death—beautiful with the beauty of death.



SIOUT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NILE.

 ON the morning of the 19th of January, that being the third day of our journey, we came to the town of Siout, or Assiout, as some call it. We have a vice consul here, and tokens of our coming had been sent, as could be seen by the flags which decorated the bank and the crowd on the shore. Siout is the capital of Upper Egypt, and is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. The city is some distance back from the river, and grew into importance as the depot of much of the caravan trade from Darfour. Upon arriving the vice consul and his son came on board and were presented to the General. Congratulations were exchanged, and we offered our friends coffee and cigars in the true Oriental style. The name of our consul here is Wasif el Hayat. He

is a Syrian and a landed proprietor. He is a grave elderly person, who speaks only Arabic, but his son had been educated in Beyrout, at the mission schools, and knew English. We all drove to the town. It was over parched fields, through a country that in more favorable years would bloom like a garden. But the Nile is bad this year, and a bad Nile is a calamity second only to a famine in Egypt. We rode into the town and through the bazaars. All the town seemed to know of our coming, for wherever we went crowds swarmed around us, and we had to force our donkeys through masses of Arabs and Egyptians of all ages and conditions, some almost naked—crowds crying for baksheesh or pressing articles of merchandise upon us. The bazaars are narrow covered ways, covered with matting or loose boards, enough to break the force of the sun. The stores are little cubbyholes of rooms, in front of which the trader sits and calls upon you to buy. As these avenues are not more than six feet wide at best, you can imagine what a time we had in making our progress. The town had some fine houses and mosques, but in the main it was like all towns in Upper Egypt, a collection of mud hovels. We rode beyond the town to the tombs built in the sand, and climbed the limestone rock on our donkeys. This was our first evidence of the manner of sepulture in the olden time. These desert rocks of limestone were tunneled and made into rooms, and here the mummied dead found rest. The chambers appointed for them were large and spacious, according to the means of the deceased. In some that we entered there was a chamber, an antechamber, and sometimes connecting chambers. There were inscriptions on the walls, but they had been defaced. The early Christians had deemed it their duty to obey the first commandment by removing the representatives of the gods that came in their way. The ceilings of the tombs had been once decorated, but modern Christians have deemed it their duty to deface them by firing pistol shots. When you visit a tomb and note the blue stars and astronomical forms that the ancients painted with so much care, it is so cunning to try the echo by firing your pistol. Consequently the roofs are spotted with

bullet marks. Here also came the wanderers for shelter, and you see what the fires have done. What the tombs may have been in the past, when they came fresh from pious, loving hands, you can imagine. But what with ancient Christian iconoclasts, modern Christian wanderers, Bedouins, Arabs, selling the graves for ornaments, nothing remains but empty limestone rooms filling with sand and a few hieroglyphic memorials on the walls.



ENTERING SIOUT.

We were bidden to an entertainment at the home of Wasif el Hayat, and, seven being the hour, we set forth. We were all anxious about our first Arab entertainment, and after some deliberation

our naval men concluded to wear their uniforms. The Doctor rode ahead in the carriage with General and Mrs. Grant and the consul general. As the Doctor wore his uniform and the others were in plain dress, he was welcomed by the awe-stricken Moslems as the King of America. Hadden and

the rest of us rode behind on our trusty and well-beloved donkeys, Hadden in uniform, followed by wondering crowds. I suppose he was taken for a minor potentate, as in the Oriental eyes all that lace and gold could not be wasted on anything less than princely rank. But we all had more or less attention, although we could feel that the uniforms were the center of glory, and that we shone with borrowed splendor. As we came to the house of Wasif el Hayat we found a real transformation scene. Lanterns lined the street, servants stood on the road holding blazing torches, a transparency was over the gate with the words, "WELCOME GENERAL GRANT." The "N" was turned upside down, but that made no difference, for the welcome here in far Africa made the heart throb quicker. As we rode up torches blazed, rockets went up into the air, various colored lights were burned, and we passed into the court-yard glowing with light and color, passing into the house over carpets and rugs of heavy texture and gorgeous pattern. Our host met us at the gates of his house, and welcomed us in the stately Oriental way, kissing the General's hand as he clasped it in his two hands, and then touching his own heart, lips, and brow. Here we met the governor, and, more welcome still, the Rev. I. R. Alexander and his wife. Mr. Alexander is one of the professors in the missionary college, and is under the direction of the United Presbyterian Church. The dinner came, and it was regal in its profusion and splendor. I should say there were at least twenty courses, all well served. When it was concluded the son of the host arose, and in remarkably clear and correct English proposed the General's health. You will allow me, I am sure, to give you a fragment of this speech. "Long have we heard and wondered," said the speaker, "at the strange progress which America has made during this past century, by which she has taken the first position among the most widely civilized nations. She has so quickly improved in sciences, morals, and arts, that the world stands amazed at this extraordinary progress which surpasses the swiftness of lightning. It is to the hard work of her great and wise men that all this advance is imputed, those who have shown to the world

what wise, courageous, patriotic men can do. Let all the world look to America and follow her example—that nation which has taken as the basis of her laws and the object of her undertakings to maintain freedom and equality among her own people and secure them for others, avoiding all ambitious schemes which would draw her into bloody and disastrous wars, and trying by all means to maintain peace internally and externally. The only two great wars upon which she has engaged were entered upon for pure and just purposes—the first for releasing herself from the English yoke and erecting her independence, and the other for stopping slavery and strengthening the union of the States; and well we know that it was mainly under God due to the talent, courage, and wisdom of his excellency General Grant that the latter of the two enterprises was brought to a successful issue.” The speech closed by a tribute to the General and the Khedive. General Grant said in response that nothing in his whole trip had so impressed him as this unexpected, this generous welcome in the heart of Egypt. He had anticipated great pleasure in his visit to Egypt, and the anticipation had



DRIVE IN SIOUT.

been more than realized. He thanked his host, and especially the young man who had spoken of him with so high praise, for their reception. The dinner dissolved into coffee, conversation and cigars. Mrs. Grant had a long

talk with Mrs. Alexander about home—Mrs. Alexander being a fair young bride who had come out from America to cast her lot with her husband in the unpromising vineyard of Siout. And when the evening grew on we rode back to our boat,

through the night and over the plain. Torch-bearers accompanied us through the town. Donkey-boys and townspeople followed us to the river bank. The moon was shining, and as we rode home—you see we already call the boat our home—we talked over the pleasant surprise we had found in Siout and of its many strange phases of Oriental life.

On the 21st of January we hauled up to the bank in the town of Girgel. We found Admiral Steadman and Mr. Davis, of Boston, moored in their dahabeeah, and they repeated the same story that we heard all along the Nile, that they had had a good time, a splendid time, could not have had a better time. It seems that their dahabeeah had run aground, and the admiral came out in fine old quarterdeck form and gave all the orders necessary to save the vessel. But after he had given the orders as became a veteran sailor who had battled with tempests in every part of the world, it was discovered that the crew were Arabs, and did not understand a word of English, and probably thought that the admiral's vigorous forms of speech were a kind of devotion—a manner of worshiping common only to the infidel. So the admiral's vessel had to save itself, and we had our own fun out of the narrative as we sat on the deck over our coffee, and watched the Arabs crouching over the fire. The admiral and Mr. Davis spent a part of the evening with us; but just as the talk was in full tide the dragoman came on board with word that there was a rising wind. Those who sail in the dahabeeah must take the wind when it comes, and so our welcome guests hurried away, and in a few minutes were speeding up the stream.

It was rather a long distance from our landing place to Abydos, and Sami Bey had given orders that we should be ready at eight for our journey. I am afraid it was quite an effort for some of the party, whose names shall be withheld, to heed this command. But the General was first on deck, and very soon came Mrs. Grant eager and smiling. And as the General waits for no one, those who were late had to hurry their breakfasts, and some of them were skurrying up the side of the bank with a half-eaten biscuit. There were our Arabs and

donkeys all waiting, and the moment our company began to muster there was a chorus of screams—"Good donkey," "Good morning," "Baksheesh," and other limited forms of speech. The donkeys charged upon us in a mass, each owner screaming out the merits of his animal. It was only by vigorous efforts on the part of Hassan that we could see and select our animals. Hassan had given me a private bit of information as to which donkey I should select, and I found myself the master of a little mite of a creature, scarcely high enough to keep my feet from the ground, but vigorous and strong, and disposed to stop and bray for the amusement of the company. Hadden's experience with donkeys had made him circumspect, and the General advised him to select as small an animal as possible, or, as a precautionary measure, to the end that a valuable life should be saved to the navy, that he should tie himself on its back. The General himself had a horse placed at his disposal by the pacha who rules the district, but he rode the animal with a protest, as it had a shambling gait, and wished that courtesy to his host did not prevent his taking a donkey. The Marquis had some difficulty in pleasing himself, and when at last he set out with an umbrella under his arm and his eyes shaded with somber spectacles, the suggestion was made that he was a Methodist colporteur on a journey of preaching. But there was a gleam of satisfaction in his noble face as he informed us that a couple of camels had gone up from the town laden with refreshments, and that we should have breakfast in the temple. As I have already hinted, the Marquis has no enthusiasm for ruins, especially Egyptian ruins, while he has positive and valuable views about breakfast. So in time we were off over the country for Abydos. The fields were cracked, and the ditches, which in good times would carry irrigating streams, were dry. Each of us had two Arabs for an escort, and the duty of these attendants seemed to be to encourage the beast by a sound something between a whisper and a hiss, or shouting or beating him. I rather think the beating did not amount to much, for these people love their animals and live with them, and make them companions and friends. But the lady of our

expedition would not endure the stick, and we were halted, and Hassan was summoned and told to say to the attendants that they must not beat the donkeys or they would have no bakshesh, not a farthing. There could be no more fearful punishment than this, and there was no more beating. But the Arabs had their satisfaction in kneeling and running at your side and seeking a conversation. Their observations became monotonous. "Good donkey,"

"My name Mohammed,"

"My name Ali," "Good donkey,"

"Yankee Doodle," "Good morning,"

"Good donkey." Others

came with bits of scarabei

and bits of ancient pottery,

fragments of mummy lids and shreds of mummy

cloth, to drive a trade. I

was on the point of making

a moral observation upon the character of a

people who would rifle the tombs of their ancestors

and make merchandise of their bones and grave-ornaments,

when it occurred to me that

these were Arabs, and descended,

not from the Egyptians, but from the

men who conquered the

Egyptians and occupied their land. I hope it is not against

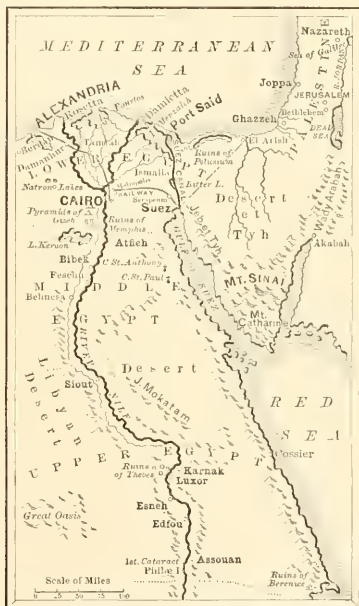
the laws of war for a conquering race to sell the bones of

those they have defeated, for our Arabs were so poor and

wretched that no one could grudge them any means of

earning a piaster. This running trade continues all the way,

and in time you become used to it. You become used to the



MAP OF EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.

noises, the conversation, the entreaties to buy, and ride on unconscious, or, if anything, amused with your Arab, who is generally an amusing, good-natured scamp, of wonderful endurance, and anxious to please. I became quite friendly with my Mohammed Ali, who had two English phrases with which he constantly plied me—"I am serene," and "Yankee Doodle." The latter phrase was the name of his donkey, and I was about to thank him for this kind recognition of my country when Hassan, from whom I draw great stores of information, told me that they had a variety of names—English, French, German, Italian—which they used according to the nationality of their riders. I had no doubt that my present plodding Yankee Doodle had done duty as Bismarck, MacMahon, and the Prince of Wales.

Our journey was through a country that in a better time must have been a garden; but the Nile not having risen this year all is parched and barren. Abydos was built on the edge of the Libyan Desert, and the road to the great oasis leads to it over the mountains. The old Egyptians were practical in this respect, that not having land to spare they built their tombs and temples in the sand, and kept their narrow, fertile lands for corn. They could worship their gods in the sand, they could sleep in the sand; but corn and onions needed all the parsimonious Nile would give. We kept on over a series of irrigating ditches, over sandhills, over roads that had not been mended within the memory of man. My first impression was to hold my animal well in hand and guide him, keep from going over his head into a ditch, and show him the safest paths. But I soon learned the elementary lesson in donkey riding—namely, that your animal knows more about the subject than you can teach him, and that you had better discharge your mind from all care and allow him to go in his own way wherever Mohammed Ali will lead him. Then if you can make up your mind to disengage your feet from the stirrups and let them swing, just as when a boy you used to swing over a gate, you will find it easier in the long run. I noticed that those of our party who had the most experience of Egypt rode in this fashion, and so, while some of our ambitious members who had

learned horsemanship in the best schools and loved to brace themselves in the saddle were anxious about stirrups, I allowed myself to dangle. There is another reason for this, as I learned from practical experience one day at Assouan. The donkey is apt to fall, for the land is full of holes and traps. To fall with your feet in the stirrups might be a serious matter. But when Yankee Doodle took it into his head to throw his head upon the ground and his heels into the air, it only remained for me to walk from him, as though I had risen from a chair, and wait until he came to a better frame of mind. But it is not the donkey that troubles you, for the beast is as good as a patient, willing wife, but the sun that blazes overhead. This, you must remember, is the land of the Sun, where his majesty never abdicates. It may be cool in the evening and in the morning, and you will find heavy coats a comfort. But with the



EGYPTIAN BOY.

noon he comes in his power, and you ride over the desert with his full force upon your brow. In the matter of head-dress we had various plans. The Doctor kept his stiff wide-awake. Jesse Grant wore a light peaked straw hat, swathed in silk. The others of us wore white pointed helmets made of pith or cork, coming over the eyes and over the neck. My helmet was a burden to me when first I wore it, and I took a hint from Sami Bey, remembering that was his land and he knew how to battle with the sun. By the aid of the Marquis I obtained a *coiffe de chapeau* of heavy silk, orange and green, about a yard or more square. This I bound over my Turkish fez so that it would drape my face and fall over the shoulders. So when the sun came I had only to draw the web over my brow and throw the

folds over my shoulders and ride on. Although much heavier than any ordinary hat, and apparently oppressive from its texture and the lapping folds, there was no discomfort. The power of the sun was set at naught. Whatever breeze might be stir-

ring was sure to creep into the folds and toy with my cheeks. Then there was an artistic sense to satisfy. It lit up the landscape. You could be seen from afar, and as the dress was that of a high Bedouin chief—of an Arab officer of rank—you knew that you were more than a pilgrim; that you were the symbol of authority to wandering desert eyes far away, who saw your flaming head-dress streaming over the sand and honored you as a great pacha.



AN EGYPTIAN.

"Here," said Brugsch, as we dismounted from our donkeys and followed him into the ruins of the temple, "here we should all take off our hats, for here is the cradle, the fountain head of all the civilization of the world." This was a startling statement, but Brugsch is a serious gentleman and does not make extravagant speeches. Then he told us about Abydos, which lay around us in ruins. This was the oldest city in Egypt. It went back to Menes, the first of the Egyptian kings, who, according to Brugsch, reigned 4,500 years before Christ—centuries before Abraham came to Egypt. It is hard to dispute a fact like this, and one of the party ventured to ask whether the civilization of China and India did not antedate, or claim to antedate, even Abydos. To be sure it did, but in China and India you have traditions; here are monuments. Here, under the sands that we are crunching with our feet, here first flowed forth that civilization which has streamed over the world. He-

brew, Indian, Etruscan, Persian, Roman, Greek, Christian—whatever form you give it, whatever shape it takes—this is the fountain of it all. Stanley had been telling me a few days ago, as we sat at breakfast at Alexandria, of the emotions he felt when he came to the sources of the Nile, where a trickling of water that you might arrest and imprison within the goblet's brim, set out on its mighty journey to the sea. I recalled the enthusiasm of my illustrious and intrepid friend as I thought that here was the source of another Nile that had been flowing for ages, that had enriched the world even as the river enriches these plains with all the arts and civilization and religion known to man, and that it was flowing and still flowing with growing volume and riches. You see I am a believer. I came to these lands with reverence and have faith in these stones. I shall never know much about Egypt; I am afraid I shall never care enough for it to enter into the controversies about time and men that adorn Egyptian literature. I believe in the stones, and here are the stones on which are written the names of the kings from Menes to Sethi I. Sethi built this temple somewhere about fourteen hundred years before Christ, and like a dutiful king he wrote the names of his predecessors, seventy-six in all, beginning with Menes. Here is the stone which Brugsch reads as though it were the morning lesson, reading as one who believes. Here is the very stone, beautifully engraved, and, thanks to the sand, kept all these centuries as fresh as when the sculptor laid down his chisel. It was only found in 1865, and is perhaps the most valuable of the monuments, because it knits up the unraveled threads of Egyptian history and gives you a continuous link from this day to a day beyond that of Moses. You pass your fingers over the stone and note how beautiful and clear are the lines. And as you see it, you see the manifest honesty of the men who did the work, of the king who told all he knew, and of the truth of what was written. I believe in the stone and feel, as I said a moment ago, a little of the enthusiasm of Stanley when he stood at the trickling source of the Nile.

So we follow Brugsch out of the chamber and from ruined

wall to wall. The ruins are on a grand scale. Abydos is a temple which the Khedive is rescuing from the sand. The city was in its time of considerable importance, but this was ages ago, ages and ages; so that its glory was dead even before Thebes began to reign. Thebes is an old city, and yet I suppose, compared with Thebes, Abydos is as much older as one of the buried Aztec towns in Central America is older than New York. When the temple is all dug out we shall find it to have been a stupendous affair; but there are other temples to be seen in better condition, and what interests us at Abydos is the city. Here, according to tradition—a tradition which Plutarch partly confirms—was buried the god Osiris. The



THE GUARD OVER GENERAL GRANT.

discovery of that tomb will be an event as important in Egyptology as even the discovery of America by Columbus in his day. In the earliest times it was believed Osiris was buried here. To the ancient Egyptians the burial place of that god was as sacred as Mecca is to the Moslems or the Holy Sepulcher to the mediæval Christians. The Government has therefore been digging in all directions, and we started after Brugsch to see the work. Mrs. Grant rode along on her donkey, and the rest of us went in different direc-

tions on foot. There had been troubles in the neighborhood—riots arising out of the bad Nile and taxes. So we had a guard who hovered around us—one soldier whom we called,

in obedience to the law of physical coincidences, Boss Tweed—keeping watch over the General. He was a fat and ragged fellow, with a jolly face. It was quite a walk to the ruins, and the walk was over hills and ridges of burning sand. So the Marquis went to the village to see if the camels had come bearing the luncheon—a subject that was of more value to his practical mind than the tomb of a dethroned deity. It was an interesting walk, to us especially, as it was our first real glimpse of the desert and of an ancient city. The General and the writer found themselves together climbing the highest of the mounds. It was rather an effort to keep our footing on the slippery sand. Beneath us was one excavation forty or fifty feet deep. You could see the remnants of an old house or old tomb; millions of fragments of broken pottery all around. You could see the strata that age after age had heaped upon the buried city. The desert had slowly been creeping over it, and in some of the strata were marks of the Nile. For years, for thousands of years, this mass, which the workmen had torn with their spades, had been gathering. The city was really a city of tombs. In the ancient days the devout Egyptian craved burial near the tomb of Osiris, and so for centuries I suppose their remains were brought to Abydos from all parts of Egypt. This fact gives special value to the excavations, as it gave a special solemnity to our view. As we stood on the elevation, talking about Egypt and the impressions made upon us by our journey, the scene was very striking. There was the ruined temple; here were the gaping excavations filled with bricks and pottery. Here were our party, some gathering beads and skulls and stones; others having a lark with Sami Bey; others following Mrs. Grant as a body guard as her donkey padded his way along the slopes. Beyond, just beyond, were rolling plains of shining sand—shining, burning sand—and as the shrinking eye followed the plain and searched the hills there was no sign of life; nothing except perhaps some careering hawk hurrying to the river. I have seen no scene in Egypt more striking than this view from the mounds of Abydos.

The sun was beating with continued fierceness, and we kept our way to the cluster of trees and the village. The Marquis with illuminated eyes informed us that the camels had come and the luncheon was ready. We sat around our modest table and feasted—feasted in the temple sacred to the memory of Osiris, and built by the pious munificence of Sethi, the king who rests with God. The walk had given us an appetite and put us all in high spirits, and we lunched in merry mood.



DAHABEEAH.

There were toasts to the Khedive, to Sami Bey, to the General, and the invariable toast which comes from gracious womanly lips—to friends and dear ones at home. Then Brugsch told us of Salib, an Arabian, who had been for twenty years working at the excavations. He worked with so much diligence that he had become entirely blind, and it was now his only comfort to wander about the ruins, direct the workmen, and perhaps trace with his finger many a loved inscription that his zeal had brought to light. Salib lived near the ruin on a pension allowed by the Khedive, and after luncheon we called on him

and took our coffee in his house. The coffee was served on the roof, while some of us, weary with the sun, lay under the shadow of the wall and the date trees, and others sat about the court-yard smoking, and Brugsch, who never misses his chance, improved the shining hour to copy a hieroglyphic inscription. After an hour's rest we went back again very much as we came. But the journey was long, the road was dusty, and when we saw the flag flying from our boat we were, some of us at least, a weary, very weary party. We had ridden fifteen miles on donkeys and walked two or three on the sand, and the shelter and repose of the cabin was grateful when at last it came.

Something might be written of the religion, the manners and the customs of the wonderful people who once reigned here, and whose glory you tread under foot in the yielding sand. But has it not all been written by a dynasty of authors from Herodotus to Brugsch Bey? There is nothing here but the dead world—the world which knows no change. In Pompeii it was easy enough to summon up the very form and image of the world which Vesuvius buried in ashes and fire. There was the town before us, almost as it was when Pliny saw the awful token of its fate—the ruts in the street, the bread in the oven, the priest at the altar, the mother with her child. But I see in Egypt nothing but tombs, temples, and the shining sand. You see these temples in their glory, you marvel at their glory, you think that the men who did these things must have been giants in their day, you cannot understand what mechanical force known to the Egyptians could have transported the Memnon colossus from its granite bed at Assouan. But this is all. Every other form of ancient life has vanished. There is only one suit of chambers at Luxor where it is believed a king lived, and even that is a speculation. Aside from that the antiquarians have not found a palace or a home. What we know of the Egyptians we know from the inscriptions on the monuments. We know that they must have been a brave, domestic, patriotic people, with a religion and symbols of religion strikingly like Islam and Christianity—enough like it at least to furnish Mr. Darwin with a new chapter in his theories of evolution.

It was a religion based upon one God, a god who was an idea, or a sentiment, and who was worshiped in silence; such a god as commentators might find implied in what Plato teaches and even in St. John's Gospel when he says: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." This god was worshiped, as I said, in silence; but in time his various attributes became forms, and the worship of these forms became idolatry—that idolatry which the commandments especially



EVENING.

condemned. You will remember that those commandments begin with the declaration: "I am the Lord, thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage." You will remember that the commandments open with a denunciation of idolatry—a denunciation far more severe than that visited upon the sins of murder, theft, and perjury. "Thou shalt have none other gods before me. Thou shalt not make thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

This is the commandment, but the fear of the example of the idol worship of the Egyptians was evidently so strong that it is coupled with a special and terrible penalty, one of the most severe in the Bible. "For I, the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me." The Egyptians began their faith with the recognition of one God. He created the earth. He was the embodiment of goodness, mercy, power, and wisdom—he was almighty and everlasting, like our own Jehovah. Each of these attributes became a separate being, and in time a distinct god, until the mythology of the Egyptians had almost as variegated a heaven as the Greeks or the Hindoos. One of these gods was called Amun, who represented the divine attribute of reason. Another god was Num, whose attribute is the same as that ascribed to the Spirit of God, which moved upon the face of the waters. Another god was Pthak, or the creator, who, among other things, especially created truth. Another god was called Khem, or the creator of man. His companion god was Maut, the mother, and each of these gods proceeded from themselves, something like Adam and Eve. These attributes of divinity all in time became tangible gods, and each had his share of worship. They became gods of the first, second, and third degrees, something like Christian archangels, angels, and saints. In the beginning I can well see how this Egyptian worship was the worship of one God, and that the development of the idolatry system came from carelessness on the part of priests, evil teaching, ignorance, or perhaps from the innate tendency of our human nature to venerate some one object, and to refer to it as far as we can the hopes and dreams of our lives.

A soldier feverish for victory, a husbandman mourning over his barren fields, a mother despairing over her firstborn, a wife yearning for children, will, if piously inclined, turn to the Almighty and the All-seeing for help. They will each seek out that special attribute in Divinity most suited to their wants and invoke it. You have a form of this in modern Christianity in patron saints. If the Egyptians had recognized the principle

of saintship, and had kept that vast distinction which Christians recognize between Peter and Paul and our Saviour, I can understand how it might have become a faith as lasting as that which came from the burning mountain. Its principle was a pantheism, not a polytheism. But in time the idolatrous principle prevailed until it corrupted and destroyed the ancient faith. They came to worship the sun and moon, and to have a special recording angel deity, the Ibis-headed Thoth, who recorded the actions of every man against the last day. These gods also assumed a variety of names—like what we see now when we read about Our Lady of Lourdes and Our Lady of Maria Zell. Isis became the goddess of ten thousand names, although each name meant no more than the Greeks meant when they gave geographical attributes to Minerva or Venus—nor what the Catholics mean when they discover shrines of the Virgin in various parts of Christendom and give each shrine a name. The god Osiris, whose form we see so frequently on these temple walls, was the principle of good, the god Typho the principle of evil. These gods were brothers, one murdering the other, even as Cain murdered Abel.

There was another named Apophis, who was the same as our own Apollyon; a great serpent also, enemy of gods and men, and in the Egyptian mythology pierced by the spear of the good god Horus; even as in our own we have the great dragon, the common enemy of mankind, pierced by the spear of enterprising and valiant archangels. This resemblance between Apophis and Apollyon is not more marked than certain traits in the character of the god Osiris. This god came into the world to aid mankind. He was the symbol of goodness and truth. He was put to death and buried. He rose again, and was appointed to judge the world. His name is the symbol of the resurrection and eternal salvation. He became the supreme god of the Egyptians. On the breast of the dead a token was placed carved in the form of the beetle called a scarabeus. You will find thousands of them to-day dug from the ancient tombs. Why this insect was selected is a puzzle, but Brugsch says it was because the beetle was supposed to reproduce itself

without natural agency, and in that way became the type of resurrection. These scarabei, which every greasy Arab carries in his clothes and forces upon you for sale, were mounted like beads. In many cases they were made of precious stones—cornelian, agate, lapis-lazuli, emerald, and amethyst. I have seen some in gold. The poorer classes made them of limestone, or of clay like that used in pottery. On them was engraved a tribute to the god Osiris and a recognition of the thrilling mystery of eternal life.

There were forms of gods expressing the holiest offices of nature; and according as these offices were regarded do we find the purity and impurity of the old religion. We have the idea of paternity as the life-giving generative principle; we have the idea of maternity as the principle of creation, and each has its god. The god Isis holds her child Horus, and this became as much a manifestation of the most sacred



MOONLIGHT ON THE NILE.

form of humanity to the Egyptians as the Madonna and Child are to devout Catholics to-day. I was struck with this sacred sentiment pervading the inscriptions on the tombs and temples, and, more than all, I was impressed with the peculiar form of the emblem by which the devout Egyptian expressed his confidence in a future life. You see it in ten thousand places, everywhere recurring, everywhere expressing the faith of heathens in eternity. This emblem is a longitudinal line, the top formed into an elliptical loop, crossed by another line about one third

from the top. You had only to press the loop together to reduce it into a single line to have the cross—the very cross upon which our Saviour suffered, and which is to-day the emblem of Christian faith throughout the world.

One visit worth noting was made to the town of Kench. We tied the steamer up to the bank in our summary way, just as the wayfaring horseman dismounts and ties his horse to a tree. There is no question of wharves, or quays, or permission. When we tied we all went ashore and picked out our donkeys. The boys had seen our smoke far down the river and were there to meet us. The town was a mile or so off, and we rode over the plain. It was a sad sight, and Sami Bey told us what a calamity this bad Nile meant to Egypt. When the Nile rises in its season and floods the fields, only departing when it leaves the richness that it brought all the way from Central Africa, then Egypt is rich. The ground teems with fatness, and I could well believe Sami Bey when he told us how he had ridden from the river bank to the town through fields of corn and sugarcane, through fields of waving, living, joyous green. To-day the fields are parched, and brown, and cracked. The irrigating ditches are dry. You see the stumps of the last season's crop. But with the exception of a few clusters of the castor bean and some weary, drooping date palms, the earth gives forth no fruit. A gust of sand blows over the plain and adds to the somberness of the scene. Here are hundreds of thousands of acres which, in a good year, would give generous crops. Now they give nothing, and the people who till them must be fed. A bad Nile, therefore, means bad times for the people and bad times for the government. For when there are no crops there are no taxes, and even an Egyptian taskmaster could not force barren fields to pay revenue to the Khedive's treasury. It is safe to say that a bad Nile costs Egypt millions of dollars. The people must live on last year's gain, and instead of helping the government must be helped by the government. When you remember that the Khedive is under many burdens—the burden of an enormous debt, the interest of which is in default; a burden of a contingent in the Turkish army which

he must support, the burden of the annual tribute to the Sultan, over \$3,500,000 a year, you can understand the calamity of a bad Nile, and why it is that most of the civil and military officers are in arrears for their salary—some of them for a year. Happily such a calamity as a bad Nile does not often occur. If it happened for two or three continuous years a famine would be the result. If the Nile ceased its office Egypt would have to be abandoned and these fertile plains given over to the desert. In



HOME IN KENEH.

fact Egypt is only an annual struggle between the river and the desert. If ever the river surrenders, Egypt will become a barren, treeless plain of rocks and sand.

The sand was blowing heavily as we entered Kench. We had not been expected, so there were no ceremonies, and we could wander as we pleased. We dismounted under a grove of trees and went on foot into the town, our donkeys and donkey-boys following after. We strolled through the bazaars, which meant that we crowded our way through narrow, dusty passages where the tradesman sold his wares. The assortment was not

varied—beads, grain, cloths, dates, pipes, and trinkets. We went into one house, where the potter was busy over his wheel. In Kenh pottery is an industry. The clay makes a fragile, porous vessel, through which the water evaporates in summer, acting as a filter and a water-cooler. These vessels are grateful in the summer days, and there is quite a trade in them between Kenh and Lower Egypt. We had observed coming up rafts of stone jars, bound together with boughs, floating down the stream, very much as the old flatboats used to float down the Mississippi to New Orleans, laden with Western produce. The jars kept their own buoyancy, and one raft would require not more than three or four men to ply it. The potter was very skillful. His child moistened the clay, and with deft fingers he fashioned it into form—into graceful lines and curving shapes, showing artistic sense. The cheapness of the work when done was amazing. The retail price was about eighty cents a hundred for small jars useful for the table. We went into a mill where the corn was grinding. It was the same process that we read about in the Bible—the horse going round and round, the grain crushing between an upper and nether stone and running into a pail. We went into one of the houses of the common people. Hassan led the way, and there was evidently no intrusion. A morsel of baksheesh would atone for any invasion of domestic privacy.

The house was a collection of rooms; the walls made of dried mud and bricks. It was one story high, thatched with straw. The floor was the ground. The walls were clay. In one room was the donkey, in another the cow—a queer kind of buffalo cow, that looked up at us as we went in. In another room slept the members of the family. There was neither bed nor chair nor table. They slept on the ground or on palm leaves, like the donkey. They sat on the ground for meals and ate out of the same dish. The woman was sitting over a fire on which she was roasting some kind of grain. The children were sprawling about her. The woman was a Copt and not doomed to Moslem seclusion. The father stood at the door grinning and waiting for baksheesh. The welcome was as

cordial as possible, but I suppose there were not a thousand slaves in the South who were not better housed than these free Egyptian citizens. Their life was virtually that of a savage, but they all seemed happy and cheerful enough. In this land nature is the friend of the poor. You can sleep on the ground nearly every night of the year secure from rain. You can array yourself in the scantiest raiment. You can live on dates and sugarcane, and, as far as the mere ailments that come from want and misery are concerned, they are not known in Egypt. The people are well made, well formed, with unusual powers of endurance, and naturally bright. I would like to see any of our laboring men at home run up and down the Pyramid of Cheops in eight minutes, as I saw an Arab do for a franc. And we have no damsels among our own dear, tender, lovely maidens at home who could run at your donkey's side for miles and miles, balancing a pitcher of water on their heads and showing no signs of fatigue.

We thought we had the town to ourselves to stroll and wander where we listed, when there came one to us in haste to say that the pacha who governed this province had heard of our coming and would like to see us at the palace. And the General, who is as patient under the burdens of these evercoming ceremonies as one of the laden camels we are constantly passing, said he would call on the pacha. We threaded our way to the palace, which was a low brick building, like a barracks. The messenger evidently did not expect so prompt an answer to his summons, as we saw him running ahead to tell his lord that we were coming—coming almost on his heels. We passed under a grateful row of trees, through an open space



EGYPTIAN MAIDEN.

where soldiers were lounging about, and into the cool, open rooms of the palace. We were shown into the reception chamber and ranged on the divan. There was a long pause. The governor was no doubt enjoying a siesta, and had to rub the sleep out of his eyes or don his uniform. In time he came, a stout, pleasant-looking, gray-mustached soldier, in his full uniform as general. We had surprised him, of course, and he had to dress. He received the General with grave courtesy, and there was the usual exchange of compliments and talk about the weather. The General varied the conversation by expressing his regret that the bad Nile was on the people, and hoping for a good Nile. When this was translated, as the pacha only spoke Arabic, he threw up his eyes with a gesture of devotion, saying, "If God wills it, and may He will it." Then came the coffee and the pipes, and we set forth. The governor said he would accompany us in our walk, which he did. He directed that the state donkeys should be saddled, and they came after us. We then called upon the German consul, who waylaid us and begged that we should honor his house. This officer lived in a style approaching splendor, and when we were served with pipes and coffee we noticed that the pipe stems were of amber, garnished with diamonds, and the coffee cups were of the finest porcelain, in cases of silver and gold. These ceremonies over, we came back to the boat through a gust of sand.




ON THE WAY TO MEMPHIS.



THE NILE.

CHAPTER X.

THE NILE (*continued*).

UR imaginations had been dwelling all these days on Thebes. We read it up and talked about it, and said, "When we see Thebes we shall see one of the wonders of the world." We learned that Thebes was once a city that covered both banks of the Nile; that it was known to Homer as the City of the Hundred Gates; that it must have had three hundred thousand inhabitants, and that it sent out twenty thousand armed chariots. It was famed for its riches and splendor until it was besieged. There was the temple of Memnon and the colossal statue which used to sing its oracles when the sun rose. Here was to be found the palace temple of the great Rameses, the only ruin in Egypt known to have been the home of a king. Here we would see the columns of Luxor, the twin obelisk to the one now in Paris, the stupendous ruins of Karnak and the tombs of the kings. Thebes alone would repay us for our long journeyings; and we talked about Sesostris and the Pharaohs in a familiar manner, as though they knew we were coming and would be at home.

And when we became a little hazy on our history and could not get our kings exactly straight, and were not sure whether Sesostris was in the nineteenth or the twenty-ninth dynasty, we always fell back on Brugsch, who knew all the dynasties and was an ever-running spring of information, and always as gentle and willing as he was learned. I am afraid we bothered Brugsch a good deal about Pharaoh, and where Joseph lived, and where Moses was found in the bulrushes, and whether there



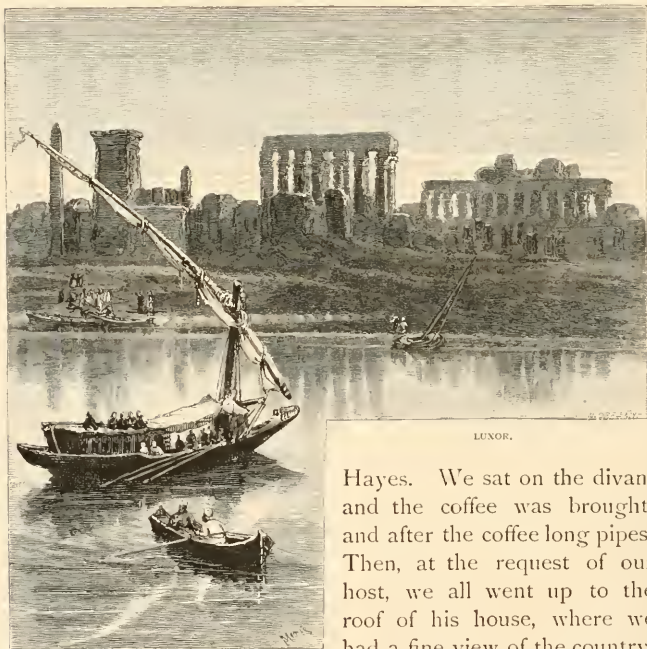
IRRIGATING MACHINE.

were any still growing, and at what point of the Red Sea Pharaoh's host was drowned, with other questions about the plague and the destroying angel. You see, these are the questions which the American mind with Sunday-school ideas about the past will ask about Egypt; and it is some time before the truth begins to dawn upon you that you are walking among the ruins of a civilization which filled the world centuries before Moses was born, and that the rude stone beetle which the Arab insists upon selling you was reverently placed upon the bosom of a king who reigned before Joseph. It is some time before you see the horizon beyond the shorter-catechism history, and so,

I am afraid we bothered Brugsch with our Sunday-school questions. By the time we approached Thebes we were well out of that stage and were well up in our Rameses, and knew all about Thebes, the mighty, the magnificent Thebes, the city of a world's renown, of which we had been reading and dreaming all these years. And as Brugsch, leaning over the rail, talked about Thebes, we listened and watched through the clear air for the first sign of its glory. There were the mountains beyond, the very mountains of which we had read, and there was the plain. But where was Thebes? We looked through our glasses, and saw at first only the brown caverned hills, the parched fields and the shining sand. We looked again, and there sure enough were the colossal statues of Memnon, two broken pillars, so they seemed, with a clump of trees near them. Only the fields, the sand and the hills beyond; only the same cluster of hovels on the shore and the two distant columns. This was all that remained of the glory of the city that was the glory of the ancient world.

There was one at least in that small company whose imagination fell, and who could scarcely believe that so much splendor could only be this barren plain. But this is no time for moral reflections, as we are coming into the town of Luxor, one fragment of the old city, and on the shore opposite to Memnon. We are coming to the shore, and we see that we have been expected. The population of Luxor is on the river bank; all the consulates have their flags flying, and the dahabeeahs, of which there are five or six, have their flags up. Right at the landing place is a neat three-storied stone building, painted white, with the American and Brazilian flags on the roof. The house is all hung with boughs of the date palm and decorated with lanterns. Over the door there are two American flags, and two soldiers are on guard. Evidently Luxor is in great excitement, for as we come to the wharf two soldiers on the roof fire six or seven shots from their muskets. This is our salute, and as soon as the plank is run ashore the vice consul comes on board with the governor and welcomes the General. Then we go ashore, and call on the vice consul. We enter

the house and pass over stone floors strewn with Turkish and Persian rugs of great value. We pass into the best chamber of the house, and we hear another series of musket shots. In this best chamber the host points out a picture of the General, which he says in Arabic is one of his household gods, and that the day which brought the General under his roof will ever be a blessed day to him. We noticed also a picture of President



LUXOR.

Hayes. We sat on the divan, and the coffee was brought, and after the coffee long pipes. Then, at the request of our host, we all went up to the roof of his house, where we had a fine view of the country,

the country which once shone with the magnificence of Thebes, but which is now only a valley between two ranges of hills—a valley of sand and parched fields, here and there a cluster of hovels called a village, here and there a ruin almost hidden from view by the shadows of the descending sun.

After we had finished our hospitalities we wrote our names

in the vice consul's book. We noted the names of Dom Pedro of Brazil, and famous Americans like Mr. Washburne and Mr. Boker. Then we sauntered around the town. There were four or five average houses from which flags were flying. These were the houses of the consular agents. There was one house in a grove surrounded by trees which we did not visit. Brugsch told us that this house had been occupied by an American who lived in Luxor fifteen years, but had now gone away. Noting the eagerness of travelers for antiquities he entered into their manufacture, and would make mummy lids, scarabei, hieroglyphic inscriptions and idols. We were sorry to learn that a fellow countryman had practiced wooden-nutmeg games in Egypt as an industry; but it was some comfort to know that his imitations were so well done that only an expert could detect them. If an American has no character, let us be grateful that he has skill. This American had skill enough to make money and go home, and Luxor knows him no more. I suppose he is a reformer by this time—a candidate for Congress and opposed to corruption. Brugsch grew eloquent in his denunciation of the fabricator of antiquities, and his revelations quite dampened any ambition I may have had to become a collector of Egyptian relics.

The town of Luxor as it is called is really a collection of houses that have fastened upon the ruins of the old temple. This temple is near the river, and has a fine façade. It was built by Amunoph III. and Rameses II., who reigned between thirteen and fifteen hundred years before Christ. I am not very particular about the dates, because I have learned that a century or two does not make much difference in writing about the Egyptian dynasties. In fact the scholars themselves have not agreed upon their chronology. The only scholar in whom we have any faith is Brugsch, and when he tells us that this temple is much more than three thousand years old, we believe him. It is not a very old temple as temples go, and Brugsch shows it to us in a matter-of-fact way, saying, "Wait until you see Karnak." There is a fine obelisk here, the companion of the one now standing in the Place de Concorde. There is a statue of Rameses,

of colossal size, now broken and partly buried in the sand. The walls are covered with inscriptions of the usual character—the glory of the king, his victories, his majesty, his devotion to the gods, and the decree of the gods that his name will live for millions of years. I have no doubt much more could be seen and known of this Luxor temple but for modern vandalism. The town is simply a collection of fungi fastened on the temple. The



PALM GROVE.

French took one wing of pillars and put up a house when they were here in 1799. The English consulate is within the temple walls, defacing the finest part of the façade. It is a shame that a great nation like England should allow her flag to float over a house whose presence is a desecration, a robbery, a violation of international courtesy. There could be no more shameless vandalism; and when one of our party asked Brugsch

why the Khedive did not take the house down and allow the owner to take his flag elsewhere, like other consuls, the answer was that he did not wish to offend England. This is one of the many instances, I am sorry to say, where English influence in the East is only another name for English tyranny. The Englishman, so jealous of his own rights at home, so eloquent in defense of British honor, sincerity and fair play, is the least con-

siderate of the rights of others in a land like Egypt. He looks upon these people as his hewers of wood and drawers of water, whose duty is to work and to thank the Lord when they are not flogged. They only regard these monuments as reservoirs from which they can supply their own museums, and for that purpose they have plundered Egypt, just as Lord Elgin plundered Greece. The Khedive has been trying to put a stop to the business, and with some success. But means are found to evade his commands. It is really an act of fraud to take a monument or an antiquity out of Egypt. Yet Brugsch says with natural emotion that whenever any especially rare discovery is made during the excavations, the most valuable relic of all is pretty certain to be found shortly after in one of the European museums.

In the morning we made ready for our trip to Memnon, and the temple home of Rameses. We set out early in the morning—early at least for a party of idle voyagers who do not crave a reputation for early rising. We had to cross the river, our boatmen singing their Arab music. And when we landed on the other shore we had, thanks to the forethought of our consul at Thebes, a collection of stable donkeys, with a well-mounted horse for the General. We were a little time getting under way. There was the escort of servingmen with the luncheons on camels, who pushed ahead. Then came the General and his party. The party was composed of fifteen, as we had with us the consul, the governor of the province, the Marquis and Hassan. But as every donkey had two donkey-boys, with a couple of girls carrying water on their heads running at your side—as there was a sheik, in stately turban, and five or six soldiers on guard—and a crowd crying for baksheesh and offering antiquities for sale, our tourists' group grew to be quite an army, and as we trailed over the plain we looked like a caravan. The antiquity dealers and water-girls swarmed around us so that it was difficult to ride with comfort, and Hassan, who has practical ways of settling problems, went among them with a stick. Hassan's energy, however, brought his good name into peril, for the idea of beating the nimble, ragged maidens who flocked

about us and filled the air with dust, was revolting to the lady of the expedition, who summoned Hassan before her and forbade him to beat the children. Hassan, who is as kindly a being as ever carried a cimeter, explained that he only wanted to frighten them and did not beat anybody. I quite believed him, for in a race the water-girls, who were as nimble as a gazelle,



STATUES OF MEMNON.

would leave Hassan, who is stout and slow, far behind in no time. So, as a preventive measure, Hassan was instructed to make public announcement that unless the water-girls and donkey-boys and antiquity peddlers remained far behind, where they would not raise the dust, they should have no baksheesh. Hassan made this terrible proclamation from his donkey with many gesticulations and shakings of his stick; and so we kept on with moderate comfort and peace. But every now and then some one of the children would steal up to your side under pretense

of offering you water, and coax you for a copper coin with their large, black, wondering eyes, so that resistance was impossible, and in this way we came to Memnon.

All that is left of Memnonism are the two colossal statues, the one to the north being the statue that, according to the historians and priests, used to utter a sound every morning when the sun rose. The statue is silent enough now, and is a monolith about fifty feet high. A good part of the base is buried in the earth, but they loom up over the plain, and may be seen—as in fact we did see them—miles and miles away. You may have an idea of the size when you know that the statue measures eighteen feet three inches across the shoulders, sixteen feet six inches from the top of the shoulder to the elbow, and the other portions of the body in due proportion. No trace can be found of the cause of the vocal sunrise phenomenon. One theory is that the priests used to climb into a recess in the body of the statue and perform a juggler's trick. I do not think so badly of the Egyptian priests, who, I suppose, were good men in their way, and not charlatans. You might find one priest in a multitude capable of climbing into a recess and calling upon the people to pay pew rent, or tithes, or something of the kind. But this sound continued for generations, and I do not believe you could find generations of priests carrying on the deception for years and years; so I dismiss that theory and take another which Brugsch explains to us. The statue would be moist with dew at sunrise, and the sun's rays acting upon the dew would cause it to emit a sound like an interrupted chord of music; just such a sound as you hear from a sea-shell if you hold it to your ear. As the sun is sure to shine every morning on these plains you could be certain that such a phenomenon would recur daily. I can well imagine how a freak of nature might be taken as the voice of the gods, and how humble priests would bow down to it and not enter into scientific speculations. After the statue had been tossed by an earthquake and riven, the music ceased, which only confirms me in doing justice to the poor priests. After we had ridden around the Memnon statue and its companion—around and around them, so as to see them from all

sides and have a full sense of their immensity—after we had rested a half hour in the grateful shade of the column, for the day was warm and severe, we made our way to the neighboring temple of Medeenet Aboo. Our ride to this temple was over a mass of sand and rubbish. But near it was a sheltering grove of date palms, and the Marquis, whose practical mind is never disturbed by any ruins, however ancient, quietly informed us, as an encouragement under the beating sun, that we were to have luncheon.

Medeenet Aboo was one of the great temples of Thebes, and it deserves special mention here as the only one where you can find traces of the home life of an Egyptian king. I had been asking Brugsch on many occasions where we could see some trace of how king and people lived in the early days. One grew tired—let me say it if I dare without irreverence—one grew tired of temples and tombs and these endless tributes to the valor of kings and the virtues of the gods. So when we came to Medeenet Aboo we were shown the rooms where the great Rameses lived. This was the third Rameses, who lived twelve, or perhaps thirteen centuries before Christ—who is supposed by some to have succeeded the Pharaoh who brought the plagues upon Egypt. To enter the private apartments of a great monarch is undoubtedly a privilege, and I was prepared for some ceremony in making our call. But the apartment was in the second story, and the ceremonies were something like those which a schoolboy adopts in climbing a neighbor's cherry tree. You climbed a stone, and then a wall, and up the wall over stones which time and sight-seers had worn smooth, and into a window from a precarious ledge. I suppose the great king entered into the bosom of his family by some less complicated method; and as I saw Hadden and Wilner climb the rock nimbly enough I remembered that they were sailors, and could run up rigging, and that I would wait and take their word for it when they came down. But when I saw the conqueror of Lee deliberately follow, and scale the imperial chamber with all the activity of a young lieutenant, a sense of reproach came over me, and I was bound to follow. The room in which his

majesty lived, and which one reached somewhat out of breath and a good deal covered with dust, was not an imposing apartment. It evidently feels the absence of the master's eye, for the bats have taken possession and the roof is gone. The walls are covered with inscriptions. But you see gentler themes than those we have been studying these many, many days. Here the king lived with the ladies of his harem. You see him attended by them. They are giving him lotus flowers; they wave fans before him. In one picture he sits with a favorite at a game of draughts. His arm is extended, holding a piece in the act of moving. I am afraid he had little trouble in winning that game, as his fair opponent, instead of watching the moves, is nursing his senses by holding a perfumed flower to his nose. This glimpse of the natural domestic life of the old days was refreshing after the battles and prayers that had followed us all the way from Abydos. It is the only fact I care to note about this temple, especially as we are to-morrow to visit Karnak, and in the presence of that stupen-



BY THE WAYSIDE.

dous ruin why waste space on Medeenet Aboo? So we go down into the sanctuary and take our luncheon, the Marquis, who did not climb the ruin, welcoming us with beaming eyes. We gather about the rude table, and we drink the health of the Khedive, and home again. We have the same procession, donkey-boys and water-maidens and sellers of relics. When we come to the river bank Mrs. Grant summons all the maidens to her and distributes baksheesh. The attempt to preserve order is vain. The water-maidens rushed and screamed, and rushed at the purse, and when paid at one end

of the line ran down to the other and cried because they had received nothing. Finally, after liberal disbursements and in sheer despair at doing justice to all, and not without a murmur at the savagery and selfishness of the ones she meant to aid, our gracious lady turned the business over to Hassan. As we pushed off in our boats we saw Hassan making his small payments to a quite orderly and decorous crowd. But Hassan had a stick, and, alas! that one must write it of so glorious a land, the stick has become an essential element in the manners and customs of the people.

We had seen Thebes, we had even begun to grow weary of Thebes. There was a dinner in state which had to be eaten. The General was tired and concluded he would not go. He had been riding all day to Memnon, the temple, and back again, and we were all dusty and tired. But when the General's regret was sent our Arab host was so sad about it, and so apprehensive lest his fellow consuls, who knew the General had dined with other vice consuls on the way, might misconstrue his absence. So the General went in state or in as much state as we can assume in this region, our naval friends in full uniform. I believe in the uniform hereafter as an element of civilization, especially when I saw the awe which the epaulets and cocked hat of Hadden inspired among the masses. There was a tendency on the part of populations where we visited to take the Doctor in his uniform for General Grant, and Hadden in his uniform for the son. When the traditions of this age are told by venerable sheiks to listening children, I am afraid it will be said that when the great king of the Americans came to Egypt and made his entry his dress blazed with gold, with gold hanging from his shoulders and fine gold seaming his limbs; that he was a tall, comely man, with a flowing beard—a beard like that of the prophet, whose name is blessed and will live forever; that when he mounted his donkey—his white donkey with trappings of gold—the splendor of his form and his raiment was so dazzling that the people bowed their heads and shaded their eyes, so great was the glory thereof. You see this is the way history is made by a credulous, imaginative people. But the uniforms lit up the

landscape and glowed under the candles. When we went to our Theban dinner the Doctor was ill, and the honor fell upon Hadden, who blazed in gold, and whom the waiters were with the utmost difficulty prevented from helping as the honored guest. Our dinner was served in the upper chamber of the house, and the host sat on one side of the table eating nothing, in a state of constant alarm, that made us sympathize with him.



THEBES

He was an Egyptian, with a keen, kind, swarthy face, with a slight gray beard, who had never been north of Thebes in his life and had never drank anything but Nile water. I suppose the honor of entertaining the Chief Magistrate of the United States and the fear lest he might not do us all the honor he wished oppressed him, and he sat in deep oppression, his eye wandering from the General to the waiters, who also seemed to share his alarm. The dinner was a stupendous affair, course after course in Oriental profusion, until we could not even pay the dishes the compliment of

tasting them. Then came the coffee and the pipes. During the dinner, which was composed of the host and our own party, we had music. A group of Arab minstrels came in and squatted on the floor. The leader of the band—I should say about half-a-dozen—was blind, but his skill in handling his instrument was notable. It was a rude instrument, of the violin class, the body of it a cocoanut shell. He held it on the ground and played with a bow, very much as one would play a violoncello. He played love songs and narratives, and under the promptings of Sami Bey went through all the grades of his art. But whether the theme was love or war there came that sad refrain, that motive of despair, that seemed to speak from the soul and to tell of the unending misery of their race. Mr. Jesse Grant, who has a taste for music, was quite interested in the performance, and sought to teach the minstrels some of our European and American airs. One of them was the "Marseillaise." The Arab listened to it and tried again and again to follow the notes. He would follow for a few bars and break down, break into the same mournful cadence which had been the burden of his melody. It seemed strange, this burdened and beaten slave trying to grasp that wild, brave, bold anthem which spoke the resolve of a nation to be free. It was beyond and above him. The music of the "Marseillaise" was never intended for the Libyan desert. If these people, oppressed and driven as they are, should ever come to know it, there will be hope for this land of promise, which has so long been the land of sorrow and servitude.

We were to see the wonder of the world in Karnak. Karnak is only about forty minutes from Luxor, and does not involve crossing the river. I was grateful to the vice consul for sending us the same group of donkeys who had borne us to Memnon. And when I ascended the hill there was my friend Mohammed Ali jumping and calling and pushing his donkey toward me. A good donkey has much to do with the pleasure of your journey, and Mohammed Ali's was a patient, sure-footed little thing that it made me almost ashamed to ride. We set out early, because it was commanded by Sami Bey that we

should return to the boat and breakfast, and while at breakfast steam up the river.

I cannot tell you when the Temple of Karnak was built. You see, in this matter of chronology, authorities as high as Wilkinson, Bunsen, and Mariette differ sometimes as much as a thousand years in a single date. But my own opinion is that Brugsch knows all about it, and he places the first building three thousand years before Christ. This seems to be a long time, but I wonder if we think how long ago it really was? You will remember reading how Abraham went down to Egypt be-



KARNAK.

cause of the famine in the land, taking with him Sarah, his wife, who was fair, and whom he passed off as his sister. And Abraham, rich in cattle and silver and gold, went back from Egypt to become the founder and father of his race? When we recall the story of Abraham's visit to Egypt it seems as if we were going back to the beginning of things, for we go back to the time of Lot, Melchisedec, Sodom and Gomorrah. Well, if Abraham on that visit had visited Thebes—and it is quite pos-

sible he did, especially after he became rich—he would have seen a part of this very temple of Karnak, and he could have read on its walls the very inscription which Brugsch translates to-day, and which would have told him, as it tells us, of the glory of a king who had reigned before him. It is, to the writer at least, this comparative chronology, this blending of the history you see on every temple and tomb with the history that came to us in childhood from the pious mother's knee, that gives Egypt its never-ceasing interest. You sit in the shadow of the column, sheltered from the imperious noonday sun—the same shade which, perhaps, sheltered Abraham as he sat and mused over his fortunes and yearned for his own land. The images are here; the legends are as legible as they were in his time. You sit in the shadow of the column, thinking about luncheon and home and your donkey, and hear the chattering of Arabs pressing relics upon you, or doing your part in merry, idle talk. It is hard to realize that in the infinite and awful past—in the days when the Lord came down to the earth and communed with men and gave his commandments—these columns and statues, these plinths and entablatures, these mighty bending walls, upon which chaos has put its seal, were the shrines of a nation's faith and sovereignty. Yet this is all told in stone.

I find myself in a whirl in writing about Karnak, and the truth is I have put off again and again writing about it in the hope that some inspiration might come to make it all plain. What I or any of us, any hurried traveler from another world, may do or think, is of little value; and if I were to give you simply our personal experiences—how we came and strolled, how we climbed over masses of rubbish, how we clustered about Brugsch and heard him unravel the inscriptions on the walls, how we had our photographs taken, how we had a bit of luncheon quenched in grateful waters, it would be a page out of General Grant's experiences in Egypt, but it would tell nothing of Karnak. What I tried to do, at least as I rode around its walls, what in fact I have tried to do always in Egypt, is to bring back the temples as they were and picture them in their

splendor, and then look at them in their ruin. I fancied I did something of this at Dendoreh and Abydos and Et Foo—that I could really see what those temples must have been in their day—but Karnak sweeps beyond the imagination, so vast and solemn is the ruin.

Let me take refuge for a moment in some figures which I condense from the books and from what Brugsch tells me in conversation. Karnak, which was not only a temple, but one in the series of temples which constituted Thebes, is about a half mile from the river, a mile or two from the temple of Luxor. The front wall or propylon is 370 feet broad, 50 feet deep, and the standing tower 140 feet high. Leading up to this main entrance is an avenue lined with statues and sphinxes, 200 feet long. When you enter this gate you enter an open court-yard, 275 feet by 329. There is a corridor or cloister on either side; in the middle a double line of columns, of which one only remains. You now come to another wall, or propylon, as large as the entrance, and enter the great hall—the most magnificent ruin in Egypt. The steps of the door are 40 feet by 10. The room is 170 feet by 329, and the roof was supported by 134 columns. These columns are all or nearly all standing, but the roof has gone. Twelve are 62 feet high without the plinth, and 11 feet 6 inches in diameter. One hundred and twenty-two are 42 feet 5 inches in height and 28 feet in circumference. They were all brilliantly colored, and some of them retain the colors still; and you can well imagine



MOONLIGHT ON THE NILE.

what must have been the blaze of light and color when the kings and priests passed through in solemn procession. We pass through another gate into an open court. Here is an obelisk in granite seventy-five feet high, and the fragments of another, its companion. The inscriptions on them are as clear as though they had been cut yesterday, so gentle is this climate in its dealings with Time. They celebrate the victories and virtues of the kings who reigned seventeen hundred years before Christ, and promise the kings in the name of the immortal gods that their glory shall live for ages. We pass into another chamber very much in ruins and see another obelisk ninety-two feet high and eight square—the largest in the world. This monument commemorates the virtues of the king's daughter, womanly and queenly virtues, which met their reward, let us hope, thirty-five centuries ago. You may form some idea of what the Egyptians could do in the way of mechanics and engineering when you know that this obelisk is a single block of granite, that it was brought from the quarry miles and miles away, erected and inscribed in seven months. The next room was the sanctuary, the holy of holies, and is now a mass of rubbish requiring nimble feet to climb. You scramble over stones and sand until you come to what was the room where King Thothmes III., who lived sixteen centuries before Christ, was represented as giving offerings to fifty-six of his royal predecessors. The hall is a ruin, and some French vandals carried off the tablet—one of the most valuable in Egypt—to Paris. Altogether the building alone was 1,108 feet long and about 300 wide, the circuit around the outside, according to a Roman historian who saw it in its glory, being about a mile and a half.

This is the temple, but the temple was only a part. There were three avenues leading from it to the other temples. These avenues were lined with statues, large and small, generally of the sphinx. I saw numbers of them sitting in their ancient places slowly crumbling to ruin. There were two colossal statues at the door, now lying on the earth an uncouth mass of granite. One of them was almost buried in the sand, the ear being exposed. You can fancy how large it must have been



PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

when you know this ear was a foot long at least. Near the obelisk, some distance from the temple, is a pool of water, on the banks of which black children are scampering and shouting "Baksheesh, howadji." This was the Sacred Lake. This lake had an important office in the religion of the old Egyptians. When an Egyptian died and was embalmed his body was brought to the lake. The procession was a solemn one—mourners throwing dust on their heads, a priest sprinkling water from a brush dipped in a vase, very much as Catholic priests sprinkle holy water; attendants throwing palms on the ground, others carrying fruits and meats, incense and ostrich feathers. The coffin was borne on a sledge until it came to this lake. Here were forty-two judges, men who had known the deceased. Here was the boat, the sacred boat that was to carry the body to the other shore. If it could be shown to these judges that the deceased had been an ungodly man, that his life had been a scandal, then he was denied sepulture. If it was shown that he had lived worthily and the judges so decided, then all weeping ceased, eulogies were pronounced upon his memory, the body was carried to the other shore, and from thence removed to the catacombs to rest in honor and peace—in peace, at least, until Arab peasants rummaged their graves and made merchandise of their coffins and grave-clothes, their ornaments and tokens, their very bones, just as these greasy Arabs who swarm about our donkeys are doing at this very hour.

Wherever we find walls we have inscriptions. The inscriptions are in hieroglyphic language—a language as clear to scholars now as the Latin or the Sanskrit. Brugsch reads them off to us as glibly as though he were reading signs from a Broadway store. The stories will hardly bear repetition, for they are the same that we saw at Dendoreh, at Abydos, all through Egypt. They tell of battles and the glory of the king Rameses, who is supposed to be the Sesostris of the Greeks. We have him leading his men to attack a fortified place. Again we see him leading foot soldiers and putting an enemy to the sword. We have him leading his captives as an offering to the gods—and offering not only prisoners, but booty. The groups

of prisoners are rudely done, but you see the type of race. We know the Hebrew by the unmistakable cast of features—as marked as the face of Lord Beaconsfield. We trace the Phœnician, the Etruscan, as well as the negro types from Ethiopia, and thus learn of the warlike achievements of this monarch, whose fame is carved all over Egypt, and about whose name there is an interesting debate. Again and again these war themes are repeated, one king after another reciting his conquests and his virtues, wars and treaties of peace. It seemed in the building of these temples that the intention was to make the walls monumental records of the achievements of various reigns. Thus five centuries are covered by the reigns of Sethi and Sheshonk, and yet each king tells his own story side by side. When the walls were covered, or a king wished to be especially gracious to the priests, or, as is more probable, desired to employ his soldiers, he would build a new wing or addition to the temple already existing, striving if possible to make his own addition more magnificent than those of his predecessors. In this way came the Great Hall of Karnak, and in every temple we have visited this has been noticed. As a consequence these stupendous, inconceivable ruins were not the work of one prince and one generation, but of many princes and many generations. And, as there was always something to add and always a new ambition coming into play, we find these temples, tombs, pyramids, obelisks, all piled one upon the other, all inspired by the one sentiment and all telling the same story. It was because that Thebes was the center of a rich and fertile province, sheltered from an enemy by the river and the mountains, that she was allowed to grow from century to century in uninterrupted splendor. What that splendor must have been we cannot imagine. Here are the records and here are the ruins. If the records read like a tale of enchantment, these ruins look the work of gods. The world does not show, except where we have evidences of the convulsions of nature, a ruin as vast as that of Karnak. Imagine a city covering two banks of the Hudson, running as far as from the Battery to Yonkers, and back five, six, or seven miles, all densely built, and you have an

idea of the extent of Thebes. But this will only give you an idea of size. The buildings were not Broadways and Fifth Avenues, but temples, and colossal monuments, and tombs, the greatness of which and the skill and patience necessary to build them exciting our wonder to-day—yes, to-day, rich as we are with the achievements and possibilities of the nineteenth century. Thebes in its day must have been a wonder of the world, even of the ancient world which knew Nineveh and Babylon. To-day all that remains are a few villages of mud huts, a few houses in stone flying consular flags, a plain here and there strewn with ruins, and under the sands ruins even more stupendous than those we now see, which have not yet become manifest.

We were told that we should see Karnak by moonlight, that the effect would be worth the journey, and there would be the chance of shooting a hyena. But the moon was not in season, and the only two of the party who cared about hyenas, Mr. Grant and Mr. Wilner, were saving themselves for the crocodiles, who were said to be in great force up the river waiting to be shot. What a comment upon the vanity of human wishes to see the sanctuary of Sesostris gravely pointed out to sportsmen as the lair of the wild beast! But Egypt is full of these



EGYPTIAN WELL.

suggestions. I should like to have seen Karnak by moonlight, but as this was not to be, we made the most of our morning visit. We followed Brugsch over the whole ruin and listened to his story. We traced with him the inscriptions on the walls. We gathered under the shade of a column, and, having carpeted a broken column for Mrs. Grant, we sat around her and refreshed ourselves out of a basket whose contents the Marquis dispensed with his accustomed urbanity and grace. We lounged around and about for an hour or so, smoking, chatting, wondering whether there was any news from the war; whether there were letters at Luxor; whether the Pope was dead; whether Conkling and Blaine had really made it all up; whether Hadden would be thrown from his donkey on his way back. We formed a group and had a photograph taken, all of us there, on the skirts of the great hall, surrounding the General and Mrs. Grant. I suppose you can buy the picture if you come to Thebes. The General wears his pith helmet, swathed in silk, and you just catch a glimpse of the eyes and all the force of his brave, kind, strong face. Mrs. Grant sits near him, shrinking from the sun. Jesse Grant holds an Arab child close to him. The child had been clinging to him, following him all the morning, holding the hem of his coat, following him with the wistful eyes of a pet animal. Jesse had quite won the child by some attention in the way of an orange or an apple, and it came with him on his donkey to the boat, and only left after it had been endowed beyond any Arab child in Luxor that day. Crouching close to the ground is the face of our ever-kindly leader, that good Moslem Sami Bey, his head enveloped in a silk cloth of orange and green, that was brought to him from Mecca. There is Brugsch, with the cane in his hand, and if I only knew one thousandth part of what he knows I would make these letters an addition to our literature. Brugsch looks a little severe, but he has been talking about the vandals who destroy monuments and rob Egypt of her treasures, and wishing he had certain persons in his power for a half hour, that he might inflict with his own hands the severest punishment known to the laws. The bearded face is that of Dr. Cooke, who would give all the ruins of Karnak

if he were sure of a mail when he returned to the boat. Hadden sits in the corner with his legs crossed, and in a few minutes he will be singing through the ruins the camp-meeting refrain, "Let my people go." The consul general looks like a clergyman about to open service, and the young, mustached face near him is that of Ensign Wilner, who hopes to be an admiral before he dies. On the extreme left is Hassan, with his saber, who has carried that weapon for eighteen years as the defender of the American eagle. Next to Hassan is the Marquis—but it does not do justice to my noble friend, whose face is blurred and fails to disclose the philosophical lines of his countenance. Mrs. Grant's maid Bella, who looks at all these ruins with the eye of a devout Scottish Presbyterian, and sees in them only the fulfillment of stern Hebrew prophecies, completes all the essential elements in a group, which I am glad to have as a memento of one day at Karnak.

It was here we came across the tracks of the name-writing donkey. There are traces of this animal in other parts of the world, but in Egypt they reach the highest form of development. The stone is soft, and travelers who come here have time to spend, and it is only an hour or two to cut your name deep in the stone which for thirty centuries has borne the story of a nation's power. You look at a fine range of carving and follow the story of the legend, and suddenly you are arrested by some name hacked in the walls—Brown, or Smith, or Thompson. These inscriptions go back, some of them, a long time. There are Greek names that belong to the days of the Lower Empire. I saw many French names, belonging to the expedition of Bonaparte in 1799, twenty at least, especially on the top of the pylon at Et Foo. One name, "John Gordon, 1804," is frequently repeated. I suppose John Gordon has answered for his sins by this time, and let us hope that the recording angel reminded him of the way he hacked the walls at Luxor and Denderah. But the greatest donkey of the tribe—the monumental donkey of the age—is "Powell Tucker" of New York. If Powell Tucker reads these lines he will learn that his name is the theme of repeated execrations throughout

Egypt. Powell, as the story goes, did not content himself with carving his name on the walls—that, perhaps, would have been too much trouble. So he carried a sailor with him, and this sailor had a pot of black paint and a brush. Whenever Powell came to a monument the sailor painted in large black letters, "Powell Tucker, New York, 1870." Sometimes it is only "P. T.," but the tracks are here and there all over Egypt. The authorities in charge of the antiquities have tried to rub out this and other marks of vandalism. But Powell's sailor painted deep, and we voted unanimously that America was again in the ascendant; that whatever the American did he excelled the



ON THE NILE.

world, and that in a country where you see the name-writing donkey of all species—Greek, Arab, French, Italian, British—the monumental name-writing donkey of the

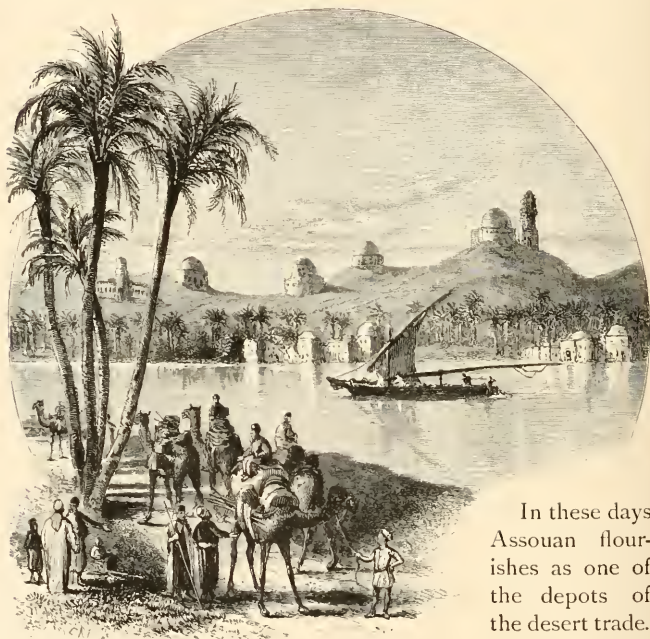
age is Powell Tucker of New York. I hope Powell is alive, that he may enjoy this well-earned fame. I would like to see him—to look at him—to see with my own eyes a gentleman who could wander through this land of beauty, fable, and historic renown—this land of temples and tombs—and here, where generations of a forgotten age had in patient faith and humility carved the legends of their faith and their history—there, in the sanctuary where the gods were worshipped, to have a sailor, with a pot of black paint, to smear his name! Let us all be proud of Tucker. In his own department of usefulness as a name-writing donkey he has given America a conceded although scarcely an enviable renown.

Assouan was to be the end of our journey, the turning point of our Nile trip. Assouan is the frontier station of Old Egypt,

on the boundary of Nubia. All these days we had been pressing toward the equator, and we began to see the change. Assouan is a pretty town—to my mind prettier than any I had seen on the Nile. It is difficult to make any standard of comparison among towns which are nearly all hovels, and, so far as scenery is concerned, Nature in Egypt is in so grand a phase that she is always winning. But there was something about Assouan that attracted me. It may have been the grateful trees that hung over the governor's palace—you see I call every governor's house a palace—or it may have been the governor himself. This gentleman was a Nubian—seacoal black—a tall, well-formed, handsome man, in the latest Parisian dress. Our eyes had been feasting for so long upon man in various degrees of nakedness and rags that this presence—this real presence of embodied clothes, kid gloves, cashmere and cloth, with the fez just tipping the left ear—was a sensation. It was like a breath from the boulevards, although our governor seemed uneasy in his clothes, and evidently feared they would be soiled. These two early impressions—the trees and the garments—threw a glamour over Assouan, and now in writing, with the memories of the trip floating before me, I find myself dwelling with comfort upon this pleasant frontier Nubian town.

Of Assouan in the way of useful information it is sufficient to say that it is a town of 4,000 inhabitants, 580 miles south of Cairo, 730 south of the Mediterranean. It used to be supposed that the town lay directly under the equator. In the ancient days Assouan was a quarry, and here were found the stones which became obelisks, temples, and tombs. Assouan's history is associated more with Arabian than Egyptian history. When Islam was marching to conquer the world the Saracens made a town here and an outpost. When this glory departed Assouan became, like most frontier towns in the wild days of men, the scene of constant strifes and schisms between the Nubian and Egyptian. There is a place called the Place of Martyrs, Moslem martyrs, and a mosque eight hundred years old, and many Turkish inscriptions: "I bear witness that there is no God but God; that he has no rival, and that Mohammed is the prophet

of God." We did not visit these places, and were I am afraid more interested in knowing that it was at Assouan that Juvenal lived in banishment. There was no house pointed out as Juvenal's house, and no tree as Juvenal's tree. All of which showed two things—lamentable lack of enterprise on the part of Assouan, and that the priests took no interest in Juvenal's character or deeds.



ASSOUAN.

In these days Assouan flourishes as one of the depots of the desert trade. Here the caravans come from

Ethiopia, and you find traces of desert merchandise among the bazaars. We visited the bazaars, Mrs. Grant and the writer doing some shopping, and Hassan going ahead with his stick, commanding all loyal subjects of the Khedive to fall back and make way for the pilgrims. There were no bones and no antiquities

for sale at Assouan, a fact that I note with gratitude. But there was honest merchandise of a humble sort—ostrich feathers, ivory, gum arabic, skins, ebony clubs, silver rings, lances, and crockery. It was the rumor of ostrich feathers that carried us to the bazaars, and soon we were surrounded by a crowd waving the plumes in our faces. The Marquis, in his quiet, circumspect way, had purchased for me some Egyptian earthenware, with which I intend to make a reputation as a connoisseur in the arts when I return to America, if it is not broken. “This,” said the Marquis, as he turned the vases around and around that I might admire them, “this is the best thing for presents to your friends. You see, it don’t cost too much, and people will say they have what no one else has, and that is the way.” The Marquis is my friend and a prudent man, and does not like to see me spend money, and in his special acquirement, namely the study of human nature, knows a million times more than I do. But I told the Marquis that all my friends were pious people who feared the Lord, and that I would take them home crucifixes and rosaries. I had calculated that I could buy rosaries and crosses in Jerusalem, made out of the sacred olive tree, for about a franc apiece—that I could have them blessed by the Pope when I came to Rome, and that my friends would esteem them more than anything else, and that by an expenditure of about twenty dollars I could win a great fame in New York, and perhaps become a candidate for Congress in the lower district. The Marquis is disposed to think that people at home would like something useful, and as to beads and crosses he has philosophical views, which I will not repeat lest I might make a scandal. The Marquis thought they must be queer people in America. I told him we were a queer people, and well worth visiting.

What carried us to the bazaars was the ostrich feather. This consummate plume of our modern civilization is brought here in caravans from the desert. The best feathers are those which come from wild birds—those trained and tamed, as in Southern Africa, giving out a flimsier and coarser-fibered feather. I never knew there was so much in an ostrich feather until I found myself the silent partner of Mrs. Grant in the

markets of Assouan. I had seen a good deal of the feathers, especially in London, on the signs of gentlemen appointed to sell needles and soap and tripe to the Prince of Wales, and had a vague impression that the principal demand for ostrich feathers was to make plumes for his royal highness. But I soon learned that there are qualities in the ostrich feather which a mere



BUYING OSTRICH FEATHERS.

matter - of - fact writer of letters and leading articles had never dreamed of. It must be so long or so short. It must dangle gracefully. It must catch the sunlight and throw out its gloss. There should always be two feathers, one a little longer than the other. A white feather—pure white—spotless like the snow, is a prize. Black feathers are common; and one value of white and

gray feathers is that you can dye them. These are some of the facts I learned as a result of my business experiences in Assouan. I also learned some valuable hints as to the way of doing business. In our prosy country you walk into a store, you pay your money, you pick up your handkerchief or New

Testament, or whatever it may be, and walk away. You ask no questions, and it is very probable if you did you would have no answers. The Arab merchant sits in his cubbyhole smoking his pipe. His cubbyhole is about six feet square and two feet from the ground. He sits with his legs crossed, and sometimes he is reading the Koran. Here he sits for hours and hours, unconscious of the world, perhaps sustained by that fine Moslem precept which I submit to friends at home as a panacea for bankruptcy, that whatever is is the will of God, and if it is His holy will that no one comes and buys, then blessed be God, the only God, and Mohammed the prophet of God.

You come to the bazaar and turn over his goods. The merchant studies you over and over. He calculates your power of resistance as though you were a mechanical force. If you are alone you become an easy prey. The lady of our expedition was always an easy prey. These people were all so poor, so ragged, so naked, and what they asked was after all so small, that she was always disposed to pay more than was asked. But in our bargains here we are thrown back upon Hassan's Arabic. You turn over your feathers and hold them to the light and turn them over and over again. Finally you select a bunch and bid Hassan buy them. Hassan picks them up, lays them down and picks them up again, as though there might be worse feathers, but he had never seen them; that he was selecting a feather museum and wanted a few specimens of the worst in the world. The dealer calmly looks on at this pantomime. Hassan asks in a contemptuous tone the price. He murmurs the price—five or six napoleons, let us say. "Five or six napoleons!" cries Hassan, throwing up his hands and eyes, tossing the feathers at the feet of the cross-legged Moslem and turning toward us with an expression of rage and wonder at the exorbitance of the price, and calling upon all around to witness that he was being swindled. "Well, but Hassan," says our lady, as she takes up the rejected feathers, New York price lists running in her mind, "I don't think five or six napoleons such an exorbitant price, for the feathers are good feathers." You see the poor merchant does look so poor,

and he cannot sell many feathers in Assouan, and of course he has children, and so—and so.

But this is the way trade is ruined, Hassan evidently thinks, but is too dutiful to say. So he explains that they always ask two prices, sometimes three or four, and that if we would all grow angry and throw down the feathers and walk away after him, the merchant would follow us even to the boat, and ask us

to name our price. Well, we appreciate Hassan's motives, but we want to buy the feathers and not perform a comedy, and the trade goes on, Hassan laboring under the disadvantage of our not having acted as a proper chorus. I have no doubt that this lack of proper support cost us in the end, for our Moslem tradesman evidently saw that it was God's will that we should buy the feathers. The trade proceeds. Hassan talks louder and louder, and appeals to the crowd. As he talks in Arabic we only understand him as we would a pantomime. Finally the



ON DECK.

son of Islam asks what would the gracious lady give? "Well," says Mrs. Grant, "I want to give what is right." We name a price, say four napoleons. Then the merchant breaks into a pantomime. He takes the feathers angrily out of our hands. He, too, addresses the audience—and by this time there is an audience—upon the feathers. He holds them up and droops them into a waving dainty plume. "Look at them! See how

they shine ! Look at their tints—white and gray and black ! Such feathers were never seen in Assouan ; they came from the far desert ; they would be cheap at a hundred napoleons.” We suggest to Hassan after this address that we might as well go elsewhere ; that a faith so firmly fixed would not move. “Wait a little,” Hassan says, “he will take the four napoleons, and would take three if we had offered them.” So the debate goes on in fury, the anger increasing, until Hassan says four napoleons will buy the feathers. We pay the money and go to the boat with our plumes. When we thank Hassan for his services he intimates that if we had let him alone he would have bought them for two napoleons.

But you must not suppose that we came to Assouan to buy ostrich feathers. I have told this story because it illustrates the manner in which all the Egyptian trade is conducted, and we have had many experiences like this at Assouan. We note that the aspect of the tour changes. We see the Nubian type, the predominance of the negro. The people seem happy enough. They are sparing of clothes, live on sugarcane and lie in the sun, a happy, laughing, idle, dirty, good-humored race. By this time the want of clothes has become familiar, and we understand why cotton industry does not flourish in Egypt. The people have no use for cotton. The morning comes, and we are to go to Philæ—“beautiful Philæ,” as Brugsch calls it, and the first cataract.

It was very warm when we gathered under the trees to make ready for our journey. Sami Bey had hurried us, and the General was, as he always is, the first at the post. The governor was there, and there was a suspicion, his clothes looked so neat and without wrinkles, that he had sat up all night to keep them nice. He brought the General a dispatch from Gordon Pacha, the famous English officer who has been made Governor General of the Provinces of the Equator by the Khedive, and who is now at Khartoun. But we are just within his provinces, and he sends his message of welcome, one great soldier greeting another. The General returns his thanks and we mount. The General is in luck this morning. The governor has provided

him with an Arabian steed—one of the animals about which poets write. This horse was worthy of a poem, and the General expresses his admiration at its lines and paces, saying he had never seen a better horse. Its trappings are regal, and a smile of satisfaction breaks over the General's face as he gathers the reins in his hand and feels the throbbing of his animal's flanks. Sami Bey suggests that perhaps the General should pace the horse up and down, with an attendant to hold him, to see if he is perfectly safe and comfortable.

Now, Sami Bey is as good a soul as ever lived, and always trying to make everything pleasant, and while he is sure about donkeys, has doubts about this splendid prancing steed. But our General is famous as a horseman in a land famous for horsemanship, and smilingly says: "If I can mount a horse I can ride him, and all the attendants can do is to keep away." We set out in procession, our little trailing army in its usual order of march. The General ahead, Mrs. Grant at his side or near him, securely mounted on her donkey, the Marquis and Hassan near her, should evil fall. We come after, taking the pace our donkey gives us, having learned how wise it is to have no controversy with that useful and wise being, especially upon a theme he knows so well, the holes, and ditches, and yielding sands of Egypt. "Now you will see," says Brugsch, "how beautiful the island of Philæ is; how it nestles in the trees, and how the temple stands out amid the crags and hills, as though nature had been the architect, not man." Then he told us that Philæ was quite a modern place—that the ruins were not more than two thousand years old, and that much of the sculpture was the work of the later Roman emperors, when those slovenly princes were the masters of Egypt. This was all the history connected with Philæ, although no doubt a temple had been built in the early days and destroyed, and the one we were to visit was on its site. As Philæ was on the borders of Ethiopia, and in the vicinity of the granite quarries which supplied the old monarchs with all the stone for their monuments, it must have always been an important point. It was the pass through which the old invading armies of the kings passed when they

invaded Ethiopia and brought home the prisoners whose negro lineaments we have seen traced on the monuments elsewhere.

But very soon Brugsch came to us in sorrow, and said that we were not to see Philæ among the trees, nestling in the crags—to see it from afar, and journey toward it as a temple of beauty. The governor had gone on, and taken another road among the abandoned quarries and tombs, and we saw nothing but rocks and hills, gigantic masses of granite heaped on the plain in the volcanic time. Well, we had been seeing so much sand, and clay, and limestone rock, we had become so weary—

no, I will not say weary, but so accustomed to the low, sloping river, that it was like a glimpse of home to have the granite boulders throwing their shadows over your path and sometimes losing it, so that you had to keep a wary eye to prevent your limbs being bruised by the jagged stones. It looked like a bit of New England tossed into this Nile plain. The sun was beating with his flaming fury, and all that was left to the jaded traveler was to draw the folds of the silk over his brow and face, and jog on. It was the warmest day we had known, in a land where we have known only summer days. To my mind the granite plain

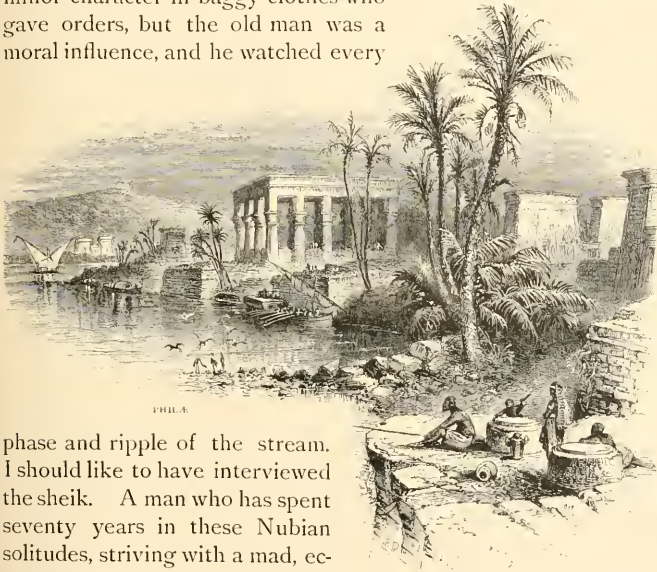
as we advanced to Philæ was full of interest. I thought of the ancient civilization of Egypt in its most repellent and selfish form. It was here that the Egyptians were dragged, generation after generation, to dig out monstrous stones and move them down the river to do honor to the kings. For centuries the work continued—the most selfish work, I take it, ever ordained by a king. For centuries it went on—Cheops this



age, Abydos the age after; Karnak requiring twenty centuries alone. Here was the scene of their toil. Here the taskmaster carried out the orders of the king and forced the uncomplaining slave. I can well understand the horror with which the Israelites regarded Egyptian bondage if they ever came to Assouan to dig stones for a kingly tomb. I have no doubt they did their share of the work, and that over this sandy, rocky plain they trudged their weary road from year to year, their hearts fixed on the Holy Land, waiting for the hour when God would put it into Pharaoh's heart to send them out of the house of bondage. The glory of that dead civilization quite faded away, and I thought only of its selfishness, of its barrenness, and it seemed only a fit retribution that the monuments which were to commemorate for ages the ever-increasing glory of the kings should be given over to the Arabs and the bats, should teach no lesson so plainly as the utter vanity of human pride and power.

But no—we are not iconoclasts—and let us not in one impatient moment, one moment of sympathy for the beaten races, throw aside the magnificence of the old civilization. It was something after all to have made a poem. This we say, for we have passed the granite gorge, and, throwing the silk over the brow, we note that we are on the river bank, and that here at last is nestling, beautiful Philæ, beautiful as a poem. And Brugsch is looking on with beaming eyes, for he loves Philæ with a scholar's love, and has written a book about it, and the other evening, when talk ran dry and we were each saying what we would do if we had the possessions of the late Mr. Vanderbilt, he said he would buy Philæ and repair the temple and plant the island with trees, and there live the remainder of his days. Well, if I had the possessions of the departed railway king, there are two things I would not do. I would not write for newspapers, except to enunciate great principles in the crisis of the nation's fate, and I would not buy Philæ. But I like enthusiasm wherever I find it of the genuine quality, for it is the Alpine air of this misty, foggy work-a-day world, and, as I said, Egypt has been worshiped by our friend with a scholar's love. So we rode along the bank and dismounted,

and embarked on a dahabeeah, which was to ferry us over. This dahabeeah is under the control of a sheik, whose duty is to carry vessels up and down the cataracts. For seventy years, man and boy, he has done this work, and as he stood by the rail looking on, his turbaned head, his swarthy face tinged with gray, and his flowing robes, he looked handsome and venerable. He had twenty-five of a crew, including the children. There was a minor character in baggy clothes who gave orders, but the old man was a moral influence, and he watched every



PHILÆ.

phase and ripple of the stream. I should like to have interviewed the sheik. A man who has spent seventy years in these Nubian solitudes, striving with a mad, eccentric river, must have thought well on many grave problems. But my resources in strange tongues do not include Arabic; and so I am debarred. But we are now moving along the stream, and wayward currents encompass us, and the sheik is no longer a mere moral influence, but an active power. He shouts and gesticulates, and the crew all shout in a chorus, ending with an odd refrain, something like a prolonged moan. It is quite stirring, this strife with the currents; and, although the sun beats with all of his power

upon us, we stand upon the deck and watch. The General expresses his admiration of the seamanship of the Arabs—an admiration which is justified by the manner in which, surging through the perils of the stream, we nestle under the temple walls of Philæ.

We land, not without an effort, and climb into the ruin. Philæ is not specially interesting as a temple after you have seen Thebes and Abydos. I can think of nothing useful to say about it except that as a ruin it is picturesque. Nature comes as an aid. The temples we have been visiting have been mainly in the sand, on the desert. But here we are in volcanic regions. Around us are piles of granite rock. The island is green and the date palms salute us as we pass. There are flowers, and, instead of bulging and sliding through sand, we step trippingly over stones and turf. In the sanctuary we note three young Germans eating lunch. We pass to the other bank to see the cataract. This is one of the features of the Nile. The river here spreads into various channels and runs over rocks. One channel is used for vessels ascending the stream, the other for vessels descending the stream. The one before us is not more than a quarter of a mile long. The river is narrow, the banks are steep, and the stream rolls and dashes like a sea, the waves lashing the banks and roaring. I should call the cataract simply a narrow, heavy sea. The danger in navigating is from the rocks and being dashed against the banks. It is a relief, fresh from five hundred miles of easy, placid sailing, the river as smooth as a pond, to see it in this angry mood. While we are here we note men swimming toward us, each man on a log with a garment tied to the head. They are natives who propose to run the rapids for our amusement. They swim, or rather hold on to a log and propel themselves into the current. It is hazardous enough, for the current sweeps like a torrent, and the least want of nerve would dash the swimmer against the rocks. But they go through bravely enough and come out into the smooth water below. Each swimmer, carrying his log on his shoulder and drawing his single garment around his shivering loins, comes for baksheesh. Hassan makes the pay-

ments, but the crowd becomes clamorous and aggressive, and would probably carry off Hassan, bag and all, but for the governor, who restores order with his stick. We return to our donkeys, having had an interesting but rather wearying day. And in the morning, before we are up, our boat has turned its prow and we are going home.

On our way home we stopped long enough to allow all of the party but Sami Bey and the writer to visit the tombs of the kings. I had letters to write, and we were running swiftly toward mails and mailing distance from New York. We stopped over night at Kenh, and saw our old friend the governor, who came down on his donkey and drank a cup of coffee. We stopped an hour at Siout, and two of our missionary friends came on board and told us the news from the war and from home. We gathered around them in anxious wonder, hearing how Adrianople had fallen, how Derby had resigned, and how England was to go armed into the European conference. "I begin to think now," said the General, "for the first time, that England may go in." Some one proposes laughingly that the General, who is on his way to Turkey, should offer the Sultan his services. "No," he said, "I have done all the fighting I care to do, and the only country I ever shall fight for is the United States." On the 3d of February we reached Memphis. The minarets of Cairo were in sight, and we found General Stone waiting for us with a relay of attendants and donkey-boys from Cairo. We were all glad to see our amiable and accomplished friends, and we had another shower of news, which came, to use a figure that is not quite original, like rain upon the sandy soil. We mounted for our last sight-seeing ride on the Nile, to visit the ruins of Memphis and the tomb of the sacred bulls.

It was believed in the Egyptian mythology that the god Osiris came to earth and allowed himself to be put to death in order that the souls of the people might be saved. After his death there was a resurrection, and the immortal part of him passed into a bull—called Apis. The bull could only be known by certain signs written in the sacred books and kept by tra-

dition. These signs were known to the priests. When they found the calf bearing these marks he was fed for four months on milk in a house facing the rising sun. He was then brought to Memphis and lodged in a palace, and worshiped with divine honors. The people came to him as an oracle. When he passed through the town he was escorted with pomp, children singing hymns in his honor. The greatest care was taken of his life. At the end of twenty-five years, unless natural causes intervened, the reign of Apis came to an end. Another calf was found bearing the sacred signs. The bull was marched to the fountain of the priests and drowned with ceremony. He was embalmed and buried in the tombs which we visited at Memphis. Our ride to Memphis was a pleasant one, a part of it being through the desert. We passed close to the pyramid of Memphis, which is only an irregular, zigzag mass of stones. Brugsch tells us it is very old, but with no especial historical value. The ruins of Memphis are two or three tombs, and the serapeum or mausoleum of the sacred bulls. One of the tombs was opened, and we went through it, noting, as we had so often before, the minuteness and care of the decoration. There were other tombs, but to prevent the modern travelers from breaking them to pieces they were covered with sand. What a comment upon our civilization that Egypt can only preserve her tombs and monuments from Christian vandals by burying them!

We then made our way to the serapeum. While on our journey we heard the story of the discovery of this remarkable monument. Mariette Bey, who still serves the Khedive, was directing excavations, and especially at Memphis. He had long believed that the tomb of the bulls could be found. So here he came and lived, working in the sand for two or three years, with a blind faith in his theory. You cannot imagine anything more unsatisfactory or discouraging than this digging in the sand. In an hour or a day a wind may come up and undo the work of months. Mariette Bey had his own discouragements, but he kept courageously on, and was rewarded by the discovery of the most important of the Egyptian monuments. We heard this story as we groped our way down

to the tombs. We entered a long arched passage with parallel passages. Candles had been placed at various points. On each side of this passage were the tombs. Each tomb was in its alcove. The bull was placed in a huge granite sarcophagus, the surface finely polished and covered with inscriptions. These coffins were stupendous, and it is a marvel how such a mass of granite could have been moved through this narrow channel and into these arches. We lit a magnesium wire and



THE SERAPEUM.

examined one or two very carefully. The tombs had all been violated by the early conquerors, Persians and Arabs, to find gold and silver. In most cases the cover had been shoved aside enough to allow a man to enter. In others the sides had been broken in. The inside was so large that four of our party climbed up a ladder and descended. There was room for three or four more. There were tombs enough to show that the bull had been worshiped for centuries. When we finished this study we rode back to our boat. The sun was going down as we set out on our return, and as we

were passing through a fertile bit of Egypt—a part not affected by the bad Nile—the journey was unusually pleasant. After the parched fields and sandy stretches of the Upper Nile, it was grateful to bathe in the greenery of this Memphis plain, to see the minarets of Cairo in the distance, to feel that we were coming back to a new civilization. The sky lit up with the rosiest tints, one mass of the softest rose and pink—a vast dome glowing with color—starless, cloudless, sunless, it was that



DRIVE WITH THE KHEDEVE.

brief twilight hour, which we have seen so often on the Nile, and the memory of which becomes a dream. I have seen no sky so beautiful as that which came to us when we bade farewell to Memphis. We reached our boat and gave the night to preparations for landing.

It is hard to do anything for the last time, and notwithstanding we were all very busily engaged collecting and packing the various articles of our wardrobe, as well as the numerous mementoes of our journey, I am quite sure all felt a little sad over the close of what had been a brief and joyous experience through this wonderful land of the sun.

We had seen the Nile for a thousand miles from its mouth, with no want of either comfort or luxury, and had made the trip much more rapidly than is the custom; as Sami Bey remarked, it had been the most rapid trip he had ever known. Now, when there was no help for it, we began to wish we had seen more of Denderah, and had not been content with so hurried a visit to Karnak—Karnak, the grandest and most imposing ruin in the world. But, you see, we have letters to read from dear ones at home, and we have come to feel the world again, and we can think with more content of our experiences, now that our hunger for news has been appeased. So we pack up, and in the morning we steam down to Cairo. The General sent for the captain, and thanked him and made him a handsome present. He also distributed presents to all on the boat, including the crew. About twelve we passed the bridge and moored at the wharf. Our "*Vandalia*" friends hurried to Alexandria to join their ship; those who had homes found them, while the General and party returned to the palace of Kassr-el-Noussa.

Here we were again received and welcomed by the representatives of the Khedive. We remained in Cairo for a few days, making many interesting excursions and visits, and enjoying the continued hospitality of the Khedive.

Bidding adieu to our good friends at Cairo, we started for Port Said, and arrived on the 9th of February. Port Said seems quite modern after our journey into Upper Egypt. It is laid out in streets and squares, and is not unlike an American town; has a population of about ten thousand, among whom are many Germans and Italians. It is quite a busy place, the repairing of shipping and the coaling of vessels being the principal occupations of the people. We walked through its sandy streets, under a burning sun, on our way to the house of the consul, where we were to dine and rest. In the afternoon we were most heartily welcomed by our naval friends of the "*Vandalia*," the good ship having come from Alexandria to meet us. We embark, being very glad—notwithstanding the pleasant memories of our trip up the Nile—to get back once

more under the protecting folds of that flag which speaks of home, and this feeling of comfort and satisfaction is heightened by the thought that we are to start this evening for the Holy Land, expecting to arrive, wind and wave permitting, at Jaffa on the morrow.



NAZARETH.



JAFFA.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOLY LAND.

WE left Port Said as the afternoon shadows were lengthening, and went out into the open seas with some misgivings. The weather had been stormy, and heavy dark clouds were banking up against the Syrian skies. A visit to Palestine depends altogether upon the weather, for there are no harbors on the coast, and Jaffa, where we were to land, is an open roadstead difficult to enter even in the best of weather. There was some anxiety during the night as to whether we could land at all, and unless Jaffa proved to be in a hospitable mood, we should have to abandon the Syrian coast and steam toward Smyrna. The idea of a visit to the East without setting our feet on the Holy Land was not to be endured, and when Strong, who was the officer of the ship especially in charge of the weather, reported in his quiet sen-

tentious way, late in the evening, that the clouds were vanishing, that we should see the Palestine shores shortly after dawn, and see them in a clear sea, there was a general feeling of satisfaction. We had been doing a good deal of Bible reading and revision of our Testaments, to be sure of our sacred ground, and when after breakfast we came on deck and saw the low brown shore of Palestine, we looked upon it with reverence, and our gratitude was abundant when we also saw that the ocean beneath was as calm as a millpond, and knew that it was easy to land.



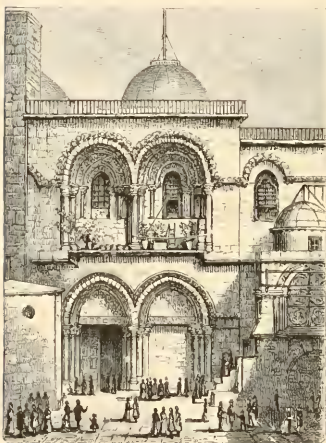
FISHERMEN OF JAFFA.

We steamed slowly toward the shore, watching every line and feature of the coast as it came into view. Jaffa welcomed us from her hilly seat. She seemed an overpacked town, thrown upon the sea-shore. But even Jaffa has now a noble place in the world's history, for her fame was green long before Europe felt the touch of civilization. At her wharves Solomon gathered his cedars from Lebanon. From her shores Simon Peter embarked when he went out to preach Christ and his crucifixion to the world. When we were told that the morning we arrived was the only morning for weeks that had known a calm sea, there was no disposition to murmur at the rain, which

came in soft-flowing showers. Mr. Hardegg, our consul, came on board. Mr. Hardegg is an American citizen of German descent, who came to Palestine under the inspiration of a religious conviction that it was necessary for Christian people to occupy the Holy Land. This enterprise did not flourish, and Mr. Hardegg devoted himself to hotel keeping, and gave us welcome to one of the most pleasant hotels in the East. About eleven o'clock in the morning we landed. The Turkish Government for the cost of one of the Constantinople palaces could make a comfortable and safe harbor, but this is not Turkish policy, and among the theories which animate this strange people is that the surest way to protect a coast like that of Syria is to make access dangerous. The shore is marked by a series of jagged irregular rocks, against which the breakers dash, and it requires all the expertness of practiced boatmen to shoot between them. We were taken on the "Vandalia's" boat, the crew pulling their measured stately stroke. I would much rather, in a sea, trust myself to the Arab boatmen, who wabble about their huge clumsy boats with a skill which does not belong to man-of-war discipline. But we shot through the rocks, and came to the greasy stone steps, which were filled with howling Arabs. There was some difficulty in making our way through the greasy mob, and Mr. Hardegg was compelled to address them in tones of authority and menace; but in time we made our entrance, and walked into Jaffa through one of the dirtiest streets in the world.

Our home with Mr. Hardegg was in the suburbs of the town. The rain had increased the discomforts of the street. But the sensation of being on the holy soil of Palestine, of walking under the walls of a town sacred to all who believe in Christian teachings, made us think lightly of the mud through which we trudged. The consul lives in a little settlement that looks like one of our Western railway towns. Here was the Kansas order of architecture, which was homelike in its homeliness. These houses are all that remain of a movement that took its rise in New England some years ago, a movement based upon the belief that the way to follow Christ was to come and occupy

Palestine. The Bible is sprinkled with texts that justified this enterprise, and our New England friends came and camped in Jaffa. They built houses, planted orange trees, and one would suppose that upon soil so fertile and in a climate so mild there would have been a practical success—the achievement of material benefits something like what the Mormons achieved in Utah. But the colony did not thrive. There is something in Turkish rule that would stifle even New England thrift, and those in charge of the colony seem to have been dreamy and light-headed



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

—lacking in the strong, mighty governing sense which enabled Brigham Young to turn his wilderness into a garden. Having come all the way to Palestine to see the second coming of our Lord, our feather-brained fellow countrymen thought that it would do no harm to sit down and wait, feeling that there would be money enough for all expenses when the Lord did come. So the movement went into bankruptcy, poverty, want, almost starvation; and our Government had to reach out its arms and bring the wandering

saints home again. One or two of the original members of the colony still live here. Mr. Floyd, whom we were afterward to know as our guide in Jerusalem, an active and intelligent man, keeps his house and manages tourist parties through the Holy Land. But the movement has vanished, and all that remain are a few wooden houses with a familiar New England look, and some groves of orange trees, which were in full leaf and fruit, and brightened up with an imperial coloring the landscape under our chamber windows.

We made a pilgrimage through the mud and the narrow,

dingy streets, to the house of Simon the Tanner. On our way we noticed that Jaffa had put on a little finery in the way of ribbons and flags and wreaths in honor of General Grant's coming. There was an archway, and an inscription over it, "Welcome General Grant." There was a large tent, called the headquarters of tourist expeditions through the Holy Land. The proprietor was at the door in a state of enthusiasm, and gave us three cheers all by himself as we passed along, and wanted us to come in and drink champagne. He informed us that he was the most celebrated dragoman in the East, and that if we did not wish to fall into the hands of Bedouins, we should patronize him and not the concern over the way. So you see how this commercial age has carried its spirit of emulation into the Holy Land. We passed through narrow streets and down slippery stone steps over a zigzag route, until we came to a low stone house. This we were told was the house of Simon the Tanner. You know the story of Tabitha, by interpretation called Dorcas, the woman full of good works and alms-deeds; how she became ill and died, and how Peter knelt down and prayed, and turning to the body bade Tabitha to rise, and how she rose again, and many believed in the Lord. We enter the house and see an Arab woman grinding corn. We go up a narrow stone stairs on the outside of the house, and come to the roof, a walled roof paved with stone. Here Simon the Tanner and Peter his friend would sit and take the air, and look out upon the sea, that rolled beneath them even as we behold it now, and talk no doubt of the many wonders that had been seen in Jerusalem. It was on this housetop where Peter came to pray, and where being hungry he fell into a trance, and saw the vision recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, of the vessel descending from the heavens with all manner of beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air. From this house came that fine gospel truth, the finest of all political truths, that God is no respecter of persons. Tradition at least assigns this as the house, and it is as well not to challenge your traditions, but to look and believe.

When we had seen the house of Simon the Tanner we had

seen all that was sacred or memorable about Jaffa. We might have hunted up the spot where Bonaparte put to death his prisoners, but our visit to the Holy Land is not affected by French history. We prepared for Jerusalem. The distance is forty miles, and all that could be done for us were three clumsy wagons without tops, with Mr. Hardegg on horseback as an escort. Our party for Jerusalem included four of the "Vandalia's" officers, Lieutenant-Commander A. G. Caldwell, Lieutenant J. W. Miller, Engineer D. M. Fulmer, and Midshipman W. S. Hogg. It was too early in the season to see



FARMING IN THE HOLY LAND.

Palestine in its glory; but the plain was rich and fertile, sparkling with lilies and scarlet anemones, with groves of orange trees bending under their golden fruitage, the almond trees coming into bloom. We had been so many days in Egypt with no forest companions save the drooping date-palms that we missed the parched and barren fields. It was grateful, then, to see Palestine in its greenness. Even the rain was so homelike that we welcomed it and drove steadily through it until, when the sun went down, we were in the town of Ramleh, where we remained for the night. Our first lodging in the Holy Land was humble enough, for by the time we

reached Ramleh the rain was pouring. Still we were in the most cheerful humor, ready only to see the bright side of everything. Even Caldwell—who had to put on his uniform and sword to go out into the mud, with an Arab carrying a lantern walking ahead and two soldiers behind, and various dogs howling in escort—even Caldwell, who had to call on the governor, seemed to think that there never was so jolly an errand. None of us volunteered to go along. We preferred to sit on the large benches in a room partly dining room, partly kitchen, partly parlor—eggs frying in one corner, servants eating in



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

another, with a huge lazy dog very much at home. Caldwell came back in a half hour dripping, and reported the governor in a fine state of health and propriety, and we went to bed bivouacking on beds that were regarded with natural suspicion. Before retiring we had marching orders for six in the morning, and although six is an early hour we were all in readiness, the General first at his post. It was seven before we left Ramleh and pushed on to Jerusalem.

There are no interesting facts about Ramleh, except that it is of Saracen origin. The tradition that here lived Joseph of Arimathea is not accepted, and the town was not deemed worthy

of scrutiny. We had an escort of lepers as we took our places in our wagons, and were glad to hurry away. We kept our journey, our eyes bent toward Jerusalem, and looking with quickened interest as Mr. Hardegg told us that the blue mountains coming in view were the mountains of Judea. Our road is toward the southeast. The rain falls, but it is not an exacting shower. The General has found a horse, and when offered the affectation of an umbrella and urged to swathe his neck in silk, says it is only a mist, and gallops ahead. We are passing from the plain of Sharon into the country of Joshua and Samson. The road becomes rough and stony, and we who are in the carts go bumping, thumping along, over the very worst road perhaps in the world. But there is no one who, in the spare moments when he is not holding on to the sides of the cart lest there might be too precipitate an introduction to the Holy Land, does not feel, so strong are the memories of childhood, that it is one of the most agreeable and most comfortable trips ever made. We are coming into the foot-hills. We are passing into the country of rocks. The summits of the hills glisten with the white, shining stone, which afar off looks like snow. In some of the valleys we note clusters of olive trees. The fertility of Palestine lies in the plain below. Around and ahead is the beauty of Palestine—the beauty of nature in her desolation—no houses, no farms, no trace of civilization but the telegraph poles. Now and then a swinging line of camels comes shambling along, led by a Bedouin. If we were to stop and pause we might remember that until within a very recent period wild men dwelt in these fastnesses, and that we might have a visit from the Bedouins; but I don't think it ever occurred to any one. And if they came they would find no weapon more dangerous than a cigar case, or a New Testament, which some of us are reading with diligence, in order to get up our Jerusalem and know what we are really to see when we come within its sacred walls. The utter absence of all civilization, of all trace of human existence, is the fact that meets and oppresses you. The hills have been washed bare by centuries of neglect, and terraced slopes that were once rich with all the

fruits of Palestine are sterile and abandoned. The valley over which we have ridden strikes the eye of the General as one of the richest he has ever seen, and he makes the observation that the plain of Sharon alone, under good government, and tilled by such labor as could be found in America, would raise wheat enough to feed all that portion of the Mediterranean. It is an abandoned land, with barrenness written on every hillside. For hath it not been written: "I will surely consume them saith the Lord: there shall be no grapes on the vine, nor figs on the fig



WAILING PLACE OF JEWS.

tree, and the leaf shall fade: and the things that I have given them shall pass away from them."

We pass the ruins of Gezer, which Mr. Hardegg tells us was once a royal city of the land of Canaan—that an Egyptian monarch captured it and gave it to Solomon, when that wise king but widely disseminated husband married the conqueror's daughter. There is nothing worth pausing to see, especially in the rain, and Solomon somehow does not interest us, for our thoughts are all on Jerusalem and one greater than Solomon. At certain intervals we see a square stone guard-house, where

soldiers once lived to watch the roads. But the houses are abandoned and the soldiers have gone to war upon the Muscovite, and the road must take care of itself. We stop about eleven at the only place of entertainment on the way, and are shown into a gloomy, damp upper chamber. There we take luncheon on a pine table in primitive fashion, the Marquis unburdening the baskets and each one helping the others. Some of us walk over the hills for a short tramp while the horses munch their grain, and come back bearing anemones and buttercups and daisies, which we lay at the feet of the lady of our expedition as an offering from the Holy Land. We are off an hour ahead of time, thanks to our illustrious commander. It had been calculated by experts that we should reach Jerusalem about sundown; but the General had planned an earlier arrival, and that we should enter the sacred city while the sun shone. So we went over hills that kept growing higher and over roads growing worse and worse. Some of us walked ahead and made short cuts to avoid the sinuous paths. We pass a village some way off, which in former years was the home of a bandit sheik. We are told that this is the village of Kirjath Jearim, about which you may read in the Bible, where, as Samuel informs us, the ark remained twenty years. If we stopped long enough we might see an interesting church, but we are just now running a limited express to Jerusalem, and the General means not to be behind time. We see beyond us Joshua's Valley of Ajalon, almost hidden in the mist, and remember how the Lord answered the warrior's prayer. We come to the scene of the great battle between David and Goliath. There were stones enough for the stripling's sling, as we can well see. The valley is deep and the brook still runs its swift course. We could easily imagine the armies of the Jews on one side of the valley and the armies of the Philistines on the other. It is the last ravine this side of the heights of Jerusalem, and one of the strongest natural defenses of the Holy City.

We have little time to meditate on these military achievements, for a horseman comes galloping toward us and says that at Koleniyeh—on the banks of the very brook where David

found his pebbles for Goliath—a large company awaits us. In a few moments we come in view of the group. We see a troop of cavalry in line, representatives from all the consulates, a body of Americans, delegations from the Jews, the Greeks, the Armenians; the representative of the pacha—in fact quite a small army. The dragoman of our consulate carries an American flag. As we drive on, the consul, Mr. Wilson, and the pacha's lieutenant, ride toward us, and there is a cordial welcome to Jerusalem. We had expected to enter Jerusalem in our quiet, plain way, pilgrims really coming to see the Holy City, awed by its renowned memories. But, lo and behold! here is an army with banners, and we are commanded to enter as conquerors, in a triumphal manner! Well, I know of one in that company who looked with sorrow upon the pageant, and he it was for whom it was intended. The General had just been picturing to his companions what a pleasant thing it would be to reach Jerusalem about five, to go to our hotel and stroll around quietly and see the town. There would be no palaces, or soldiers, or ceremonies, such as had honored and oppressed us in Egypt. But the General had scarcely drawn this picture of what his fancy hoped would await him in the Holy City, when the horseman came galloping out of the rain and mist, and told us we were expected.

Well, there was no help for it, for there were cavalry, and the music, and the dragomans of all nations, in picturesque costumes, and the American flag floating, and our consul the proudest man in Palestine. Mr. Wilson had a reverential feeling for the General. He was, he told us, the first American editor to name the General for the Presidency, and he had intended that the entrance of his favorite commander into the Holy City should not be a circus show or a one-horse affair, but a pageant. And he surveyed his line with pride, while the General looked on in dismay, feeling that there was no help for him. So we assembled and greeted our friends, and made the best appearance over it possible, and were presented to the various military and civil dignitaries, and partook of coffee and cigars in Turkish fashion. More than all, there were horses—

for the General, the pacha's own white Arab steed in housings of gold. It was well that this courtesy had been prompted, for the bridge over the brook was gone and our carts would have made a sorry crossing. We set out, the General thinking no doubt that his campaign to enter Jerusalem at five had been frustrated by an enemy upon whom he had not counted. He had considered the weather, the roads, the endurance of the horses; but he had not considered that the pacha meant to honor him as though he were another Alexander coming into a



BLIND BEGGAR—VIA DOLOROSA.

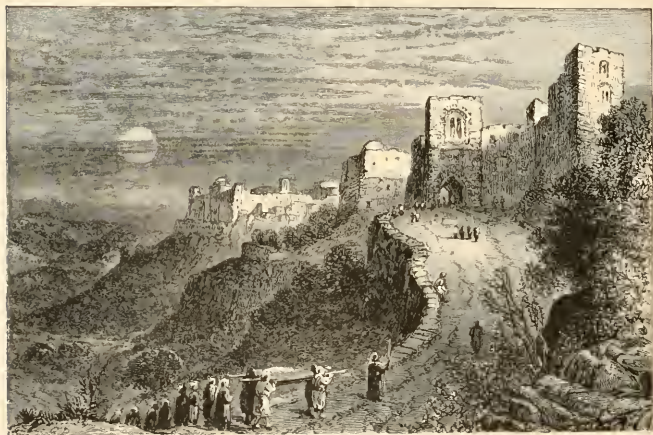
conquered town. We trailed up the winding ways of the hill—the hill which sheltered Jerusalem from the Canaanite and Philistine. Jerusalem is two thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and even then it lies beyond a hill that must be passed. We wind around and around, patiently straining toward the summit. The mist and the clouds that had been hovering over our path finally enveloped us, and we could trace with difficulty the path over which we had come. The view on a clear day must be

wonderful for breadth and beauty, and even now, with the gray clouds about us and the rain falling in a mist, we looked down the mountain's dizzy side and saw hill after hill sweeping like billows on toward the sea. As a glimpse of nature there was beauty in the scene to be remembered in many a dream. But we were thinking of the valley below, of events which have stirred the souls of Christian men for centuries, as the path of conquering armies—of Joshua and David—of Alexander and Vespasian—of Godfrey and Saladin. And here we were coming with banners and armed men, and at our head, riding side by side with the pacha's Turkish lieutenant, one

whose name will live with that of the greatest commander who ever preceded him over this rocky way. The valley passes away. We ride about a mile through a suburb, the highway lined with people. The General passes on with bared head, for on both sides the assembled multitude do him honor. We see through the mist a mass of domes and towers, and the heart beats quickly, for we know they are the domes and towers of Jerusalem. There are ranks of soldiers drawn in line, the soldiers presenting arms, the band playing, the colors falling. We pass through a narrow gate, the gate that Tancred forced with his crusaders. We pass under the walls of the tower of David, and the flag that floats from the pole on the consulate tells us that our journey is at an end and that we are within the walls of Jerusalem.

We were taken to a small hotel—the only one of any value in the town. As I lean over the balcony I look out upon an open street or market place where Arabs are selling fruits and grain and heavy-laden peasants are bearing skins filled with water and wine. The market place swarms with Jews, Arabs, Moslems, Christians. Horsemen are prancing about, while the comely young officer in command sits waiting, calmly smoking his cigarette. A group of beggars with petitions in their hands crowd the door of the hotel, waiting the coming of the man who, having ruled forty millions of people, can, they believe, by a wave of the hand alleviate their woes. The General is putting on his gloves for the ride to Bethlehem, and this is the guard that will bear him company. Mrs. Grant, by various friendly processes, is at length secure on her donkey, and once the General is in the saddle the rest of our party will be up and away. The market place is under the walls of a tower—a huge, weather-beaten mass—which overlooks on the other side a pool. The tower is called the Tower of David, and the pool is that in which Bathsheba bathed. It was here that the king walked when his eyes fell upon Uriah's one ewe lamb. A step leads to a wall and a gate. Beyond the gate a camp of Bedouins are gathered over a fire, and you hear the sound of the forge, for they are striving to fashion a hammer into shape. Through

this gate Simon Peter passed on his way to the seaside, when he went out into the world to preach the Gospel. If I go up a pair of narrow stone steps, as I did this morning about sunrise, I am on the roof, a roof of stone, with a barrier around it. In these Eastern houses the roof is the drawing-room, and I can well fancy as I pace over the honest floor what fine company one might have with the stars and the hills, and above all with the memories that rest upon these domes and roofs, these valleys and hills, this gray, sloping mass of houses and churches. You



BETHLEHEM.

have for company all the memories that come to you from the pious hours of childhood; for your roof is on the crest of Mount Zion, and beneath you is holy Jerusalem.

Of course to feel Jerusalem one must come with faith. And if there be heathen questionings in any of our company, for this day at least we give ourselves up to faith. When I was on the Nile I found how much easier it was to be in accord with the monuments and the tombs; to go from Memphis to Thebes believing—humbly believing—in every stone. But Egypt was the house of bondage after all, and when I came to

Suez, and looked over the shallow water and the sandy stretches to the grove of palms where Moses rested after he had crossed the Red Sea, all my sympathies were with the Israelites who had escaped, and not with the hosts upon whom the waters rolled in a desolating flood. That is a question upon which one takes sides early in life; and although you come to see and hear many things on the other side, and to wonder at the many cruel necessities of the early dispensation, your feelings are set—they are a part of your life—and no amount of reason or historical research can do away with the impressions that came in the fresh young hours of your Sunday-school existence. Egypt was always the house of bondage, and you looked at the records of Rameses and Sesostri with a cold, curious feeling—as you would look at any extraordinary work of man. It was only history after all. But you come to the Holy Land with something of the feeling that you come to your home. Somehow you always belonged here—for every name is a memory, and every step awakens the long-forgotten dreams and prayers of childhood, and over all, in the very air you breathe, is that supreme, that gracious, that holy presence—infolding you as it were with incense—the presence of Jesus Christ. This was the city of great kings, of dynasties of kings, of prophets and judges—founded by Melchizedek, governed by Solomon, conquered by Alexander—with annals surpassing in historic renown that of any city in the world. But all are forgotten in the presence of that one name, which embodies the faith and the hopes of Christendom.

There were ceremonies to be accepted and returned which took time, but which I will sum up and dismiss as among things that you do not care to dwell upon in holy Jerusalem. The pacha called in state, and spoke of the honor conferred upon him by welcoming General Grant to Palestine. The General returned this call with all the ceremony that we could command, which was made easy by the complaisance and good nature and the uniforms of our naval friends. A uniform counts for a great deal in calling upon a pacha. The consuls came with compliments. The bishops and patriarchs all came and blessed

the General and his house. The pacha offered to send his band of fifty pieces and a guard to be in constant attendance. But visiting the holy places with a band of music and a military escort was so appalling an honor that it was declined with as much tact as possible to avoid offense. As a compromise, the General accepted the band for the hour in the evening when we dined. He could not avoid it, and it would be a pleasure to the people who swarmed at our gates, and lay in wait for the General with petitions. The pacha gave a state dinner, to

which we all went—a dinner marked with the kindest hospitality. These ceremonies quite used up our little time. The General intended to spend three days only in Jerusalem, for already his eyes turn toward Rome, where he expects in March to meet some of his family, and we must in the meantime see Smyrna, Constantinople, and Athens.

Free from our ceremonies, we set out to walk over the sacred places, our first walk being over the Via Dolorosa, the street consecrated to Christianity as the street over



WOMEN OF BETHLEHEM.

which Christ carried his cross. I am living within five minutes' walk of Calvary. I look at it in the morning from the terrace near my chamber door—a fair rounded dome, high in the air, covering the spot upon which our Saviour suffered. I do not enter into the question as to whether or not this was the real Calvary. Somehow one thinks it must have been one of the hills beyond the city, of which there are many; that the cross would have been more imposing on the top of the Mount of Olives, for instance, than here within the walls near the market places, under a dome. But executions, we must remember, are not pageants, and it

would have been a weary road over the valley and up the hill for any careful centurion to send his soldiers. It is also known that in the time of Christ Calvary was without the city walls, that it was about sixty feet above the lower streets of the city, as high as Mount Moriah and Mount Zion. So that each historical condition of place and convenience is satisfied. We pass from our hotel on Mount Zion through a narrow, dingy street, paved with jagged cobble-stones, rendered smooth by rain and mud. We make our way with difficulty. We stumble and slide rather than walk. We pass beggars who cry for alms, workmen at various industries, merchants selling their wares, camels, and asses, and beasts of burden. We turn into a covered way and are on the Via Dolorosa. The first place pointed out is the Coptic Monastery. Here Christ sank under the weight of the cross. We are going down the hill which he ascended. We come to the ruins of the Hospice of the Knights of St. John. Here is where Jesus addressed the women who followed him. We wind around the corner and follow the narrow, slippery way—beggars still crawling about us for alms—Alexander, of the legation, a fair young Syrian in Oriental costume, bearing a sword, leading the way. Alexander is in something of a hurry, the Via Dolorosa being of about as much interest to him as Broadway to a New York policeman. Here we are at the house where Jesus fell for the second time. We descend a slippery path, and at the corner is the house against which Christ leaned in his agony. The next house is that of Dives, the rich man. At this corner Simon of Cyrene took the cross and carried it a part of the way, for which pious office his soul found eternal bliss and his name has been made immortal by a grateful, sorrowing, Christian world. In front of the house of Dives is a stone, and over it a hovel. The hovel was the house of the beggar, the stone is where he sat in quest of alms; and under this archway where we now stand and look at the rich man's house, Jesus stood and pronounced the parable which you will find in the sixteenth chapter of Luke. We keep on until we come to a church, a bright new church, with an arch overhanging the street. This is the Church of Ecce Homo. It

was here or hereabouts that the road to the cross began. There is a barracks on the site of Pilate's judgment hall. We go into the church, a sweet-faced sister of some Catholic order opening the way. Behind the altar is an arch, and under this arch Pilate stood when he delivered over Jesus to the Jews. Here, in an inclosure, was the whipping, the crowning with thorns, the decoration with the purple robes, and here also Jesus took up the cross which he carried to Calvary. We can readily see as we retrace our way up the *Via Dolorosa* that it must have been



MOUNT QUARANTANIA

a rough and weary road to one rent, and torn, and bleeding, and crushed under the cruel burden of the cross. Even to us—free as we are—wayfarers, in full possession of our faculties, it is a tedious task to climb the hill of Calvary.

We come to the city gate. There is a large gate and a small wicket. When the gate is closed at night belated travellers are admitted, after due scrutiny, through the wicket. This wicket is called the Needle's Eye. It is large enough for an average-sized man to enter without stooping. This gives a touch of realism to your scriptural readings, and makes clear

one of the puzzling Bible comparisons, that it is easier for a camel to enter the needle's eye than for the rich man to enter the kingdom of God. How plain the holy words become, and how impressive the simple rhetoric of our Master. Our journey now is over the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The brook below is the brook Kedron, of which it is written that Jesus, on the night before his betrayal, "went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where there was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples." We cross the brook hallowed by his holy and sorrowful footsteps. We ascend the hill a short distance and come to a walled garden. A monk opens the gate. The garden blooms with flowers. The paths are neatly swept. Around the walls are the pictures by which the Catholic represents the way to the



NEAR NAZARETH

cross. Over the flower beds droop a cluster of olive trees, ancient, gnarled, and bending. It is not difficult to believe, knowing what we do know about trees in California, that these are twenty centuries old. The General says he does not doubt it, even from the random evidence of his own eyes. Under this tree Jesus Christ knelt and prayed and made holy forever the Garden of Gethsemane. We looked at the

tree called "The Tree of Agony." We pressed its knotted bark with reverence, and, though we were an idle group, fresh out of a busy world, there were few words spoken, and all thoughts turned to the sacred and sorrowful scenes which Christian men believe here took place. And if one could know the hearts of those who were about the tree, who stood around in silence, I have no doubt that he would know of many a silent prayer breathed to Heaven that in the hour of extremity the grace there implored for sinning souls might be our portion.

The good monk gathered some flowers for Mrs. Grant, and for the others twigs and leaves from the Tree of Agony. We climbed the Mount of Olives to the summit. We entered the chapel said to be the site of the Ascension—now a Moslem mosque. We went to the top of one of the minarets and looked far beyond to the land of Moab, the Valley of the Jordan, and an edge of the Dead Sea. In the farthest distance, just touched by the sunlight, was a mountain. We were told it was Pisgah, from which Moses viewed the Promised Land. We went on to the chapel which marks the spot where our Saviour taught the Lord's Prayer. We went into the magnificent chapel which a French princess has erected for her tomb, and around the walls of which is the Lord's Prayer in thirty - two different tongues. We kept on over the hill, over a fearful road, to the village of Bethany. It was here that Jesus lived when he preached in Jerusalem. Here was Lazarus, whom he called from the tomb. Here lived Martha and Mary. We ride under the overhanging ruins of the dwelling in which Jesus found home, shelter, friendship, love; where he came for peace after the hard day's work in Jerusalem. We walk around Bethany—which is only a collection of ruins and hovels—passing over the grave-yard where Lazarus was buried. We continue along the road that leads to Jerusalem again, not over the mountain, but the one sloping near its base. It was over this road that Jesus rode when he entered Jerusalem on an ass. Here too it was that David passed in sorrow when pursued by the ungrateful Absalom. We pause at the head of the hill,

where Jerusalem comes in view. It was here that Jesus wept over Jerusalem and prophesied its destruction. We can well imagine the beauty of the fair city as it nestled on the hillside—the temple dazzling all eyes with its glory, the battlements and walls menacing all men with their power. Then we kept on down the Valley of Jehoshaphat and over the brook and around the city to another entrance called the Damascus Gate. Thence to our hotel it was but a short distance. The walk had been a long one, but no one felt weariness, for every memory it awakened was a memory of the noblest moments in our lives, and every step we had taken had been over hallowed ground.

“Jerusalem,” says the Psalmist, “is builded as a city that is compact together.” This is true to-day. The sight-seer might go over the whole city in a morning. When you read in the Psalms such a comparison as this: “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even forever,” you feel that the city you look upon must have been present to the writer. It may have been the rain and the snow, which came, during our visit, with a severity which had not been known for years—but Jerusalem impressed you as a sad city. Or it may have been the remembrance of the unspeakable woes which the holy men in the scriptural days were in the habit of threatening, and which time has certainly fulfilled; the remembrance, for instance, of an imprecation like this from Jeremiah: “All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call The perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole earth?” There must have been some reason for the words of eulogy, but Jerusalem has no form of beauty, except when seen from one of the hills, say from the Mount of Olives, and then its domes and minarets, its gray, massive walls, its compact streets, blend into an imposing picture. As you slip over the rough cobble-stones, and fall into ruts, stumble in the broken roads, and go through the noisome streets where life seems a fermentation, it is hard to feel that even in its holiest and sunniest days Jerusalem could

have been "the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth."

In our visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it fell to the Greek priests to welcome General Grant. This church is under the joint charge of the priests of the Greek and Catholic Churches, with a Turkish guard over the saintly men to keep them from quarreling. As the General came to the door, the Archbishop, followed by a retinue of priests, advanced, welcoming and blessing us all. It was quite dark, but the eye soon became accustomed to the imperfect light. It was a disappointment to think that so many incidents in the passion of



SITE OF CAPERNAUM.

Our Lord should have happened in a space so small that one dome should cover them all. The tomb, the spot where the angel sat and watched, the rock rent by the earthquake, the cavern in which the true cross was found, the stone on which Jesus sat when he was crowned with thorns, were all within the walls of the church. The Holy Sepulchre is in a small inclosure blazing with lamps. We entered one by one, the priests accompanying us, for the room is too small for more than two or three. We saw the smooth white marble slab covering the sarcophagus in which the body of Jesus was intombed, the priest said a prayer, bestowing some incense upon us, and we kept our way. Then passing up a stairway we came to a platform. On one side was an altar. Lamps, hung around it and

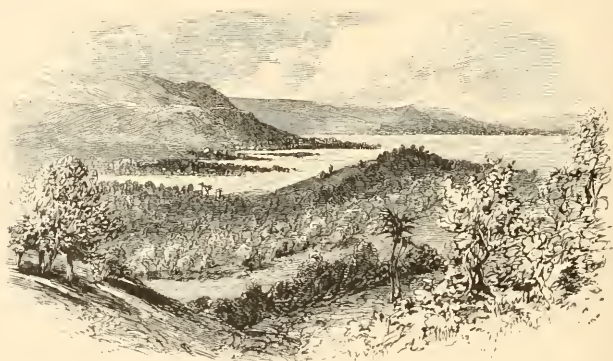
the air was heavy with incense. There were three crosses in position. Under the center cross was a hole or socket. In this hole stood the cross of Our Saviour when he suffered. The other crosses marked the site of His companions in suffering. As we stood at the foot of these decorations, the priests about us deep in prayer, it was difficult to feel that we were on a hill, on the Mount of Expiation, for above us was the dome of a church, and around us the walls. What we saw was an over-decorated chapel in the upper part of a church. Yet there is no reason why it should not have been Calvary, for remember that modern Jerusalem is built on the ruins of the old city, and whatever one may question in the sacred writings, you cannot come to Palestine and doubt the geography. Every step you take convinces you of the geographical accuracy of the prophets and apostles. Nor, it seems, could there be a question, in a land of traditions, where even the ages do not change a nation's habits, as to the spot so well known in all eastern cities as the site of public executions. You may have your doubts as to the spot where the cock crew, or the fig-tree withered, or the soldiers cast lots; but Gethsemane and Mount Zion, Bethany and Calvary, can be taken on unquestioned evidence.

There were other visits in Jerusalem, to the Mosque of Omar, notably, where we were received by the Pasha and the Mohammedan officials, and shown the spots sacred to the Mohammedan faith. We visited the excavations, and saw a street going back to the Roman days. From this you see that ancient Jerusalem was about sixty feet below the present grade, a fact confirming your belief in the Hill of Calvary. There was a visit to Bethlehem, which was disagreeable on account of the rain and snow, and severely tried all the members of the party. There was a dinner at the Pasha's palace, that official expressing great anxiety that we should continue our journey through Syria. But the storm which made the visit to Bethlehem so severe an undertaking had covered the hills with snow, and, after some discussion, it was determined to return to Jaffa, and, if possible, reach Beyrout and Damascus from the sea.

We came back to Jaffa, and found, the morning after our

arrival, the "Vandalia" waiting for us; and in a rolling sea we embarked and steamed along the Syrian coast. But the storm, which had added even to the desolation of Jerusalem, continued, and, with much reluctance, we were compelled to abandon our visit to the Lebanon, and continue on to Asia Minor. So we slowly steamed through the islands of the *Ægean*, and on the morning of the 21st of February came to anchor in the beautiful bay of Smyrna, meeting Admiral LeRoy and his flag-ship, the "Trenton."

Pleasant was our visit to Smyrna, rambling about the hills,



LAKE OF GALILEE.

strolling through the bazaars, meeting our countrymen on the men-of-war. The effects of the war raging between Russia and Turkey were seen in the hordes of refugees, of Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks, that swarmed about the highways. Some apprehension was felt for the safety of the Europeans, as there were constant rumors of an outbreak and a massacre, among the Circassians especially. On the 26th of February, accompanied by Admiral LeRoy and a number of his officers, we visited the ancient ruins of Ephesus, taking lunch on the site of what was said to have been the pulpit of St. Paul in the days of his ministry. There were official visits to the admirals

and official dignitaries in Smyrna, the manning of yards, and the firing of salutes ; and at three in the afternoon of the 27th of February, we took our leave and went to sea. On the morning of the 28th we came in sight of the Russian camp at Gallipoli. Early on the morning of March 1st, Lieutenant Strong called me and I came on deck. The wind was cold and blowing, but as the sun rose we saw Tenedos and the Troad, and, high above all, the cloudy summit of Mount Ida. At San Stefano, Consul-General Schuyler, General Chambers, and Lieutenant Green of our army, with my dear friend Mac-Gahan—whose death we were soon to deplore—boarded the “Vandalia” and bade us welcome to Constantinople.



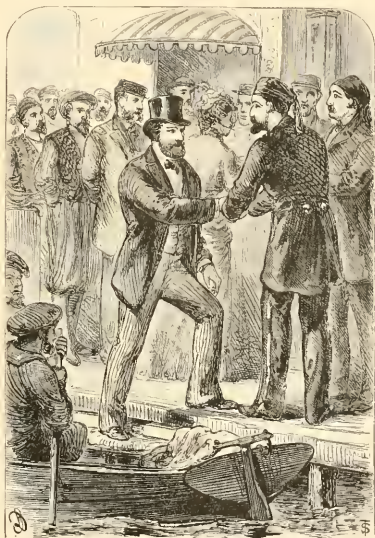
CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHAPTER XII.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND ATHENS.

GENERAL GRANT'S arrival in Constantinople had been fairly well timed, as it occurred but a few days after the treaty of San Stefano. While in Palestine, notwithstanding our American capacity for obtaining news, we were for some time in doubt as to the course of events. Rumor flies rapidly in the East, and it was somewhat difficult to sift the false from the true. Of course our chief was thoroughly informed as to the nature of events, and we hoped that when the news of peace reached us, at least for a while there would be cessation of strife between Muscovite and Moslem. The journey from Asiatic to European Turkey was accomplished without any great fatigue by our party, and it was on the 5th of March when the General entered

Stamboul. Immediately on arrival, General Grant was welcomed as usual by the diplomatic representatives of the United States, and all the Americans in Constantinople were eager in paying their respects to our distinguished chief. The usual round of visits of ceremony to our great good fortune were somewhat curtailed, owing possibly to the gravity of the events. The long and hard fight Turkey and the Sultan had made, perhaps tended toward diminishing the usual pomp and ceremony which belong to Oriental receptions. Of course though feeling peculiarly the position of his majesty the Sultan Abdul Hamid, General Grant, with his dislike of grand reviews and military displays, was rather pleased than otherwise that he escaped the usual rounds of warlike pageants. Among the most pleasant of the visits made to General Grant, was that of Sir Austen Henry Layard, the British Ambassador, and a grand *soirée* was given by this distinguished diplomatist, traveler, and archæologist to the Ex-President, which was attended by all the leading native and foreign officials.



ARRIVAL AT STAMBOUL.

I cannot say that sight-seeing in Constantinople in March was of an agreeable character, owing to the fact that March in this portion of Turkey is of the most disagreeable kind. Ice, snow, and rains prevail, and the warmest and stoutest clothing is necessary. A cold fog blows up from the Black Sea, which is of the most penetrating character. Some of the party felt

the change from the warmer climate of Syria, but in our rapid tour of travel no one I am happy to say had the time to be invalidated. Some cities have the great misfortune of being situated in those exact positions which seem to attract war and strife. From the time of Philip of Macedon until almost yesterday, when the Emperor Alexander with his hosts threatened



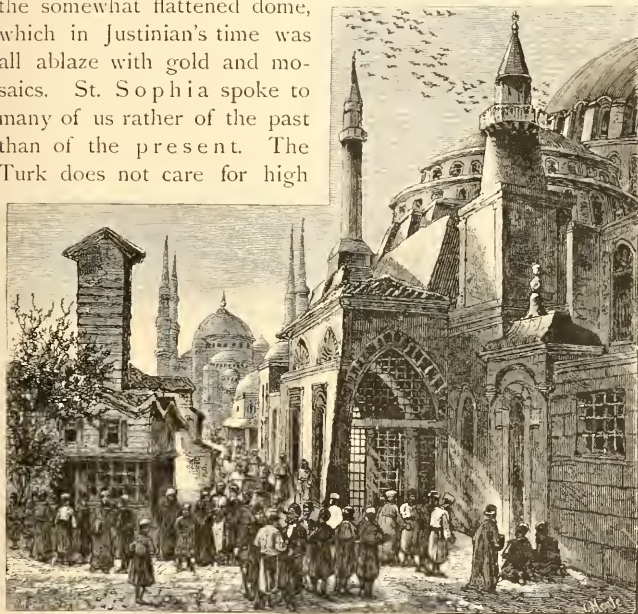
MAP OF TURKEY AND ITALY.

its walls, Byzantium of the past or Constantinople of the present has always courted sieges. Here sooner or later will swords again be crossed and shots be fired, until the Bosphorus becomes the dividing line between two races of a different creed. But our party is so entirely unmilitary, from its

chief down, that I must dismiss all warlike souvenirs, save to recall how in the fifteenth century Constantine XIII. reigned here, and losing his life in battling for his throne, the Moslem won Constantinople, and made it the great capital of the Turk.

Mingled together in its grandest mosque, St. Sophia shows the relics of Christianity in the midst of Mohammedanism. It is not even of ancient times this impress of European thought, for to keep it erect it was renovated only in 1847 by Fossati. Do what they may, save by leveling to the dust the proud dome of St. Sophia, the followers of the Prophet never can change the one great plan of the foundation, symbolic of Christ, which is in the plan of a cross. I do not think that the most ardent worshiper of that Christ ought to feel any degradation in the fact that so memorable a building should be devoted to a religion other than his own. Europeans and Americans rarely appreciate the devotion of a good Moslem. Traveling much in foreign lands ought to induce liberality of thought. Though St. Sophia from its immensity be not crowded, still it has its constant concourse of worshipers. Here are imaums, there

sheiks reading their Koran, all imbued let us trust with pious thoughts. There is this peculiarity in Oriental adoration that it is indifferent as to the place or surroundings where God or the Prophet is to be worshiped. The Christian usually seeks the retirement of his closet to address there his Maker, while he who turns toward Mecca prays fervently whether he be alone or in the presence of thousands. Above the great mosque is the somewhat flattened dome, which in Justinian's time was all ablaze with gold and mosaics. St. Sophia spoke to many of us rather of the past than of the present. The Turk does not care for high



MOSQUES OF ST. SOPHIA AND SULTAN AHMED.

decorative art in his mosques, and much that was beautiful with the miracles of Byzantine art have been covered over—perhaps defaced. Partly church, partly mosque, it still awes one with its grand story. Some day, when no man can say, those four six-winged seraphim, all in mosaic, Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, and Israel, will shine resplendent, and the

names of Abu-beker, Omar, and Osman will certainly be translated to another sphere. But other mosques call our attention. The one of the Sultan Achmed is of a pure Oriental type, with its four airy domes and its six lofty minarets. The story goes that when Achmed conceived the design of this mosque, permission had to be asked of Mecca to build on it as many minarets as were over the tomb of the Prophet. This request was at last granted after innumerable delays, and not before a seventh minaret had been added to the shrine in Arabia. While one portion of the party visited the mosques, others, intent on collecting some souvenirs of their trip, sought the bazaars. Though the Russians were quite near, since peace had been declared business seemed to be reviving. Camels or the Turkish porters went briskly around, bent double under their heavy burdens, but were the only lively people on the scene. The Turkish merchant takes business in the most nonchalant way. He never is in a hurry. Prices we found were very exorbitant, that is if we chose to pay them. The act of chaffering or haggling seems to be expected, and one's time and patience are sorely tried. It is not because you are an infidel or a stranger that ten times what a thing is worth is asked you. It is simply the habit of the country. Here is a pipe shop, with the red-clay bowls, and cherry or jasmine stems; we buy pipes and saffron-yellow tobacco.

Some of us venture into a café; we find it to be of a mixed character. You might have all the civilization of the Boulevard des Italiens, Parisian coffee, a French waiter, your little glass of brandy or your Havana cigar, or you could indulge in the purest Orientalism with a native attendant. The waiter at a word of command will bring you an almond-stem pipe with its amber mouth-piece, will fill the bowl with the most delicate tobacco, and you can loll on a divan, propped up by cushions, and puff away by the hour, drinking from time to time your small cup of blackish, groundy coffee, in a filagree cup, or indulging in many of the peculiar sweet concoctions the Turk delights in. Some of us were bold enough to investigate the mysteries of a Turkish restaurant, one of the better kind, and found not only the ser-

vice excellent, but the dishes quite palatable. All languages seemed to be spoken around us; one of our party, a polyglot, made out German, Hungarian, Italian, Polish, Armenian, and Greek. We had happened to enter an eating house frequented by military men, and the officers were apparently discussing the condition of affairs, which, though unfortunate they might have been, did not seem to have any depressing effects upon their appetites. Turkey, and especially the Turkish service, has been for the last forty years the refuge of so many foreigners, that one need not be surprised at the varied character of the language spoken. With all her seeming exclusiveness, due to her religion, Turkey has been the home of many an exile, and among her bravest defenders have been soldiers of foreign birth. As known to be attached to General Grant, an acquaintance with our party was soon made by a group of superior officers, and the eulogium of our chief was pronounced. We were amazed at the thorough acquaintance many of the gentlemen present had with the leading events of our own civil war, and the conspicuous part played by General Grant. We found, what was not surprising, that the excellence of American arms was fully asserted by an ordnance officer present, and the important part our Yankee-made rifles had borne in the fight with Russia. They seemed grave and thoughtful men, and lauded the steady endurance, the frugality, the obedience and courage of their men.



STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Many excursions were made to the various palaces built by

the recent predecessors of the present Sultan, who all seemed to have had a mania for building costly edifices, quite indifferent as to where the money came from. Some of the party with antiquarian zeal visited the Hippodrome, which once was the rival of the Roman Coliseum. The cemeteries of Constantinople are among the usual places which call on the attention of the



TURKISH BAZAAR.

tourist, but as the weather was tempestuous, such explorations were not made. One thing peculiar about Constantinople is its quiet after a certain hour at night. By half-past nine there are no moving figures in the streets save that of an occasional patrol of soldiers going to the relief of a post. Nothing disturbs the dead silence, only the lugubrious howl of some of those

wretched street curs, the pariahs of their race, which eke out a miserable existence in the public ways of Constantinople. It is said that there is a fire every day and night in Stamboul, but if any occurred we did not see the Turkish fire brigade in action.

There are many other sights to see. We go to the water side and watch the Bosphorus and the caiques gliding like light-

ning through the water. It is too cold yet for the boatmen to don their finest costumes, so we are told, or, as the dragoman informs us, we would see the model watermen of the world. We watch a transport steamer coming in, and happen to meet a regiment or so of Turkish veterans landing from a distant point. They are fine, sturdy, military-looking men. Of Orientalism in the street we see plenty. Women clad in a multitude of garments waddle along, veiled to the very eyes. We venture on long walks through Pera, the European portion of the capital, situated at the opposite side of the port. Here is a city aside, for the Perotes consider themselves as a people apart from the Turk, asserting their English, French, Italian, Russian, or Greek origin. Here are many fine residences of Europeans.

Our time is very fully engaged, and we make the most of our few days in Constantinople. We are told by American friends, who have resided for many years in Constantinople, that the City of the Golden Horn is not what it used to be. That the gloom of the terrible struggle, which has been looming like a dark cloud over the city, has not yet entirely disappeared, and that only within the last few days has something like former life returned to it. We are forced to decline many kind invitations proposed in the General's honor, but which cannot take place in consequence of the hurried visit he is making. Everywhere, notwithstanding the somewhat depressing character of Turkish events which absorb the people, the Ex-President is looked upon with honor, and the greatest interest is manifested in regard to his movements. Our stay though brief in Constantinople, not-



STREET IN STAMBOUL.

withstanding bad weather, was of the most enjoyable character. We were due, however, in Greece, so after the usual warm leave-takings from all the Americans at Constantinople, following in the lead of our chief, we made straight for Athens.

The usual good weather which follows the General's movements accompanied him, and the journey to Athens was accomplished without fatigue. Through the Dardanelles we sailed, making before long the Gulf of Athens and the port of Piræus.



THE HAREM.

some six miles from the chief city of old Greece. A short railroad trip took us to Athens.

The General is gradually getting over the idea that it is possible for him to travel as a private citizen, for here in Athens a most flattering reception met him. The United States minister at Athens, General John Meredith Read, with a large number of American citizens, were present to welcome him, and even the King and Queen vied with the citizens of Athens in doing him honor. More invitations, dinners, and receptions were offered than the General could have accepted in many

months. It is out of my purpose to describe the political feeling which was running high in Athens at the time of our arrival. The sympathy of Greece for Russia in the war against Turkey is well known, and perhaps great expectations of extension of territory had been hoped for by the modern Athenians. The dream of a great country, recalling the memories of thousands of years back, when Greece, with Athens as its center, gave art, politics, and literature to a world, had been thought once more as within their grasp. The suddenness of the peace of San Stefano

had brought all ambitious thoughts to a standstill. Such topics were rife, however, and though the excitement was immense, it in no way tended to make our visit to Athens anything else than a most delightful one. A grand reception was offered to the General by the King and Queen of Greece, which was of the most agreeable character. This fête was attended by all the foreign ministers and the notables of the country. Here we saw, in all its elegance, the peculiar graceful costumes of the country.

Nothing can exceed the distinction of the more aristocratic of the Greeks. If, however, the peculiar people of the Greek of Praxiteles have passed away, and another type has been presented, it is still a wonderfully handsome one.

Athens is a mine of ancient research, and not a day passes without some wonderful finds being made. Excavations are



TURKISH LADY.

constantly being prosecuted, for not a spade is put on a foot of ground which does not enter classic soil. Dwelling as the Athenian does in the midst of history, he prides himself in being familiar with its past glories. With the Acropolis ever in view, capped by the grandest of all modern ruins, the Parthenon, the great deeds of his ancestors are ever present in the Athenian mind.

We defer for a day or so the visit to the Parthenon, as it is to be illuminated on the occasion of General Grant's visit, and as the



THE DARDANELLES.

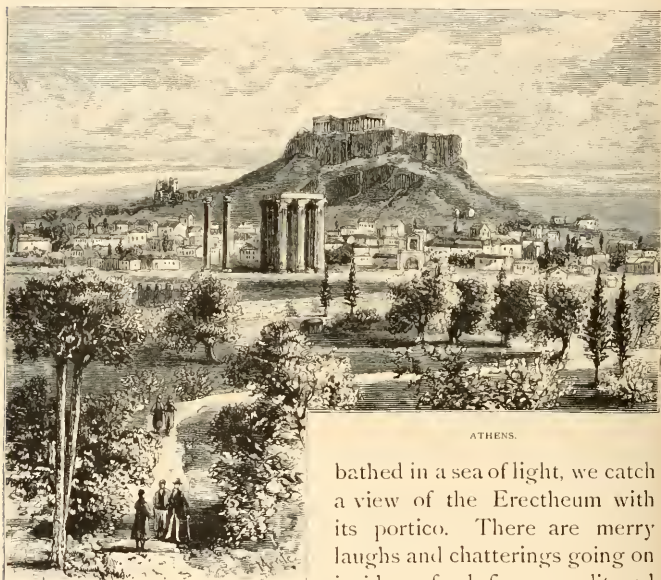
city itself has claims on our attention. Life in Athens is mostly out of doors, and the cafés in the street are numerous. The coming prosperity of Greece is evident from the bustle and business we see. We try and study the peculiarities of the Greek temperament, and are amazed at its activity and business-like qualities. Proud of what their country has achieved in so short a time—for liberty acquired at Navarino is not half a century old—the Greeks are now the leading commercial people in the Levant. We know in the United States how assiduous and clever in business are the Greek merchants. Of course it

is not in Athens that can be seen the commerce of this country; but still its effects were plainly visible by the elegance of the new structures in process of erection.

Perhaps as notable an event as can be recorded, and one which left an indelible impress on the minds of our party, was the illumination of the Parthenon. This is an honor only paid to the most distinguished guests. Starting out of a pleasant evening, attended by a numerous escort, we scaled the Acropolis and were amid the noblest monuments of Hellenic art. Though telling sadly of the ravages of time and man's vandalism, this magnificent pile astounds the beholder by its grandness. Up rears a host of pillars of Pentelic marble, fashioned and conceived by the genius of a Phidias. This was the fortress, the shrine in which the old Greek worshiped, resplendent with statues of the gods. I am not architect enough or sufficiently skilled to enter into all the refinements of art which were employed to render the Parthenon the most perfect of all buildings. Modern scientific research of a special character has exhausted itself over this ruin, and is fully satisfied that the old Greek builder was absolutely cognizant not only of the bold grandeur, but also of the most delicate subtleties of his art. Human imagination will go back, no matter how prosaic a man is, to those who worshiped in this temple two thousand years and more ago. Such superb creations of art must have kept alive the respect for the heathen deities; must have made the old Greek believe that it was Minerva or great Jove himself who inspired mortal man, and guided his hand when he built a Parthenon. But alas! great Pan is dead, and we a traveling party visit these ancient shrines, and wonder whether with modern civilization and its conventionalities we ever can produce such noble monuments. I think that all of us, even those to whom the crowning glory of the Acropolis was familiar, became imbued with a feeling of awe and reverence when in its midst.

We have not much time, however, to wander backward in our memories, for all of a sudden the grave old ruins blaze with a thousand Bengal fires. It is as if by enchantment.

Each dark crook and corner, every crevice, all the mysterious somberness is gone, for it is now as clear as day. Floods of light pour on columns until the flutings, the old chisel-marks are discernible. The indistinct cornices, the peristyle, are cut with sharpened corners. Perhaps this over-coruscation brings out too the cracks and scars which have gashed and scarred the face of this much-revered old shrine. Away off in the distance,



ATHENS.

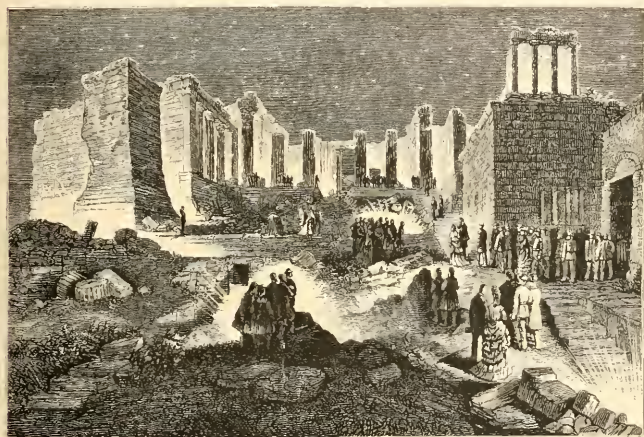
bathed in a sea of light, we catch a view of the Erectheum with its portico. There are merry laughs and chatterings going on inside as fresh fires are lit and

new effects produced.

The writer does not know whether to express pain or pleasure as the result of his impressions of the Parthenon when thus illuminated. He thinks though he would rather see the Parthenon on one of those quiet nights when the moon just silvers the columns with her beams. Without false sentimentality there is a garishness about such artificiality which is just a trifle distressing. That just appreciation which one may have fos-

tered of the impressive sublimity of Greek art tends to be dissipated by the more modern lime lights.

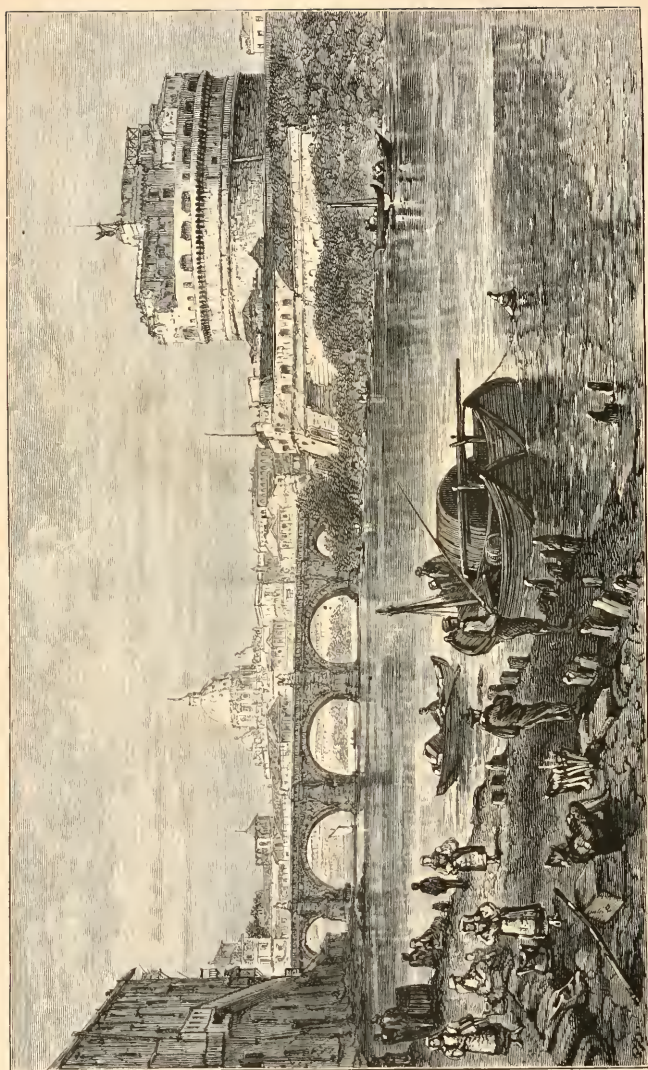
I can safely say that many of us as we left the Acropolis that night, and, guided by our kind friends, descended into the city, were under the majestic spell of the Parthenon. Our chief may have the reputation of being an imperturbable man, but very certainly none appreciated better than General Grant the greatness of the past. The party taken as a whole have



ILLUMINATION OF THE ACROPOLIS.

by this time developed fully the art of sight-seeing, and the General has shown the most marked adaptiveness as a tourist. His capabilities are wonderful, and there is no tire in him. It is of immense advantage to us to have such a practical head. Without any of the rigor of military rule, hours of grand departures are fixed, and if there are stragglers—well, they must shift for themselves. A journey around the world requires exactly this kind of discipline, and the same order, system, and good judgment, which are General Grant's greatest traits, stand us now in good stead. Time flies as on wings with us in Athens. We visit the great battle scenes of Greece, and see

the plains of Marathon. Old classical literature is rehearsed. It is the "Odyssey" now some of us pore over, just as we relearnt our Testament in Jerusalem. But it is the colder words we read extolling the outward physical grace of man. In the Holy City it was an inspired text which warmed our hearts. We are now far into March, and as the General has engagements which call him to Rome toward the close of the month, we leave the classic soil of Greece, and speeding through the blue Mediterranean, steer our course toward Italy.



ROME.



ROME.

CHAPTER XIII.

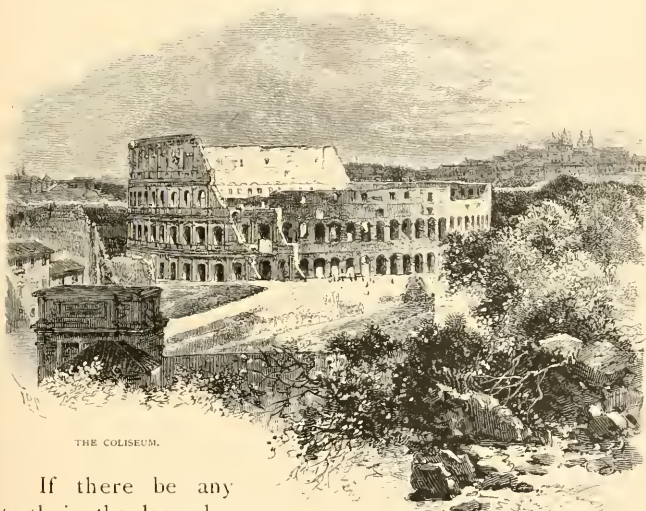
ROME, FLORENCE, VENICE, AND MILAN.

IT has been said a thousand times "that all roads lead to Rome." This is an adage as old as the world, and has been repeated from classic periods up to to-day. To the chief of our party, as to the rest of us, the Imperial City was an object of the greatest interest. That grandest of all ecclesiastical buildings, the basilica of the world, is so stamped on every memory that long before we reached Rome the dome of St. Peter's, looming above the Campagna, informed us that we were nearing the city. Our visit to Rome had been fairly well timed, for though the period between the death of Pius IX. and his successor Leo XIII. had been but short, the excitement over the election of a new pontiff had quite subsided. Our time of arrival was indeed, in some respects, most

fortunate, as the presence of his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey would give us certain facilities in the Holy City which perhaps would not have been otherwise possible. As the representative prelate of the Catholics in the United States, his Reverence Cardinal McCloskey immediately called on General Grant, and under the auspices of the Cardinal and Monseigneur Chatard, rector of the American College of the United States in Rome, the Ex-President was received by his Holiness Leo XIII. The interview was of a most agreeable character, and left a very pleasant impression on the General. Of course this reception, highly flattering as it was to the distinguished head of our party, was not to be considered as partaking of anything of a religious character. It was simply a visit of respectful courtesy from one of the most distinguished of Americans to the highest dignitary of the Catholic Church. The manners and habits of Leo XIII. are of the simplest character, free from all pomp and parade, and those who had the honor to be present at the interview were struck by the quiet ease, dignity, and impressiveness of his Holiness.

Such courtesies as the General received in Rome from King Humbert it is not necessary for me to dwell upon save in the briefest way. Almost immediately on arrival the General was called upon at his hotel by an aide-de-camp of the King of Italy, and every possible facility given us to see the innumerable monuments and museums which abound in Rome. An early visit was paid to the Coliseum, the grand amphitheater of ancient Rome. What superb old shows there must have been in those days! How our modern spectacular effects dwindle away before even the remembrances of such immense pageants! True that eighty years before Christ the impressario of such a theater was an emperor himself, and his audience were people who had to be propitiated with shows—*panem et circenses*. Think of a building which would hold seventy-five thousand persons, and which covers five acres—a structure which has withstood the vandalism of ages—which defied Alaric and his barbarous hordes, and still amazes the world with its size and massiveness! It is impossible for any one who visits the Coli-

seum not to recall the barbarous sports which once must have rendered this place hideous. As we traverse the arena, we are reminded that here where our foot is placed the tiger has bounded and torn his victim, and here the panting gladiator stricken to the ground has, with swimming eyes, looked around at a sea of cold pitiless faces, and waited to receive from some stolid emperor life or death. Here Christians suffered martyrdom.



THE COLISEUM.

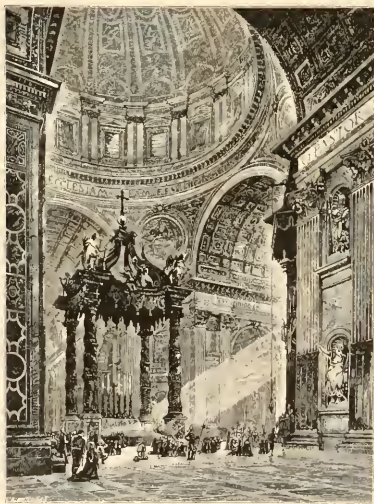
If there be any truth in the legend—and why should we not believe it?—it was the monk Telemachus or Almachus (would that his exact name were preserved!) who in the year 404 rushed into the bloody fray and separated the gladiators. The prætor Alybius, a Roman of the old school whose cold blood could only be excited by carnage, maddened by the stoppage of the brutal play, goaded on by the howls of the multitude, bid the gladiators, whose lives the monk was praying for, to cut the intruder down. But the blood of Telemachus was the true seed of the martyr. That

one action, with the self-sacrifice, brought in time the abolition of these gladiatorial games. It was Honorius who stopped forever these murderous contests, for since his time the earth of the Coliseum has drunk no human blood.

There are chapels erected here now, and prayers are said for the souls of those who were slaughtered in those terrible sports. We visited the arches of Titus and Constantine, and thoroughly explored old Rome and its remaining monuments. Since the reign of Victor Emmanuel and of his successor, archæological explorations of the most thorough kind have been undertaken, and great additions are constantly being made in the way of friezes and statues. Gradually the

magnificence of old Rome is being better understood. Should ever old Tiber be turned from its course—for to-day as in the time of the Cæsars, the river is a turbulent one, and overflows its banks, requiring some engineering to prevent heavy losses to the city—should, then, the bed of the river ever be exposed, what untold treasures of art will see the light!

From ancient to modern Rome the transition is an easy one. Near the temples reared to the heathen deities, tower the



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

churches sacred to the Son of God. St. Peter's, that marvel of architecture, the combined thought, the inspiration of a Bramanti, a Michael Angelo, and a Bernini, must ever impress the traveler with awe and reverence. Its immensity seems lost at first, from the absolute perfection of its proportions. Here are

the tombs of innumerable popes, their monuments the *chef-d'œuvres* of the greatest of sculptors. The magnificence of the baldichino or canopy over the high altar dazzles one with its splendor. St. Peter's is a church of constant adoration; all day long prayers are said there. It is the great religious center of the Christian world, and God's grace is humbly asked there by sinners in every known language. The Lateran basilica, which has the proud distinction of having the popes crowned within its walls, was also an object of interest to us. To visit the many churches in Rome with any kind of thoroughness would alone occupy weeks of time. The museums of Rome gave us the amplest opportunity for sight-seeing. There is certainly no such collection of sculpture as the Vatican possesses. If sculpture does not satisfy the sight-seer, in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican is the most impressive of all frescoes, the terrible Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. Here are the divinest works of Raphael in the adjacent rooms with Domenichinos, Guidos, and Correggios. Apart from the delight of seeing artistic creations, which never will be equaled, the literary portion of our party feasted their eyes in the Vatican Library with the sight of the earliest copies of the Scriptures.



ROMAN BOY.

Invitations innumerable were sent to General Grant to visit private museums, which were accepted in many cases. It may be said that the distinguished head of the party was a tireless sight-seer, and in more than one case showed a power of endurance which perhaps had been brought into existence in his war campaigns. On the 15th of April, all the Italian minis-

ters were present at a state dinner given to General Grant by King Humbert. The banquet, a magnificent one, was a distinguishing honor paid to the Ex-President of the United States.

April 20th, we are in Florence, the fairest of the Italian cities, and a favorite residence of Americans. We are surprised, in fact, at the number of our republicans who live in Florence, all of whom vie with one another in welcoming the General. The climate we find delightful. It is early spring, occasionally there is a cold day, and the Arno runs yellow and turbid from rainstorms in the mountains; still there are many hours of delightful sun, and the flowers are beginning to bloom. Florence enchants us all. It has not the austerity of Rome, and perhaps this is more satisfactory to the General; who, being no longer trammelled by ceremony, is enabled to do rather more as he likes. Stately, well-meant courtesies, accompanied by black coats and white neckties, are the penalties of distinction, and the Ex-President being wherever he goes considered as representing the United States, has more receptions inflicted upon him than he perhaps wishes. Nevertheless, the General takes it all in good part, and when a little relaxation comes, and official visiting is dismissed for the day or the hour, he is the life of the party.

We arrange the usual programme for sight-seeing, for if the General is of the party there must be method about it. Our first visit is to the Uffizzi Gallery, and we are amazed at its magnificence and variety. We understand now how it was in Florence that art had a new birth, that here first started the Renaissance. To the Medicean princes, the great merchants of the world, is due the awakening of art. If Rome treasured ecclesiastical lore, and in a certain measure looked at the keeping of men's souls, Florence was the city of pleasure, and of the more refined arts. Its streets reflect the gayety of the people. Italy may be passing through the throes of travail, and Florence may be burdened with many debts, but there is an *insouciance*, a jollity about Florence, which is most pleasant to witness.

But for the Uffizzi Gallery. I suppose the best known statue in the world is that of the Medicean Venus. It was Cosmo III.

who found this paragon of a marble woman and set her up in place, and mutilated as she was, it was Bernini who restored her. For long years this Greek beauty held dainty sway—until to the Venus of Milo, the grandest physical woman of antiquity, was awarded the palm of beauty. In this Uffizzi Gallery are pictures whose excellence has been extolled ever since they left the painters' hands—as they will be in all time to come.



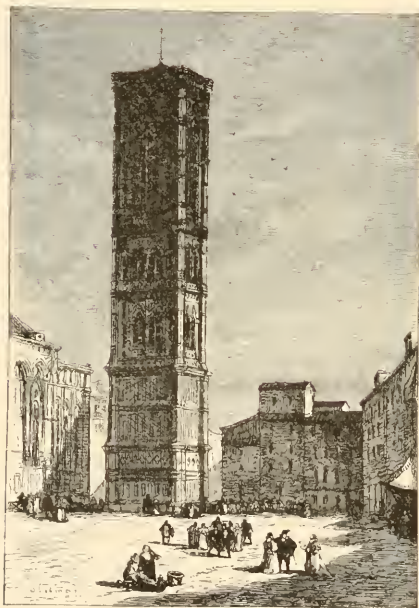
Here are Raphael's Madonna del Cordelino, and the Fornarina, Paul

Veronese's St. John, with Titian's Venus, Carracci's Cupid, Volterra's Massacre of the Innocents, with Guercino's Endymion and Guido's Virgin. Here are a dozen pictures, which beyond price are the grandest in the world. Would you see antiquity once more in its most pathetic mood? Here in this hall is Niobe and her children. We spend hours in this gallery, and pass from wonder to wonder. The Pitti Palace and its collection is on our books for that day, and the General, who has no tire in him, pays it a long visit. The architecture is a

masterpiece of Brunelleschi, built originally for a rival of the Medici, and a fitting residence for the late king of Italy. The ceilings of most of the rooms in the gallery are commemorative of Cosimo de Medici, and on the walls hang the works of Raphael, Tintoretto, Rubens, Del Sarto, Veronese, Carlo Dolce, and Salvator Rosa. It was with unfeigned pleasure that we found that Italians and especially Florentines treasured the memory of Hiram Powers. As for Americans engaged in art

studies, we hardly ever visited a gallery of any distinction without finding some one from the United States busy with brush and palette, diligently working away, and studying the grand old masters.

Florence is indeed sacred ground, hallowed by the memories of the greatest of painters, sculptors, and authors. It was here Dante and Boccaccio wrote their poems, their romances. Dante to-day is in the mouth of the Florentine as Shake-



GIOTTO'S TOWER.

speare is with us. These names which we as Americans only know through a transmitted influence, through translations, take palpable form and speech in the city where they lived. One ponders over politics, one cannot help it, when we are forced to go back to the Medici and to a Macchiavelli. But

this is the palace a Cosmo built, and up those steps may have tripped the most subtle thinker of his time. A traveler who is not narrow in his judgment of men and things, who can in his mind compare the past with the present, gradually accepts these personages, sympathizes with their ends and aims, and is forced to believe that human nature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries did not differ so much from that of to-day. There have been Guelphs and Ghibellines, who fought and wrangled five hundred years ago, and to-day there are just such men to be found in other countries.

There are delightful drives near Florence, and now the *Cacine* is commencing to bloom. It is the *Bois de Boulogne* of Florence. It is yet a little too cool for open carriages, but the equipages are very fine and in good taste. As the General drives modestly and unostentatiously along the *Cacine* he is surprised at the number of acquaintances he has made, as hats are touched by gentlemen, and ladies bow, bestowing their sweetest smiles on the chief of our party. We get a better view of the Arno from the *Cacine*. We wish it were bluer; we are told it is so sometimes, but that the rains have given it a golden gleam. This "golden gleam" may be poetical, in keeping with Italian skies, which are blue enough, but we all call the Arno muddy. In fact, some of us long to see a decent river, something that swells in great voluminous floods, like the Hudson, the Potomac, or the Mississippi. For all Italian rivers are except in time of floods insignificant. All churches in Italy are memorable, and none the less so is the *Duomo* or the cathedral *Santa Maria del Fiore*. Here is the grandest cupola in the world—even rivaling that of *St. Peter's*. It is another masterpiece of the great Brunelleschi. Who goes to Florence and does not see the gates of Ghiberti on the baptismal church of *San Giovanni*? These are the gates which the great Michael Angelo declared were fitting to become the portals of Paradise. Easter now was fast approaching, and with it the religious festivals which are so carefully kept in Italian cities. The General might have wished to have been present at *St. Peter's* during Easter week, but the necessity of reaching Paris at a

fixed date prevented a long delay in Rome. He was, however, fortunate enough to witness the commencement of the Easter festival at the Duomo with all its grand impressiveness.

While in Florence some of the more enthusiastic of the party made an excursion to Pisa. I do not think any town in Italy



PISA.

can show more plainly than Pisa the era of modern decadence. Could it be possible that this city was once the rival of Florence? But so it was; but its greatness, its majesty, and its power have crumbled away; it has, in fact, suffered absolute dry-rot. Now people can understand why some of the towns in Holland have almost passed out of existence. The reason is that the ocean which brought them trade and commerce has absolutely receded

from their shores, and they lie now like stranded hulks on the sands. The decline of Pisa owes its origin to internal strife. Florence hated Pisa, and as no love was lost, one of them went under. It is the Leaning Tower, one of the wonders of architecture, which exists for Pisa, for without it Pisa would be shorn of all interest. It always gives a curious sensation to any one who has mounted the Tower to look down from the receding side and to feel that he is standing on nothing, and that the next moment he may slide off into space. There is a campo santo here made up of original dirt brought from Palestine, but Pisa is such a dead place that to the vivacious Americans in the party the campo santo had few special allurements.

Our stay at Florence, though short, was a delightful one, rendered doubly so by the constant attention of the authorities. Our departure from Florence took place under the most happy auspices, all our countrymen having assembled at the depot, and amid loud huzzas and the best of wishes the Ex-President and the party sped on to Venice.

On the 23d of April, General Grant reached Venice by railroad from Florence. The route was an agreeable one, passing through the most picturesque portions of Italy. Crossing the superb bridge which connects "the Queen of the Adriatic" with the mainland, at the station the General was greeted by John Harris, Esq., the United States Consul, and by a numerous party of Americans. No sooner had a hearty welcome been proffered to the General by his own countrymen, than the officials of the city pressed forward, and the usual congratulatory speeches were made. Escorted to a comfortable hotel, our first evening was passed in needed rest, as all of us save the General felt the fatigue of constant traveling and sight-seeing. From the windows of the hotel, however, there was ample opportunity for amusement. The city of canals lay stretched before us, and on the waters were plying the gondolas. Early next day visits were planned to the most notable places of interest. It has been said that one of the most lasting impressions a traveler can receive is that derived from the first visit to the Piazza San Marco. Here it is that

stand those two famous columns, one bearing the statue of St. Theodore, the other the famous winged lion of St. Mark. The buildings which surround this place are of the most imposing character. Nothing is wanting to complete the grandeur of the picture, for as a background stands the famous church of St. Mark's, the most perfect type of Byzantine work. Inside this church is a mass of verd-antique, marble, jasper, and porphyry,



GRAND CANAL.

its gorgeousness even further heightened by innumerable pictures of the saints, executed in mosaics. It is impossible to spend an hour in Venice without recalling its former grandeur. Here was once cen-

tered the commerce of the world. Here was the starting place of Marco Polo. It was the Venetian merchant who gathered here the riches of unknown countries. It might have been the greatest despotism that ever existed, but it was the cradle of all that was beautiful in the arts, and to Venice was due the awakening of literature. Its own exclusiveness destroyed

Venice after a time. But let us hope that under brighter auspices its commerce may once more revive.

Some of us took to the gondolas and threaded the canals, and were never weary of the wondrous sights which were ever appearing. Here was an old palace, famous as the residence of some old doge, whose name was coeval with the earliest history of the city—here was another that recalled honors culled at the great naval battle of Lepanto. Some were dreary piles, somewhat crumbling and desolate, others looked fresh and inviting. Evidently the presence of the General was known, for from many a window appeared a fair lady, who waved her kerchief. Of course the Rialto was visited, and the Bridge of Sighs. We admired the wonderful skill of the gondoliers, and the ease with which they propelled their boats. Much of our time in Venice was spent on the gondolas. Of course one cannot get along without them, as they answer the purpose of cars or cabs in other cities. It is the perfection of locomotion, and has the advantage of being noiseless. We did not fail to visit the Arsenal, one of the relics of Venice, telling of her past grandeur. Here it was that were equipped the armaments of the republic, those galleys which she sent forth to fight Turk and Moor. Here, too, was the "Bucentaur" built, which bore the doges, who, dropping a ring into the sea, were wedded with the Adriatic. Shakespeare has made all English-speaking nations so familiar with Venice that when on the Campo del Carmine we passed the residence of one Cristoforo Moro, some of us were even inclined to believe that here Othello dwelt, and that in that gloomy first story poor Desdemona met her fate. The churches of Venice are all famous, and most especially is the one called the Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari. Here is the monument erected to Titian, as a tribute from a king to the greatest of painters. In fact all Venice seems to pay honor to its two greatest artists, Titian and Tintoretto. The church of Santa Giovanni e Paolo was also visited, famous for its tomb of one of the best of the old doges. We were fortunate in having but a single day of bad weather in Venice. Though she may be "Queen of the Seas," American residents complain of the disagreeable character of

the climate in winter, and if any reliance can be placed in books of sanitary science, Venice is not the healthiest city in the world. But now in full spring the climate was delicious. As to the people, they seemed to us to be the most light-hearted we had yet met with, and a singularly handsome race, apparently proud of their newly acquired liberty, and certainly



GREEK CHURCH AND CANAL, VENICE.

having all the possibilities of regaining their former high position in Europe. Their language even to our untutored ears was melodious to a degree, for the Venetians in their common dialect have a way of dropping the consonants, and indulging only the vowels, which is strangely musical.

The commerce of Venice, though hardly as yet improving, must in time sympathize with

its manufactures. There are certainly revivals in taste, and the rediscovery of what are called the lost arts. Some of us visited the glass-works of Murano. Now in times past, say three or four centuries, it was to Italy that the world was indebted for all the refinements of art, and when Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers supped on common platters, and

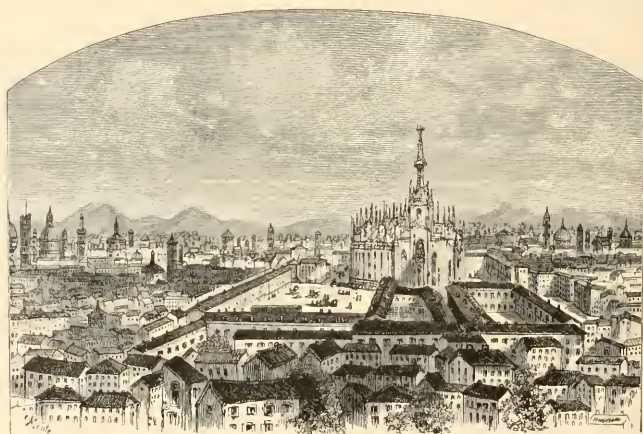
drank from coarse cups, it was Italy which made divine majolica and Venetian glass. The art of making this delicate glass has been reinvented at Murano, and to-day the same delicate conceptions, the inspirations of the glass-blower, are turned out in Venice. Venice has always been famous for her beads, and she produces them still in untold quantity.

It was on the 26th of April that we left Venice for Milan, and as usual on our departure, the General was the recipient of the well-wishes of all the Americans, who had assembled to bid him good-by.

On the road from Venice to Milan we skirted through portions of a country, where the culture of the lands was familiar to some of the party. As April was closing, and May with full spring was beginning, the famous rice fields of Upper Lombardy were being clothed with their emerald green. We arrived at Milan on the 27th of April, and the Ex-President was received by the prefect, syndic, and other notabilities of the city, who paid most flattering compliments to our chief. In fact we find that nowhere in Europe is the distinguished part performed by General Grant in the history of the United States better known or more fully appreciated than in the kingdom of Italy. Innumerable Italian officers and soldiers were in the service of the United States during the civil strife, and many claim the distinction of having been the General's comrades in arms.

If we had been impressed with the grandeur of St. Peter's, we were amazed with the beauty of the Duomo. Up and up sprang the pinnacles of pure white marble, all cut and carved, the immense structure seeming as light as a poetical conception, surmounted by innumerable statues. To count these statues has been the task of many a traveler, but their number is bewildering. Some put it at eight thousand, others at five thousand; but a happy mean may be struck somewhere between the two. If one wonders at the lofty structure which rises in the purity of chaste white stone to the heavens, below there is still another church. Here are the remains of the pious St. Charles Borromeo. The Duomo of Milan is a place of relics, for here

the true believer may see nails from the cross, and a fragment from the rod of Moses, besides many teeth which once belonged to biblical worthies. Returning to this cathedral, he who has not seen it can have no conception of what is Gothic tempered by Italian feeling in its most graceful manner. At the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie there is that object of the greatest interest, the fresco of the "Last Supper," by Da Vinci. Alas! this work, imbued with the truest essence of piety, is fast vanishing through the dampness of the place. It is true the



MILAN.

world has made a million of copies of this work, and all know the divine simplicity of the "Last Supper," as far as paper and engraving will permit, but none but those who have seen with their own eyes Leonardo da Vinci's fresco on the dingy wall, with the fast-fleeting colors, can ever appreciate the imposing holiness of this creation.

Milan is a bright, cheerful city, and certainly the most prosperous in Italy. It has a great reputation for wealth and for the possibility of obtaining all the comforts of life. Besides being an artistic center, as far as painting and sculpture is con-

cerned, as a musical school it is very well known in the United States. Here the incipient prima donna, who has made her début at some small village church choir in the far West, comes to learn how to breathe correctly, to improve her notes, and to turn her trills into gold.

The great temple of music in Italy, after the Fenice of Naples, is the Teatro della Scala of Milan. It is there that all the great singers have gained their reputations, and operas have been first played. Some of us witnessed an operatic performance at La Scala. The instrumentation was good, but as to the singers, why, they had flown. New York offers now greater inducements to great vocalists, and though Italy creates the singers, they find their plaudits and their money in the United States.

Milan is so conveniently situated between Italy and Switzerland, so near to France, has so many advantages, that it is the favorite halting-place of Americans. In Milan, the Ex-President had a constant round of American callers, and what with paying and receiving visits, seeing churches and monuments, the few days the General had to pass in the city sped rapidly. But Paris was an objective point, and the Paris Exhibition; so our flying column had its instructions given it, and by the end of the week our leader bid us on once more to the gayest capital of all Europe.



AMSTERDAM.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOLLAND.



FROM Italy to France our journey was both pleasant and speedy. Everywhere along the route the usual civilities were offered us, and we had all the advantages of the best carriages on the railroads, and at the stations the functionaries of the various companies were all desirous of paying attention to General Grant. It was on the 7th of May that we once more arrived in Paris. On the 3d of the month Marshal MacMahon had opened the Paris Exhibition, and Paris was now talking of nothing else than this Exhibition. The American Centennial has been such a recent event, that I need not trouble my readers with any description of the French Exhibition. In fact, the accounts which have been sent home have been undoubtedly ample. On arriving in Paris, the American colony again paid their respects to the

Ex-President, and though he was desirous of repose, still it was impossible for him to refuse the many kind invitations offered him. General Grant's coming to Paris had been timed so that he might be present at about the opening of the Exposition. On the 11th of May, Mr. Richard C. McCormick, Commissioner General for the United States, called on General Grant, to fix a time to visit the Exhibition. Saturday being the day most convenient, the General, accompanied by Mrs. Grant and a large party of friends, visited it. At the Exhibition the General was treated with exceeding courtesy by the directors and officers, and in the American Department he was cordially welcomed by his fellow citizens. The General is the hardest-working man I know of. What with dinners, soirées, marriages, and even christenings, he is a busier man than he was at the White House. If anything, the General, though still looking strong and healthy, is just a little thinner than when he started on the trip to the East. Anything like moderation in our pleasures seems impossible, for invitations from distinguished foreign personages and from his own people are coming in all the time. Plans for the future are made in the kindest way by the Americans for the General. The national festivities of the glorious Fourth of July are anticipated. The leading Americans in Paris met at the Legation on the 1st of June, and after some discussion, it was decided that a fête should be given at the Pré Catalan. The Pré Catalan is a charming retreat in the Bois de Boulogne, and just the place where a patriotic tendency toward fireworks could be indulged in, but the General will not be present. We are ever on the go. We prepare in Paris for further extended travels. Not that in the present century even a journey to Russia requires any peculiar preparation. What all of us want, however, is some repose, and we try and get it. Perhaps Paris is not a place where much rest can be taken. There is always something to be seen, something to be done, and we go sight-seeing, and visit the many charming environs of Paris. The French capital is of course to be our center of operations, the base from which our supplies are to be drawn. We say

this as if it were a kind of necessity, and Paris a city of refuge in fact, and we like to indulge in the idea that we will come back to it.

The presence of the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Denmark has added singular lustre to the Exhibition. The heir to the throne of Great Britain has gained many friends by his admirable business methods and kindly suggestions. We visit the Exposition several times, and the riches of



ON THE CANAL—HOLLAND.

the Trocadero amaze us. Still we frankly confess that the constant strain necessary where one sees so much, ends in fatigue; and though Paris never can pall on one's tastes, the fact of our being here brings with it so many visits, so much gadding about, that at last, for one of the few times in his life, our leader orders a retreat. We are to seek the needed rest in Holland. It is among the Dutch polders that the necessary repose is to come. I for one do not believe that it will ever come. The Ex-President cannot assume the cognito—there

would be no end of snobbishness about that ; but I know that while in Europe the General would have given anything to have passed himself off as a simple American, traveling for health or pleasure. But such things cannot be helped. It is one of the annoyances of greatness to be stared at, to be pointed at, and to seem to be all the time utterly unconscious of being a center of curiosity. No wonder the General is said to be stolid, to have an impassive and undemonstrative face. I think when a man is stared at for ten or fifteen years it becomes a necessary provision of nature to wear something of an immovable mask. We really all are glad that we are going, and at last we bid our numerous friends good-by. I think the General is moved more than usual, as his fellow citizens throng around him at the railroad station, all wishing him and Mrs. Grant a pleasant journey and a speedy return.

I will not detail the route to Holland. The approach to the kingdom of the Netherlands is, topographically at least, instantly perceptible. The country is flat, flat as a pancake, and through it run canals. We will not accept the witty Frenchman's description of Le Pays Bas save in the first two words, *canaux—canards*. It is true there are canals, and we see plenty of ducks. We soon appreciate that this is a country which struggles for absolute terrestrial existence. Some one said that Holland was a compromise between the land and the sea. It is the one element which is forever fighting with the other. Such a long battle has at least shown man's superiority over the sea. Still it is wonderful to think that we shall pass on a railroad which is lower than the bed of an adjacent river, and that the tides of the North Sea, which beat against the dunes, dikes, and sandhills of Northern Holland, rise eleven feet above Amsterdam, and that in certain winds the apparently torpid Maas, if not kept out, would flow some ten feet deep over all Amsterdam. To think of a great prosperous country whose very existence depends upon the stopping up of a rat hole ! It is certainly this watchfulness, this vigilance, which has imparted to the Dutch character those marked qualities of industry and perseverance. It is always a land which has to be

won. As we speed along in the comfortable railroad cars (like all things Dutch they are broad-gauge roads), the first aspects of Holland strike us. The season is fairly advanced, and the grass in the fields is of the tenderest green. Great lazy cattle, sleek and comfortable, browse in the fields. We skirt a canal. Slowly and deliberately moves the boat. The horses tug it along, but the man who drives, who plods beside his well-fed beasts, has no whip. Those horses never have felt the lash, and never will. The canal boat is gayly painted, and in the stern is the typical Dutchman, with a big pipe in his mouth. As we



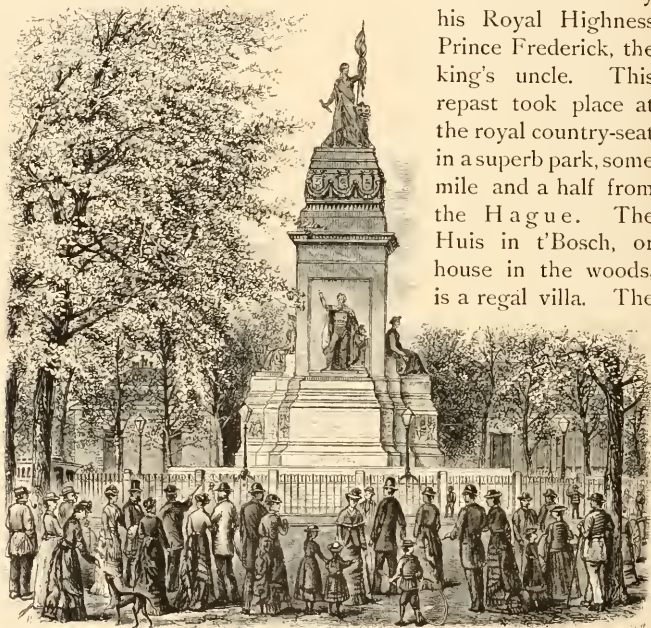
LAKE AT THE HAGUE.

slacken up speed on the road I catch a glimpse into the interior of the cabin of a boat, a *trekschuyt*. It is neatness itself. In the window of this floating house there is a whole ledge of blooming tulips. I cannot help thinking that the people I see tilling the fields are the most mechanical and plodding of hu-

man beings. They seem slow-gaited, but I do not recognize the dull look. I am quite sure, however, that while that farmer's boy is putting his spade in the ground an American in the same time would have dug up six square feet and loaded all the soil in a barrow if necessary. What I do take pleasure in asserting is the wholesome, well-fed appearance of the country-folk. I admire, too, the costume, particularly that of the women. It is tidy to a degree. It is some holiday, or there is a fair in the neighborhood, for all the lusty Dutch lasses wear towering white caps, and on each side of their heads are gold or gilt pieces of metal not much smaller than saucers. I notice, too, no end of jewelry and embroidery. Evidently it is a dairy country, for I see milkpans of ruddy copper, and they are scrupulously clean, for the metal glistens in the sun. There is no makeshift in these people's habits. Though the land they live on may be swept away to-morrow, the houses are built to last a thousand years. I note, too, the thrift which is apparent. I see no one in rags. Holland all of it is historic ground, and we Americans are fairly familiar with its story. It was from this country that we have received many of the best emigrants that ever peopled America. Some of the Dutch names of the towns are quite homelike to many of the party. If not for the direct interest we feel in a country which once held sway over a large part of the United States, we feel a very just pride when we remember that it is an American who has done most to record Holland's brilliant history, and to have told to the whole world how she fought and struggled for independence, and at last humbled the Spaniard. On we speed, past the green fields, one very much like another, until almost at the beginning of our journey we long for a single hill, be it ever so slight a mound, in order to break up the monotony. At last, toward midday, we reach the Hague—the s'Gravenhagen as the Dutch call it—which is the court capital. Our arrival is expected, and the General has every courtesy paid him. The reception at the railroad is of the most imposing character. I cannot help but smile when I hear that the Ex-President is to be treated to a grand review. Evidently the General is in for it. I honestly

confess not to have seen the review, but I suppose our chief did. I have never received from General Grant any very particular information in regard to this military display, which I am led to suppose was a very fine one. I think I only remember the General's saying that the Dutchman under arms was a new creature, and had all the necessary alacrity, though at the same time his steadiness could always be counted upon. One most pleasant invitation was to partake of a luncheon offered to

General Grant by his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, the king's uncle. This repast took place at the royal country-seat in a superb park, some mile and a half from the Hague. The Huis in t'Bosch, or house in the woods, is a regal villa. The



MONUMENT OF INDEPENDENCE.

luncheon was a delightful one, and was rendered very pleasant by the amiability of the prince, who was most anxious that the General should spend his time pleasantly in Holland. The Huis in t'Bosch recalls the time of Henry of Orange,

having been built by the prince's wife in memory of the 'Thirty Years' War. This palace has the most famous collection of Japanese curiosities in the world. As Holland had for many years the monopoly of trade with Japan, Netherland interiors are stocked with Japanese china and curios of the most ancient and rare character. We are favorably impressed with the Hague, but are told that in many respects it is unlike the other cities of Holland. It seems pervaded with an air of fashion and gayety, and is fairly alive all the day. There are wide streets and avenues, and the equipages are countless. It is like Hyde Park, save that it is so flat. There are innumerable open squares in the city, all as level as a billiard table. In the Buittenhof we admire a fine statue of William II., who bore a prominent position in many a hard-fought battle-field, commencing with Badajos and continuing even beyond Waterloo. There are certainly two royal fighting families in Europe, and these are the sovereigns of Italy and Holland. Pluck seems to run in the blood. We visit the museum, and have here our first introduction to that immense wealth of pictures which Holland possesses. Here are the great Jordans, and the fine Rubens, the Van Dycks and Wouvermans. We see the first masters of the more minute Dutch art, the Teniers and the Gerard Douws. We enchant our eyes on the great inventor almost of landscape, Ruysdael; but above all we gather around the celebrated bull due to Paul Potter. It is an inexhaustible gallery, containing the finest specimens of all the schools. In the museum we commence to appreciate the importance Holland assumes from her East-Indian colonies. Here are rooms devoted to collections made in Ceylon, in Java, and in Surinam. As usual the General is in receipt of invitations to accept the hospitality of all the leading great cities of Holland. The Dutch are said to be a most undemonstrative people, but judging by the reception the General is receiving, this cannot be the case. I suppose his enthusiastic welcome is due not alone to the distinguished position the chief of our party has held for so many years in the history of his country, but because of the most pleasant relationships which

have always existed between Holland and America. I am sure the General is delighted with his visit to the Hague. It is true there is much sight-seeing, but in keeping with the Dutch character matters are not driven—or rushed—as in France or even Italy. We feel for once more than pleased with this most welcome Dutch slowness, and look forward to its continuance even in Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Some of us go to Scheveningen, a fashionable sea resort not far



SCHEVENINGEN.

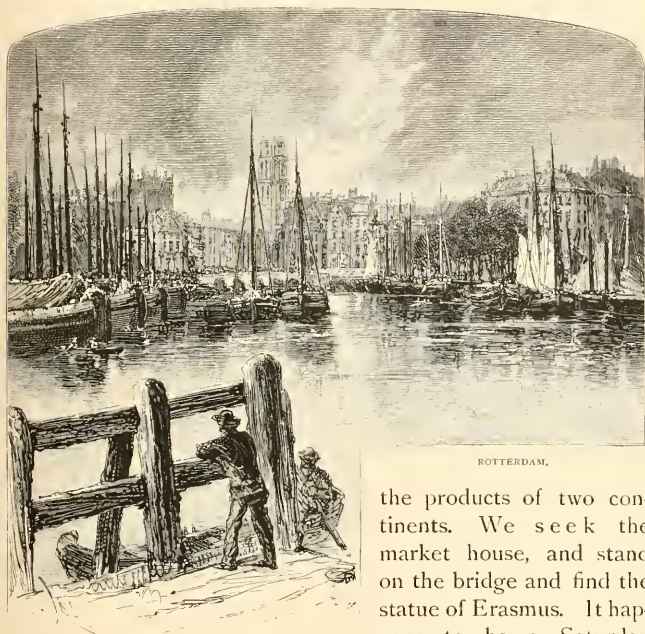
distant from the Hague. Dare I call Scheveningen the Coney Island of the Hague? Heaven forbid! Scheveningen is the most aristocratic of watering places. Here come fine ladies and gallants from all Europe. Bath houses are plenty, and those peculiar lumbering machines which are driven into the sea. Promiscuous bathing is hardly *à la mode* in Europe, and though the North Sea, at least off the coast of Holland, is of the most outrageously democratic character, patrician and plebeian dive, dip, and duck in different waters. Scheveningen, though the Long Branch, the Atlantic City of Holland, is a

great center of fisheries, and from this port there sail innumerable craft which plow up the North Sea in pursuit of herrings, turbot, etc. Fish is of quite as vital importance to Holland as it is to Norway and Sweden, and the greatest attention is paid not only to ichthyology, but to all the economical methods of preparing fish. If it is to Frenchmen that is due the method of preparing champagne, it is a Dutchman who first pickled and smoked a herring. Dutchmen are intrepid sailors, for there is no coast more tempestuous than their own, and the Zuyder-Zee, with its shallows and drifting sands, makes alone a thorough school for seamen. It was these very fisheries which originally gave Holland her supremacy over the waters, and from her seamen sprang the Piet Heins, the Tromps, the Ruyters, and the Everstens. There was for centuries no mart in the world which was not visited by Dutch ships, and it was these fishermen who brought back to Holland the tea, the coffee, the spice, the sugar of the world. We have not yet seen enough of Holland to compare her present condition with the magnificence of her past. The most conservative of all countries, since Belgium was wrested from her, she has escaped all internal strife, and has probably under good rulers made the most of the occasion. Still as the ocean beats resistlessly against the sands at Scheveningen we think again of the toil and trouble which is ever going on to preserve the country from the inroads of the water, the millions of money which must ever be spent on this same endless task. One cannot but think that this amount of human energy, if it might be turned to some other end, might have rendered Holland a mighty country rivaling England. It is true that a people who, living in a semi-temperate zone, by fighting against the inclemency of a climate, engender habits of industry and thrift. Looking back to the geological conditions of Holland, and viewing this limitless sea at Scheveningen ever thundering on, threatening to crumble away the land piecemeal, one is led to admire more and more the dauntless courage of these honest Dutch people which has overcome not only man's violence, but arrested even the extraordinary attacks of nature. You cannot help reverting again

and again to this fight between land and water, for from Scheveningen to the Hague extends a wonderful embankment, a miracle of engineering skill. We notice this work, but an officer of engineers who is with us tells us that though good in its way, it is insignificant in comparison to other methods of protection.

Our visit, the one of ceremony, having been paid to the Hague, after a pleasant stay at the capital we take our departure for Rotterdam. We pass Delft, famous for its pottery (of course we have a pottery and porcelain maniac collector in the party), and soon reach Rotterdam, famous for its commerce. And at once we commence making the rounds of the city. We are amazed to find that there are so many Americans who reside in Rotterdam, and who declare that it is the most pleasant city of Europe. We notice now the real true Dutchman; and certainly he is an inveterate smoker, for never by chance does he let his pipe go out. He is busy enough, however, and seems to have a certain amount of business hurry. We hope to see houses which will recall to our mind the old mansions which the Dutchmen built in New York. We do find some resemblance as to outline with the houses which used to exist on Manhattan Island, on the Hudson River, even on Staten Island; but as to color, we are quite shocked, as the Dutch have a queer taste for painting all their old houses with the most vivid colors. The streets are, however, quite picturesque, and the effects are heightened by the numerous canals. In fact, Rotterdam seems like a continuous seaport—a city with water fronts lying on all sides of it, and in the middle of it. It is an assemblage of houses and vessels. In Venice, the canals are spanned by bridges, which cannot interfere with the gondolas, but here it is a good-sized vessel, with moderately high masts, that has to go through the town. Drawbridges are constant, and communication for foot passengers is often cut off. But your Dutchman is patient, and he knows how to wait. One thing which amused many of the party was the use of dogs as beasts of burden. I cannot help remarking that some of the poor brutes looked very much overworked, and we wished that

a Dutch Bergh would arise. Rotterdam with its 122,000 inhabitants shows on her docks and quays the commercial character of the people, and there is no better place to judge of it than near the Boompjes, where the steamers are massed, some just coming in, others going out, bringing in and taking away



ROTTERDAM.

the products of two continents. We seek the market house, and stand on the bridge and find the statue of Erasmus. It happens to be a Saturday

morning when a party of us saunter along the streets. Busy women servants, no light ephemeral creatures, but heavy solid girls, are cleaning the outsides of the houses. There is water now not only in the canals, but on the sidewalks. We escape a drenching from a bucket just in time to be bespattered by a suction tube worked in a pail. "It is delightfully familiar," remarks a Philadelphian who is of the party, as he catches a shower from a mop. Our destination is the Church of St.

Lawrence, the Groote Kerk, and we are shown the monuments sacred to the memories of many Dutch worthies. The Boymans Museum contains a superb collection of pictures, where we spend many hours. The visit of the General is made agreeable in every way, and a grand dinner was given in his honor by the burgomaster of the city, which was numerously attended. We become more and more conscious from the toasts given at this dinner how sincere is the relationship between America and Holland, and how the Dutchman is not only proud of the settlements he has planted in our New World, but believes that with the increasing commercial prosperity of the United States even closer ties can be made.

Our journey from Rotterdam to Amsterdam is a short one, for there are no great distances to be covered here. The country through which we pass is very characteristic of Holland, for without man's constant care and vigilance the Zuyder-Zee would burst bounds and sweep these wonderful farms and blooming gardens into the North Sea. As we near Amsterdam we notice all the appearances of a great city. If the Hague is the court capital, it is Amsterdam which is the commercial center. Here are forests of masts, for this great Dutch city rises from the bosom of the sea. Once where Amsterdam stood there was a marsh, so that the city, like Venice, stands on piles. This is the mart which has kept up for a thousand years her commercial prestige. Italian cities in whose market places were once heaped the treasures of a world, have passed away, but despite time and circumstance Amsterdam will ever hold her own. We at once appreciate one of the peculiarities of the place, and that is the bad smell. It may be fish or anything else; we are told it is the drainage. We think that if Coleridge had ever visited Amsterdam he would not have maligned Cologne. We visit the various quarters of the city, and easily distinguish the great social differences which exist. Here is a commercial quarter, a manufacturing district, a portion thronged with ships; here the Jews' quarter, and there the most fashionable quarter. Amsterdam is wonderful in its picturesqueness. There are tall,

antiquated houses, all with gables, with quaint roofs, and queer windows. We do not see many new houses building. Perhaps such modern edifices are constructed, but they quickly assimilate with the *couleur locale* of the city. We have heard some chimes in the other cities of Holland, we had a foretaste of it in Belgium, but in Amsterdam it is a continuous clang.

To those unaccustomed to it a chime in the neighborhood is a nuisance, and some of the party, I am sorry to state, broke out into open rebellion about the bells. I suppose Dutchmen in time never hear them. I am pleased with many of the good Dutch customs brought into New York, but am glad bell-chiming in excess was omitted. It is a waste of human energy or mechanical power to set bells tolling, and the exact distinction between music and noise, as imparted by a bell, a good many people have never

been able to determine. Our usual round of sight-seeing commenced, and was leisurely accomplished. The museum, with its superb collections of Rubens and Rembrandts, delighted us, as did the Van der Hoop and Foder collections. Churches in Amsterdam, as in all the towns of the Netherlands, are not remarkable for either outside architecture or inside decoration. It is a certain simplicity which is characteristic of the Dutchman. No matter how grand a Dutchman may be, he is never anxious to make a display of it. A merchant in Holland by hard work and honesty gains a fortune. He is the last person to be



CANAL, AMSTERDAM.

ostentatious about it. He does not think of extending his house, of buying a carriage, or of traveling. Perhaps, if he has artistic tendencies, he may buy a good old picture or so. He may slightly increase his method of living, allowing himself or his family some few luxuries. If he does spend any money it will be to beautify some little garden spot a mile or so from the city. In this Eden he will grow his tulips, erect a quaint rococo summer-house, paint it all the colors of the rainbow, and on summer evenings will come and smoke his pipe there and drink his coffee. This extreme simplicity of taste, and the consequent saving of money, gave Holland supremacy for so many years. It is moderation which brings innumerable benefits. The Dutch character is grand in its simplicity. You hear of names which in old times have been illustrious. You go to visit the houses where a William the Silent, a John de Witt, or an Admiral Ruyter lived, and you see a small house. There is nothing parsimonious about the Dutchman, he is simply thrifty. It is a practical people, capable of the utmost devotion and heroism. An invitation is sent to visit the palace, and we see there fragments of the old flags which Dutchmen tore from Alva's standard bearers. Among the numerous monuments of commerce the principal one is the great exchange. Here are assembled every day all the merchants who dispose of the produce coming from all parts of the world. If there is a certain amount of phlegm in the Hollander, it is not appreciable when he is in the heat of trade. We have been now long enough in Holland to understand the system of canals. The canals cut up Amsterdam into some ninety islands, and communication is kept up by means of two hundred and eighty-five bridges. Of course the utmost care is taken of these canals, and the expenditure on them daily amounts to a large sum.

In honor of the Ex-President of the United States, a sumptuous banquet was given him by some fifty of the leading merchants of the city. It would be difficult for me to describe the peculiar magnificence of this dinner, which was attended by all the dignitaries of the city. On the sideboards flashed a

wealth of plate, some of which, on prior occasions, have been used to welcome the former heroes of the country. Of course, the General had to make a speech, which I am led to believe was fully appreciated by the Amsterdam merchants, who very rightly consider that brevity even in an afternoon dinner speech is the soul of wit. The General is highly esteemed by the Dutchmen. His

peculiar quiet manner is much liked, and as to the constant cigar in his mouth, smoking is such a national Dutch custom that it is another bond of union. Numerous excursions are made to places of interest near Amsterdam. The General examines the superb work, that miracle of engineering skill, which now unites Amsterdam with the North Sea, thus evading the long circuitous route through the Zuyder - Zee. A superb



STREET, HANOVER.

collation was offered to the General by one of the directors of the canal, which was a most delightful entertainment. An amusing trip was made to Broek, a village quite near the city, having the celebrity or the bad fame (either the reader pleases) of being the cleanest place in the world. This is a village where everything is sacrificed to cleanliness. Front doors of houses in Broek are never opened, save when an inmate is christened or is buried. You don't put on shoes when you go into a house. It is all excessively absurd, and is quite as much to be condemned as too much dirt. The only living things that can possibly enjoy themselves are the cows,

who live rather in boudoirs than in stalls, and it is questionable whether these animals would not like to have a good wallow in a rich mud-bottom at times. Human nature in Broek is secondary to the manufacture of *zoetemel-kskaas*—a kind of cheese, and the gods of this place are two, the broom and the scrubbing brush. A pleasant excursion was made to Haarlem, where in our honor the grand organ of the world, that in the Church of St. Bavon, was played.

We had spent now almost a fortnight in Holland when a new objective point—Berlin—directs the attention of our chief. Perhaps the General might have hastened his departure for the capital of Prussia, but for the miserable attempt made to assassinate the brave old Emperor. Now that news has come that King William is in no danger, I fancy the General would like to be present in Berlin during the meeting of the European Congress. It is “boot and saddle” with us then. Holland is left behind, and we pass almost directly on to Berlin, stopping by the way at Hanover. To Hanover belongs the honor of having furnished a whole line of sovereigns to England. We visit the royal palace, and are somewhat interested in the stables, from whence come the famous black and cream animals, which are used even to-day on occasions of state by Queen Victoria. Some of us make a slight excursion to Mount Brilliant, and look at the old palace of Herrenhausen, a monument of a king’s folly—and a reminiscence of a profligate period, which sovereigns will not now-a-days dare to imitate. Time presses, for we learn that Mr. Bayard Taylor, our Minister in Berlin, is anxious for our arrival. We are to shake hands with Bismarck, and to talk perhaps of war with Moltke.



ON THE RHINE.



BERLIN.

CHAPTER XV.

BERLIN.

GENERAL GRANT and his party arrived in Berlin on the 26th of June. Mr. Bayard Taylor, our Minister, went down the road some sixty miles to Stendahl to meet the Ex-President. The General was in the best of spirits, delighted with his journey through Holland, and carrying with him not only lasting impressions of the prosperity of the Dutch people, and the true freedom they enjoyed, but grateful for the hospitality he had received. On the evening of arrival at Berlin the General strolled along the famous avenue Unter den Linden, and during the entire stay in the Prussian capital a portion of every day was devoted to walking. I do not think that there was a quarter of Berlin which he did not explore with that energy of the true sight-seer which no amount of exertion can extinguish.

The interest General Grant took in Berlin was very great. Prussia and her capital have asserted themselves so prominently in history for the last twenty years that they may be regarded as the leading country and the political center of Europe. Few people remember that in the annals of that older civilization Prussia has arrived at her maturity in a comparatively short period of time. That position she now enjoys in reality only dates back from the time of Frederick the Great. After him the star of Prussia might have been dimmed for a time only to arise in its present glory under Frederick William and Bismarck. It is not my purpose in this record of travels to write history, but Prussia in herself, in her cities perpetually recalls the methods by which her greatness was achieved. If there have been great thrift, honesty, steadfastness displayed by the Prussians, it is as a military power that she takes pre-eminence. Everything is subservient to the soldier. To us in the United States, thanks to our position, this necessity for guns and swords does not exist. Frederick the Great fought for and gained his territory inch by inch. Geographically Prussia is situated between many diverse elements. She has on one side France, on the other Russia, and south of her Austria. It is needless to philosophize over the nature of things. We have to take them as they present themselves. There are opposing interests in nations which in time seem absolutely to develop into instincts. With a great people like the Prussians, the necessity of expansion, then of solidification, became vital. It was a fight for existence. Germany had no unity. It was an agglomeration of states, with political aspirations, with but the feeblest political cohesion. German interests were the same, but the petty princes acted only as impelled by whim or caprice. It was a practical Bismarck who molded this all together. To do this physical force may have been necessary, and there may have been some loud crying on the part of those who were subjected to his political pressure, but yield they had to, and to-day something of a homogeneous fatherland is presented. The progress of the world tends toward the absorbing of smaller states by one

mighty one. But then in time comes that period when, do what statesmen may, the great mass is broken up as if by a centrifugal action, and again from one big country lesser countries are born. Berlin partakes somewhat of the more recent German ideas. Its position cannot be praised, for it lies on a sandy plain, and through the city runs the Spree, a rather insignificant torpid stream. Its progress in importance has been a rapid one, for in 1817 Berlin had only 180,000 people,



UNTER DEN LINDEN.

whereas to-day it is the fourth city in Europe with a population not far from 875,000. After the victory of Prussia over France, Berlin made rapid strides, and buildings went up on all sides, but financial matters did not go on as swimmingly as did the military successes, and the city is said to be suffering from "hard times." We cannot see it, however, in the streets, which are very gay and cheerful. Of course the soldier element is in great excess. There are uniforms everywhere. It can hardly be otherwise where every man is a soldier. At first it is monotonous to see so many in blue

with red facings, but one gets accustomed to it in time. It means what has been before mentioned, that Prussia must always stand on guard. She is practical about this, and rather counts on people noticing the military status than otherwise.

The great street of Berlin is the *Unter den Linden*. This is the Broadway, the *Newsy Perspective*, the *Boulevard of Berlin*. There are long rows of fine trees which shade the street. At one extremity is the *Brandenburg Gate*, a copy of an Athenian monument. That *Car of Victory* perched on top of it has its story. When Berlin fell into the hands of Napoleon, that chariot went to Paris, and told of French conquests, but Blucher and Waterloo came, and the *Car of Victory* was restored to the *Brandenburg Gate*. The element of rapine has been eliminated from warlike successes to-day. It shows at least that in the brutality of war, the arts exert a certain influence. Prince Bismarck might have exacted his millions from France in the recent war, but he would not have liked to have touched a single picture or a statue in the *Louvre*. Near this gate is the palace which Berlin gave to Blucher, and a house also presented to the old field-marshal Wrangel. Near by, too, is the *Hotel d'Arnim*, a well-known Prussian family, who have somewhat suffered of late in political consideration. That grandeur, that massiveness which one sees in Paris, in London, is not to be found in Berlin. The Prussian is not ostentatious, is rather indifferent to display, and Berlin is really as things go in Europe quite a modern city, and for some reasons is quite pleasant to Americans on this account. There are occasional drawbacks in the streets, and these are in the guise of very ugly gutters, which just at this time of the year are more or less offensive. But we in the United States cannot pride ourselves on very clean streets; then besides, though the *Spree* runs through Berlin, it gives but little opportunity for sewerage. The plan of the city is uniform, streets running with but few exceptions in straight lines, which shows the practical side of the newer German idea. But to return to this principal street, "*Unter den Linden*." On this main thoroughfare are placed the majority of the hotels of the foreign

representatives, and as to-day Berlin is the great center of the diplomatic congress of Europe, the various flags of well-known countries are floating in the air. On this same street are situated the Academie, quite adjacent to it, the School of Artillery and Engineers, and at its conclusion in the city, is the Zeughaus. General Grant's military reputation had preceded him, and of course some of us were expected to visit the grand *entrepôt* of arms in Berlin, which is the Arsenal. Whether the



POTSDAM.

Berliner looks on this assemblage of arms with pride I cannot say. It may be regarded as rather a necessity. It was for the collection of arms here that the battle of Malplaquet made the first contribution. Here in this building are placed all the great military souvenirs of the country. Why be sentimental over such bits of iron, steel, or bronze? There are few of them which have not been won by deeds of heroism, but alas! at the cost of human suffering. In this Arsenal the more recent events of the struggle with France are seen, for the tattered banners taken at Wörth attest the Prussian triumph. Berlin,

as has been stated before, constantly recalls its military condition, for there in its midst are numerous schools devoted to the higher instruction of the soldier. Here is a building not very imposing in appearance which is worthy of looking at, and describing somewhat in detail its purpose. It is what might be called the School of the Staff. It is the great central movement, which starting the *vis inertia*, propels at any given moment the hundreds of thousands of armed men which Prussia holds in leash. It is here that that intelligence, more powerful than human strength, guides the march of countless hordes. There is no great display here—save that the sentinels one always sees at all military posts in Prussia stride up and down. You would scarcely take the busy men inside, though they, too, wear uniforms, to be much else than military clerks. It is true that they are clerks, but the books they keep contain all the military debts and credits of the world. Let there be a change made in any army in Europe, let the caliber of a rifle be increased or diminished, a bayonet socket altered, any new improvement in a cannon made, and some Prussian officer knows all about it, reports it, and down it goes in a book kept in this office, to be looked at if necessary at some future time. Here every road, lane, cowpath in Europe is traced out on maps. Every house, hut, or cabin is described, and the capability of every city, town, or hamlet to feed troops. The wonderful knowledge Prussia had of France during the late war was entirely due to the labors of this office. Of course a bureau of this kind seems strange according to our American ideas, but that it is a necessity admits of no doubt. It is true that something of success in war arises from the inspiration of a general, but the Prussians have done their best, with Moltke at their head, to bring military art into the practical details of an exact science. I think when speaking of Moltke one of the greatest of generals, the Ex-President, whose curiosity is not easily excited, may have felt some disappointment in not meeting this Prussian officer, who unfortunately was not in Berlin at the period of our visit. Some of us, more inquisitive than the rest, went to the Moltke Strasse, named in honor of Prus-

sia's foremost soldier, and looked at his apartments. Save in the rooms used for parade, Moltke's chamber is of the most Spartan-like simplicity. Moltke is a Dane, and adopted Prussia as his country in 1823. The great work commenced by Stein, and Scharnhorst after the battle of Jena, has been continued by Moltke. There are some traits about him which are worth recalling. He loves the country better than the city, and is never so happy as when in his private domain, attending to his farming in Silesia. His devotion to a much-beloved wife, who died in 1868, belongs to the more poetic side of his nature.

The Royal Palace is among the oldest buildings of celebrity in Berlin. Without being grandiose it is quite striking on account of its huge size. We notice the throne room with its regal chair of silver, and the neighboring chamber, called the room of the Black Eagle. Here are held every year the meetings of this order.

In 1871, as victors—Berlin being far distant—it was at Versailles that this festival was held. There is a curious old story about a white figure which haunts this palace, and that whenever a sovereign of Prussia sees this weird person his days are numbered.

The museum of Berlin is among the most celebrated collections in Europe. The figures of the Amazon on horseback fighting with the lion, so familiar to us in America as one of Kiss's masterpieces, is found on mounting the stairs. In deco-



THE OLD MILL OF SANS SOUCI.

rating this palace of art Cornelius contributed his skill. The galleries of pictures are wonderful as to both quantity and quality, and are carefully divided according to the various schools. In this museum may be found, too, those great works of modern times, the powerful productions of Kaulbach, which, for grandeur of conception, and an encyclopedic acquaintance with the customs and habits of men of all ages, will render this painter forever noted. Back of the old museum, connected by a gallery, is the new museum, in which the Egyptian collection is displayed. Prussia has always held a leading position in Egyptology, and it was Lipsius who did most to unravel the mysteries of the old Nile country. We are struck as much with some of the modern curiosities as with those of tens of thousands of years ago. The mummy of the time of Ptolemy interests us less than a view of the golden decorations and diamond-studded orders which once belonged to Napoleon I. From the sublime we come to the ridiculous, that is, his hat, which was found in his carriage after Waterloo. Here is something, too, which is worth a passing glance, the model of a mill made by Peter the Great when he worked as a ship carpenter in Holland. Strange how this apprenticeship of Peter has been lauded as if it were one of the most extraordinary of human performances! But here is something which really is worth looking at, for it recalls Prussia and the greatest of her kings. Here is a semblance of Old Fritz bedecked in the uniform he wore to the day of his death. I believe the story told of Frederick to be perfectly true. Once a visitor in Frederick's lifetime entreated a valet to show them his majesty's fine clothes. "Impossible," said the lackey, "for he wears them all on his back." The old king dressed in the most shabby way in order to express his contempt of outer show, and at the same time had rather a mania for building palaces and laying out fine gardens in order to show the detractors of his country and her enemies "that Prussia had still money enough left in case she wanted to spend it."

The University of Berlin is the most noted of European

schools, and the names of its professors are among the famous teachers of the world. In addition to art students from the United States we found many young Americans who lived in Berlin in order to attend the lectures. From these we received much instruction and information in regard to Berliner habits and customs. Student life in the capital of Prussia may not have the joyous freedom of the small university towns, but yet, from the descriptions given us, it must have its charms. If



ZOÖLOGICAL GARDEN.

Berlin is a place where the student may trim his lamp and work to his heart's content, there are to be found no end of amusements. In a certain way the gardens, which are to be found in Berlin, do not differ so much from those in Paris. A mature German may take his pleasure in a staid way, but the old maxim holds good here that "all the world is one country." There are many places where beer can be had in Berlin, and the bier-stuben collect drinkers of various sorts and grades. Some of our American friends who have been prosecuting their studies for a number of years in the schools inform us that things

have changed very much since the war with France—that the cost of living has increased, and that the prosperity of Berlin seems to have received a check, and there has even been a change in the public character. “A tremendous victory gained by any people always makes a difference in their characteristics. I for one fully believe that the military power of Prussia is irresistible, and that she is to-day mistress of Europe. If I, as a stranger, am forced to acknowledge this, the Prussians themselves are perfectly conscious of their strength. I do not think this has induced any feeling of arrogance among the more intelligent, but certain classes of the community are inclined to assert it. It don’t show itself in words, but rather in actions of which they are unconscious. Now we, thank goodness! as Americans are well received everywhere, and no parallelisms can be drawn between our country and Prussia, but toward Austrians, Russians, Hollanders, and Frenchmen there is little hesitation shown in making distinctions. Now Prussia is a living paradox. She tries to combine the highest intellectual culture with the greatest physical force. She pushes forward on the chess-board of Europe, side by side, her philosopher and her soldier. Which will win the game no one can say, but one will be sure to absorb the other. It becomes very hard to make a Prussian an enthusiast save in regard to his country. The heart of the nation sprang to a fever heat when France attacked her. This pulsation of the Prussian heart has not yet perhaps ceased throbbing. It is books and guns for many years to come with Prussia. The wonderful thing about it is how quickly she can drop study and take to drilling. It is perfectly true, though, that France was beaten by the schoolmasters. Returning to the method of instruction in the schools of the higher grades, physical and mental culture go hand in hand. As to the professors in the university, their names, as you know, have no superiors. Their method of instruction is of the most exact character. There is nothing florid about it. Nothing escapes them. I do not think the perceptive faculty is much cared for in the student by the great professors. All they want is to ground a man per-

fectly, to set him solidly on his subject. The imaginative, the inventive quality they suppose will come of its own accord. There is a dignity, a massiveness of intellect in these professors which rather awes one. They do not court familiarity. You are not exactly afraid of them, but their impressiveness rather takes your breath away." We held many an interesting conversation of this kind with American students, and have gained some knowledge of the method of Prussian instruction, and the less-known characteristics of the people.

Berlin delighted us exceedingly with the air of bustle and constant movement seen in the streets. Perhaps, now that public anxiety in regard to the condition of the king is allayed, the city may owe its present amount of particular excitement to the meeting of the Congress. We hear a great deal about politics, and grave questions of European settlements are on every lip. It seems to be a subject of pride to Prussians that it is in Berlin that the end of the European game of diplomacy is to be played. Of course in-



IN THE PARK.

itations of every kind are sent to the General, and it is well that he had found some repose in Holland. I understand a grand review is on the tapis which General Grant is to witness. I don't think he possibly can escape this time, much as he is disinclined to witness military pageants. If one has the least inclination this way, any town in Prussia affords the amplest opportunities. We have the satisfaction of meeting quite a number of Prussian officers who have served in the United States during the civil war, many of them having been in action under the eyes of General Grant. They all express the highest admiration for his military capacity and sound judgment, and

are anxious to pay their respects to their old chief. We notice the direct affiliations Germany has with the United States, and when the character of our party is understood, we are asked an infinite number of questions by those who have friends and relatives in the States. We find that Prussians of all classes are very fairly acquainted with the geography of our country, and the many ludicrous mistakes which Frenchmen and Italians make are eluded. You never can manage to make a Frenchman of the middle class quite appreciate the distinction between North and South America. New York and Rio Janeiro to him are contiguous and adjacent towns.

We find time to visit Potsdam, and to see the great palaces there, the Babelsburg, the Royal, New and Marble Palaces, and the well-known Sans Souci. Potsdam is half a palatial residence and half a barracks. If anything, soldiers swarmed here more than in Berlin. In the garrison church are laid the mortal remains of the greatest of all the kings of Prussia. With a strange whim, Frederick it is said wanted to find sepulcher in his garden alongside of his good horse and his trusty friends the dogs, but such a thing could not be, and the king sleeps his long rest in the garrison church. Sans Souci is the pride of Potsdam, for here, when war was over, Fritz loved to dwell, and do queer things, and write verses, and dabble with French philosophy, and laugh at Voltaire, in a quiet and concealed kind of way, which probably the king enjoyed more than anything else. The mill of Sans Souci is world-famous, and its story a household tale. It stands still as a monument of the miller's folly, almost as it did in the time of Frederick the Great. There is a story, which if at least wanting in authenticity, only rounds the narrative, and that is, that in late years, the present mill owner, being reduced in circumstances, offered it to King William, at his own figures, agreeing to allow its removal. It is reported that the king bought it, but would not allow the mill to be removed, as it belonged to the history of the country. Prussians seem to cherish with particular reverence the memory of Frederick the Great, and the longer the period between his death and the present time, the greater

seems to be the respect paid him. Quite near Potsdam is the New Palace, also a pet residence of Frederick's, where certain rooms remain exactly in the same condition as when the old king left them. That little bit of queerness which Frederick had, may be recalled in looking at the Tabakscollegium, instituted by his father, which is on the grounds. Here the old king used to practice his horse jokes, and fuddle himself and his comrades with wine and tobacco. I have so far given our

impressions of Berlin as seen by the ordinary tourist, but as our party had for its head and chief a truly representative citizen of our great country, it fell to our share to be



GARDEN OF SANS SOUCI.

thrown in connection with some of the most distinguished men in Europe to-day. It was a fitting tribute to the United States, that the General should receive courtesies from the Chancellor of the United German people. I shall, therefore,

devote the greater part of the remainder of this chapter to the General's visit to Prince Bismarck, and to the singularly cordial reception the Ex-President met at the hands of the representatives of the royal family in Berlin.

All distinguished diplomats seem to be gouty, and as Prince Gortschakoff was afflicted with this aristocratic disease, at the request of the Russian Plenipotentiary, General Grant called on the prince. It was Mr. Bayard Taylor who arranged the visit. Prince Gortschakoff was highly pleased with the compliment paid to his country. Of all the members of the great European Congress, now holding their session in Berlin, most of the foreign representatives, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, M. Waddington, and Count Corti were known to the General. Mehemet Ali the General had met in Turkey. Visits of ceremony had to be paid to all these dignitaries. Among the very first of the great ones of this earth who left his card for the Ex-President was Prince Bismarck. Unfortunately General Grant was absent, and the visit on the part of Bismarck was repeated. As the General was most anxious to make the acquaintance of the great German, for whose character and services he had so high an admiration, the calls were returned at once, and a message was sent his highness, saying that the General would call at any time which would suit his convenience. Out of this came a meeting which most fortunately I have in my power to describe, a meeting of two distinguished men, which must be so interesting to both Germans and Americans, that I am glad to be able to describe it in its minutest details.

Four o'clock in the afternoon was named, and as General Grant's hotel was but a few minutes' walk from the Bismarck Palace, a few minutes before four the General walked through the Frederick Place. This Place is a small square, adorned with plants and flowers, and with superb trees growing in it, all laid out in memory of the Great Frederick. Statues of the leading Prussian generals decorate the walks. As most things in Germany tend to intensify the military spirit, and to keep up the remembrance of her heroes, the bronze statues record the

names and deeds of Zeithen, Seidlitz, Winterfeldt, Keith, Schwerin, and the Prince of Dessau. Passing through the park, on your right stretches an edifice, or rather a whole range of buildings, forming three sides of a square. An iron railing separates it from the street. There are grim sentinels on guard before the entrances of the building. From the roof the flag of Germany floats languidly. It is a bright sunshiny afternoon, and quite warm. The birds are singing in the park. The buildings are not very imposing, rather low and straggling, but you notice that one particular range of windows is shaded with lace curtains. You observe that the promenaders, the loungers, as they come past these windows, pause for a moment, and gaze at them curiously. Now this building happens to be, at this present moment, one of the most interesting places in the political world, for in that particular room, whose windows are shaded with their lace veils,



PALACE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM.

the Berlin Congress is holding its sitting, and as for the building itself, it is the home, the residence of that famous man, Prince Bismarck.

The General saunters in a kind of nonchalant way into the court-yard. The sentinels eye him for just an instant, perhaps curiously, and then quickly present arms. Somehow or other these grim soldiers recognize at once, as the salute is returned, that it comes from a man who is himself a soldier. His visit had been expected it was true, but it was supposed that an Ex-President of the United States would have come thundering in a coach and six accompanied by outriders, and not quietly on foot. The General throws away a half-smoked cigar, then brings up his hand to his hat, acknowledging the military courtesy, and advances in the most quiet way to the

door. But ceremony on the part of the Germans cannot allow a modest, unassuming entrance, for before he has time to ring, two liveried servants throw wide open the door, and the Ex-President passes into a spacious marble hall. Of all the princes of the earth now living, even of the rulers themselves, this Prince of Bismarck-Schinhausen is the most renowned. It is the prince who comes through the opening portals and with both hands extended welcomes General Grant. You cannot help but note that time has borne with a heavy hand on Bismarck within the past few years. The mustache and hair which but a short time ago were iron gray are now almost white ; there is even some weariness in the gait, a tired look about the face. But there is not a line on that face which does not belong to our association with Bismarck, for if ever true manhood, undaunted courage, and overpowering intellect were written on a man's features, they are all stamped on the massive head of the German chancellor. There is that lofty assertion of station which belongs only to men cast in this mold, those bold outlines which tell of great brains, which make and unmake empires, and with all that the frank, intrepid, penetrating eye with that firmly-knit mouth which shows the courage, the tenacity of the Saxon race. Prince Bismarck wears an officer's uniform, and as he takes the General's hand, he says, "Glad to welcome General Grant to Germany."

The General's reply is "that there is no incident in his German tour more interesting to him than this opportunity of meeting the prince." Prince Bismarck then expresses surprise at finding the General so young a man ; but when a comparison of ages is made, Prince Bismarck finds that the Ex-President is only eleven years his junior.

"That," says the prince, "shows the value of a military life, for here you have the frame of a young man, while I feel like an old one."

The General smiled, observing that he was at that period of life when he could have no higher compliment paid him than that of being called a young man. By the time this pleasant

chatting had been going on, the prince had offered the General a seat. All this took place in a library or study. There was an open window which looked out on the beautiful park on which the June sun was shining. This was the private park of the Radziwill Palace, which is now Bismarck's Berlin home. The library was a large, spacious room, the walls of gray marble, and the furniture plain and simple. In one corner stood a large, high writing-desk, where the chancellor works, and on the waxed floor a few Turkish rugs were thrown. The prince speaks English with precision, though slowly from want of practice, and when he wants a word seeks refuge in French. He shows, however, that he has a fair command of our vernacular.



MEETING WITH BISMARCK.

One of the prince's first questions was about General Sheridan.

"The general and I," said the prince, "were fellow campaigners in France, and we became great friends."

General Grant said that he had had letters from Sheridan recently and he was quite well.

"Sheridan," said the prince, "seemed to be a man of great ability."

"Yes," answered the General, "I regard Sheridan as not only one of the great soldiers of our war, but one of the great soldiers of the world—as a man who is fit for the highest commands. No better general ever lived than Sheridan."

"I observed," said the prince, "that he had a wonderfully quick eye. On one occasion, I remember, the Emperor and his staff took up a position to observe a battle. The Emperor himself was never near enough to the front, was always impatient to be as near the fighting as possible. 'Well,' said Sheridan to me, as we rode along, 'we shall never stay here, the enemy will in a short time make this so untenable that we shall all be leaving in a hurry. Then while the men are advancing they will see us retreating.' Sure enough, in an hour or so the cannon shot began to plunge this way and that way, and we saw we must leave. It was difficult to move the Emperor, however; but we all had to go, and," said the prince, with a hearty laugh, "we went rapidly. Sheridan had seen it from the beginning. I wish I had so quick an eye."

The prince then asked about Sheridan's command—his exact rank, his age, how long he held the command, and remarked that he was about the same age as the Crown Prince.

The General made a reference to the deliberations of the Congress, and hoped that there would be a peaceful result.

"That is my hope and belief," said the prince. "That is all our interest in the matter. We have no business with the Congress whatever, and are attending to the business of others by calling a congress. But Germany wants peace, and Europe wants peace, and all our labors are to that end. In the settlement of the questions arising out of the San Stefano Treaty Germany has no interest of a selfish character. I suppose," said the prince, "the whole situation may be summed up in this phrase, in making the treaty Russia ate more than she could digest, and the main business of the Congress is to relieve her. The war has been severe upon Russia, and of course she wants peace."

The General asked how long the Congress would probably sit, and the prince answered that he thought seven or eight more sittings would close the business. "I wish it were over," he said, "for Berlin is warm and I want to leave it."

The prince said that another reason why he was sorry the

Congress was in session was that he could not take General Grant around and show him Berlin. He said also that the Emperor himself was disappointed in not being able to see the General.

"His majesty," said the prince, "has been expecting you, and evinces the greatest interest in your achievements, in the distinguished part you have played in the history of your country, and in your visit to Germany. He commands me to say that nothing but his doctor's orders that he shall see no one, prevents his seeing you."

The General said, "I am sorry that I cannot have that honor, but I am far more sorry for the cause, and hope the Emperor is recovering."

"All the indications are of the best," answered the prince, "for the Emperor has a fine constitution and great courage and endurance, but you know he is a very old man."

"That," said the General, "adds to the horror one feels for the crime."

"It is so strange, so strange and so sad," answered the prince, with marked feeling. "Here is an old man—one of the kindest old gentlemen in the world—and yet they must try and shoot him! There never was a more simple, more genuine, more—what shall I say—more humane character than the Emperor's. He is totally unlike men born in his station, or many of them at least. You know that men who come into the world in his rank, born princes, are apt to think themselves of another race and another world. They are apt to take small account of the wishes and feelings of others. All their education tends to deaden the human side. But this Emperor is so much of a man in all things! He never did any one a wrong in his life. He never wounded any one's feelings; never imposed a hardship! He is the most genial and winning of men—thinking always, anxious always for the comfort and welfare of his people—of those around him. You cannot conceive a finer type of the noble, courteous, charitable old gentleman, with every high quality of a prince, as well as every virtue of a man. I should have supposed that the Emperor could have

walked alone all over the Empire without harm, and yet they must try and shoot him."

The General said that it was a horrible thing, and referred to Lincoln—a man of the kindest and gentlest nature—killed by an assassin.

"In some respects," said the prince, continuing as if in half a reverie, and as if speaking of a subject upon which he had been thinking a great deal—"In some respects the Emperor resembles his ancestor, Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great. The difference between the two is that the old king would be severe and harsh at times to those around him, while the Emperor is never harsh to any one. But the old king had so much simplicity of character, lived an austere, home-loving, domestic life; had all the republican qualities. So with this king; he is so republican in all things that even the most extreme republican if he did his character justice would admire him."

The General answered that the influence which aimed at the Emperor's life was an influence that would destroy all government, all order, all society, republics and empires.

"In America," said General Grant, "some of our people are, as I see from the papers, anxious about it. There is only one way to deal with it, and that is by the severest methods. I don't see why a man who commits a crime like this, a crime that not only aims at an old man's life, a ruler's life, but shocks the world, should not meet with the severest punishment. In fact," continued the General, "although at home there is a strong sentiment against the death penalty, and it is a sentiment which one naturally respects, I am not sure but it should be made more severe rather than less severe. Something is due to the offended as well as the offender, especially where the offended is slain."

"That," said the prince, "is entirely my view. My convictions are so strong that I resigned the government of Alsace because I was required to commute sentences of capital nature. I could not do it in justice to my conscience. You see, this kind old gentleman, that Emperor whom these very people

have tried to kill, is so gentle that he will never confirm a death sentence. Can you think of anything so strange that a sovereign whose tenderness of heart has practically abolished the death punishment should be the victim of assassination, or attempted assassination? That is the fact. Well, I have never agreed with the Emperor on this point, and in Alsace, when I found that as chancellor I had to approve all commutations of the death sentence, I resigned. In Prussia that is the work of the Minister of Justice; in Alsace it devolved upon me. I felt,



THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

as the French say, that something was due to justice, and if crimes like these are rampant they must be severely punished."

"All you can do with such people," said the General quietly, "is to kill them."

"Precisely so," answered the prince.

Prince Bismarck said the Emperor was especially sorry that he could not in person show General Grant a review, and that the Crown Prince would give him one. "But," said the prince, "the old gentleman is so much of a soldier and so fond of his army that nothing would give him more pleasure than to display it to so great a soldier as yourself."

The General said that he had accepted the Crown Prince's invitation to a review for next morning, but with a smile continued: "The truth is I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, although I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars, in Mexico as a young lieutenant, and later, I never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure."

"You are so happily placed," replied the prince. "in America that you need fear no wars. What always seemed so sad to me about your last great war was that you were fighting your own people. That is always so terrible in wars, so very hard."

"But it had to be done," said the General.

"Yes," said the prince, "you had to save the Union just as we had to save Germany."

"Not only save the Union, but destroy slavery," answered the General.

"I suppose, however, the Union was the real sentiment, the dominant sentiment," said the prince.

"In the beginning, yes," said the General; "but as soon as slavery fired upon the flag it was felt, we all felt, even those who did not object to slaves, that slavery must be destroyed. We felt that it was a stain to the Union that men should be bought and sold like cattle."

"I had an old and good friend, an American, in Motley," said the prince, "who used to write me now and then. Well, when your war broke out he wrote me. He said, 'I will make a prophecy, and please take this letter and put it in a tree or a box for ten years, then open it and see if I am not a prophet. I prophesy that when this war ends the Union will be established and we shall not lose a village or a hamlet.' This was Motley's prophecy," said the prince, with a smile, "and it was true."

"Yes," said the General, "it was true."

"I suppose if you had had a large army at the beginning of the war it would have ended in a much shorter time."

"We might have had no war at all," said the General; "but

we cannot tell. Our war had many strange features—there were many things which seemed odd enough at the time, but which now seem Providential. If we had had a large regular army, as it was then constituted, it might have gone with the South. In fact, the Southern feeling in the army among high officers was so strong that when the war broke out the army dissolved. We had no army—then we had to organize one. A great commander like Sherman or Sheridan even then might



THE GENDARMENMARKET.

have organized an army and put down the rebellion in six months or a year, or, at the farthest, two years. But that would have saved slavery, perhaps, and slavery meant the germs of new rebellion. There had to be an end of slavery. Then we were fighting an enemy with whom we could not make a peace. We had to destroy him. No convention, no treaty was possible—only destruction.”

“It was a long war,” said the prince, “and a great work well done—and I suppose it means a long peace.”

“I believe so,” said the General.

The prince asked the General when he might have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Grant. The General answered that she would receive him at any convenient hour.

"Then," said the prince, "I will come to-morrow before the Congress meets."

Both gentlemen arose, and the General renewed the expression of his pleasure at having seen a man who was so well known and so highly esteemed in America.

"General," answered the prince, "the pleasure and the honor are mine. Germany and America have always been in such friendly relationship that nothing delights us more than to meet Americans, and especially an American who has done so much for his country, and whose name is so much honored in Germany as your own."

The prince and the General walked side by side to the door, and after shaking hands the General passed into the square. The guard presented arms, the General lit a fresh cigar, and slowly strolled home.

"I am glad I have seen Bismarck," the General remarked. "He is a man whose manner and bearing fully justify the opinions one forms of him. What he says about the Emperor was beautifully said, and should be known to all the Germans and those who esteem Germany."

Notable among incidents of the Berlin stay was a quiet informal reception given to the General by Mr. Bayard Taylor, our American Minister. Mr. Taylor was not aware of the General's coming until a day or two before his arrival, and had been quite ill. Then he had had no personal acquaintance with the General, and if his home political sympathies ran in one direction more than in another it was not in the direction of the General. But I know of no two men more likely under favorable circumstances to become well acquainted than Bayard Taylor and General Grant. I am sure I violate no confidence when I say that the General will leave Berlin with as high an opinion of Mr. Taylor and as great an esteem for his character as for that of any of the distinguished diplomatists who have entertained him in Europe. Mr. Taylor regretted

that the state of mourning in which the attempt on the Emperor's life had thrown Berlin, and the presence of the Congress, prevented his entertaining the General in a more ostentatious manner. But he made all the arrangements with the court, and gave the General an evening party, at which all the Americans in Berlin attended. I was surprised to find so many Americans in Berlin. The General spent a most pleasant evening with Mr. Taylor. The next day there was a small dinner party at the embassy, and, in addition, there was a great deal of going around and seeing Berlin in a quiet way, which form of foreign life the General enjoys beyond any other.

The Crown Prince sent word to General Grant asking him to name an hour when he would review some troops of all arms. The General answered that any hour most convenient for the troops would be pleasant to him. So it was arranged at half past seven in the morning. The General asked Mr. Coleman, of the legation, to be one of his company. It had rained all night a heavy, pitching, blowing rain, and when the morning came the prayers which Mr. Coleman had been offering up all night for better weather were found to have been of no avail. The General himself had a severe cold and a chill, which had been hanging over him for two days, and when he arose he could scarcely speak. There was a suggestion that the review might be postponed. But the troops were under way, as we learned, and the General would not hear of the suggestion. He only hoped, he said, when the Crown Prince's officer came to attend him, that the display would be as brief as possible and not severe upon the men. The place selected was the Tempelhof, a large open field outside of Berlin. When General Grant drove on the ground in a court carriage he was met by the general commanding the Berlin troops and a large staff. A horse from the royal stables was in waiting, but the General was suffering so much that he would not mount. The rain kept on in its wild way, and the wind swept it in gusts across the open field, so much so that in a few moments, even with the protection of a carriage, we were all thoroughly drenched.

The maneuvers went on all the same. There was a sham

fight with infantry, all the incidents of a real battle—moving on the flank, in skirmish line, firing and retreating, firing and advancing. Then came the order to fix bayonets and charge at double quick, the soldiers shouting and cheering as they advanced, with that ringing cheer which somehow no one hears but in Saxon lands, and which stirs the blood like a trumpet. The General was attended by Major Igel, an intelligent officer. The General complimented the movement of the troops highly, but said he questioned very much whether in modern war the saber or the bayonet were of use.

“What I mean,” said the General, “is this: anything that adds to the burdens carried by the soldier is a weakness to the army. Every ounce he carries should tell in his efficiency. The bayonet is heavy, and if it were removed, or if its weight in food or ammunition were added in its place, the army would be stronger. As for the bayonet as a weapon, if soldiers come near enough to use it they can do as much good with the club-end of their muskets. The same is true as to sabers. I would take away the bayonet, and give the soldiers pistols in place of sabers. A saber is always an awkward thing to carry.”

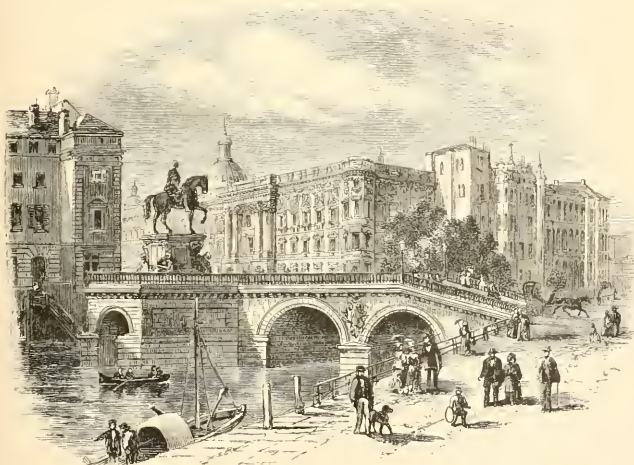
Major Igel did not think the experiences of the Prussian army would sustain the General's view. He knew of cases where effective work had been done with the bayonet, and that the Prussians were not likely to abandon it. The General said no doubt war showed instances when the bayonet was effective, but those instances were so few that he did not think they would pay for the heavy burden imposed upon an army by the carrying of the bayonet. In any army he commanded he would feel like taking away the bayonet, and telling the men to trust to the but-ends of their muskets. It is due to the major to say that he was not convinced by the General's reasoning, but the discussion may have a value as a bit of military criticism.

After the maneuvers and the sham fight there was a march past, the General reviewing the line with bared head, to which the pitiless rain showed no mercy.

“These are fine soldiers,” he said, and thanked the commander for his courtesy.

Then came artillery practice, the guns firing and sweeping over the field in a whirling, mad pace. This was followed by an artillery march past, which the General reviewed on foot, the rain beating down all the time. Then came cavalry. This was the most interesting phase of the display, especially one movement where the battalion broke into disorder and rallied again.

"This," said the major, "we do to accustom our men to the contingency of disorder on the field and enable every man to



ROYAL PALACE.

know how to take care of himself." The movement was effective and beautiful, and showed, said the General, the highest state of discipline. It was followed by a charge and a march past, the General on foot reviewing, and the rain whirling in heavy gusts.

After this we all drove to a military hospital and inspected it. Then to the quarters of a cavalry regiment under the command of the Prince of Hohenzollern. The General was received by the officers, and went carefully through the quarters.

He observed that spurs were more used in the Prussian than in the American cavalry service, which he said, "I think to be an advantage." After inspection there was a quiet mess-room lunch and a good deal of military talk, which showed that the General had not forgotten his trade.

The General, at the close of the lunch, asked permission to propose the prosperity of the regiment and the health of the colonel. It was a regiment of which any army would be proud, and he hoped a day of trial would never come; but if it did he was sure it would do its part to maintain the ancient success of the Prussian army. He also desired to express his thanks to the Crown Prince for the pains that had been taken to show him this sample of his magnificent army. The prince answered in German, which Major Igel translated, that he was much complimented by the General's toast, and that the annals of his regiment would always record the pride they felt in having had at their mess and as their guest so illustrious a leader. This closed the military services of the day, and we drove home. On our way home the skies relented and the sun began to shine.

On reaching the hotel about noon, a rustle in the crowd that never leaves the pavement in front of the Kaiserhof, watching Grant, Beaconsfield, and the famous men who live here, showed that something special was on foot. The General went to his apartment, and a few minutes later a coupé was seen driving around the square, people were seen running after, the guard presented arms, passers-by stopped and saluted, waiters and café idlers came rushing out, holding napkins and mugs of beer. Then came that whisper that somehow gets into the air when any unusual event is happening. "Bismarck's coming." In a moment the coupé stopped, and the prince descended and touched his hat to the crowd. He wore a full military uniform, with a gilded helmet on his head, and was conducted to the apartments of the General.

The General presented the prince to his wife and Mrs. Taylor, the wife of the minister. Prince Bismarck expressed again his satisfaction at seeing General Grant and his wife in

Germany, and hoped Mrs. Grant would carry home the best impressions of the country. It had been raining all day, and the skies were heavy with clouds; and the General himself, suffering from a cold, had been sitting in a carriage for two hours, the rain beating on his face, watching horsemen, artillery, and infantry march and countermarch over the Tempelhof grounds. Altogether it had been a trying day, for everybody felt cheerless and damp. But Mrs. Grant has a nature that would see as much sunshine in Alaska as in Italy, and on whose temper rain or snow never makes an impression. Mrs. Grant told his highness how delighted she was with Germany, with Potsdam, and the Crown Prince,

and more especially the Crown Princess, whose motherly, womanly ways had won quite a place in her own womanly, motherly heart. They had had pleasant talks about children, households, wedding anniversaries, and domestic manners in Germany, and had no doubt exchanged a world of that sweet and sacred information which ladies like to bestow on one another in the confidence of friendly conversation. Moreover,

she was pleased to see Prince Bismarck, and expressed that pleasure; and then there was a half hour of the pleasantest talk, not about politics or wars or statesmanship, but on very human themes.

The gentler side of the prince came into play, and one who was present formed the opinion that there was a very



BRANDENBURGER GATE.

sunny side to the man of blood and iron. As two o'clock drew near the prince arose and said, "I must go to my Congress, for, you see, although the business does not concern us greatly, it is business that must be attended to." The General escorted the prince. As he entered his coupé the crowd had become dense, for Bismarck rarely appears in public now, and all Berlin honors him as foremost among German men.

A grand dinner was given by Prince Bismarck to our Ex-President. Now this authentic history would not be complete unless I gave the method of invitation with the *menu* in fullest detail. The invitation card was in German—a large, plain card, as follows :

FUERST VON BISMARCK

beehrt sich General U. S. GRANT zum Diner
am Montag, den 1. Juli, um 6 Uhr, ganz erge-
benst einzuladen.

U. A. w. g.

The *menu* was in French, and I give the exact copy :

MENU.

LUNDI, le 1er juillet.
Potage Mulligatawny.
Pâtés à la financière.
Turbot d'Ostende à l'Anglaise.
Quartier de bœuf à la Holsteinaise.
Canetons aux olives.
Ris de veau à la Milanaise.
Punch romain.
Poulardes de Bruxelles.
Salade. Compotes.
Fonds d'artichauts à la Hollandaise.
Pain de fraises à la Chantilly.
Glaces.
Dessert.

The General, with his military habits of promptness, entered the palace at six precisely, accompanied by his wife, Mr. Bayard Taylor, the Minister, and Mrs. Taylor, and H. Sidney Everett, the Secretary of Legation. The Prince and Princess Bismarck and the Countess Marie Grafyn von Bismarck, accompanied by the prince's two sons, met the General at the door of the *salon* and presented him to the various guests.

There was a hearty greeting for the minister and his party, and the princess and Mrs. Grant were soon floating on the waves of an animated conversation. The company was about thirty, and a few moments after the General's arrival dinner was announced. The prince led the way, escorting Mrs. Grant, who sat on his right, with Mrs. Taylor on his left, the General and the princess *vis-à-vis*, with Mr. Von Schlözer, the German Minister at Washington, between them. The remainder of the company were members of the cabinet and distinguished officials of Berlin. The dinner was sumptuous, and admirable in every respect. About half past seven or later it was over, and the company adjourned to another *salon*.

In order to reach this apartment the company passed through the room devoted to the Congress. It seemed like coming into some awful presence to be in the very chamber where the ruling minds of Europe, the masters of legions, the men who govern the world, daily meet to determine the destiny of millions—to determine peace or war.

We came to an antechamber. The General and Bismarck sat on a small sofa near the window looking out upon the glorious swaying trees in the park. The ladies clustered into another group around the princess, who has one of the best and kindest faces I have ever seen. The remainder of the party broke into groups, wandering about the balcony to talk about the weather, the trees, the rain, the Congress, the Kaiser, and the other themes that seem to float about in every Berlin conversation.

The General was made comfortable with a cigar, but the prince would not smoke a cigar. His doctors, who had been bothering him about many things, had even interfered with his tobacco, and all they would allow him was a pipe. Just such a pipe as the American mind associates with a Hollander or German—a pipe with a black, heavy bowl, a smoking machine about two feet long. This the prince nursed beneath his knees, with his head bent forward in the full tide of an animated conversation.

If I had any skill in drawing I should like to sketch the scene

between Grant and Bismarck. The Chancellor—I came near saying the old Chancellor (I was thinking of his gray and wan face, and forgetting that he is a young man, as chancellors go)—the Chancellor had lying stretched before him one faithful friend, a black Danish dog of the hound species. This dog has made a place for himself in the affections of Berlin. He has full run of the palace, and took as much pains as the prince to make himself agreeable to his guests. He and the prince are inseparable companions, and there is a story that when Prince Gortschakoff came one day to see Bismarck the dog made an anti-Russian demonstration against the Russian's legs. All Berlin laughed over the story, which is too good to be denied.

But on this occasion the Danish hound was in the most gracious mood, and while the General and the prince were in conversation—the General tugging his cigar, which he is sure to allow to go out if the theme becomes an interesting one, and the prince patting his pipe as if he loved it—the dog lay at their feet in placid acquiescence, with one eye now and then wandering over the guests to see that order was respected. The scene between the soldier and the statesman was worthy of remembrance.

The General and the prince talked mainly upon the resources of the two countries; and this is a theme upon which the General never tires, and which, so far as America is concerned, he knows as well as any man in the world. The contrast between the two faces was a study; for I take it no two faces, of this generation at least, have been more widely drawn. In expression Bismarck has what might be called an intense face, a moving, restless eye, that might flame in an instant. His conversation is irregular, rapid, audacious, with gleams of humor, saying the oddest and frankest things, and enjoying anything that amuses him so much that frequently he will not, cannot finish the sentence for laughing. Grant, whose enjoyment of humor is keen, never passes beyond a smile. In conversation he talks his theme directly out with care, avoiding no detail, correcting himself if he slips in a detail, exceedingly accu-

rate in statement, always talking well, because he never talks about what he does not know. In comparing the two faces you note how much more youth there is in that of Grant than of Bismarck. Grant's face was tired enough a year ago, when he came here jaded with the anxieties arising from the Electoral Commission; it had that weary look which you see in Bismarck's, but it has gone, and of the two men you would certainly deem Grant the junior by twenty years.



WILLIAM'S PLATZ.

Mr. Taylor, the American Minister, was evidently impressed with the historical value of the meeting of Grant and Bismarck. He remembered a German custom that you can never cement a friendship without a glass of old-fashioned schnapps. There was a bottle of a famous schnapps cordial among other bottles. I am afraid to say how old it was. The Minister said, "General, no patriotic German will believe that there can ever be lasting friendship between Germany and the United States unless yourself and the prince pledge eternal amity between all Germans and Americans over a glass of this schnapps." The

prince laughed and thanked the minister for the suggestion. The schnapps was poured out, the General and prince touched glasses, the vows were exchanged in hearty fashion, and the prince, rising, led Mrs. Grant through the hall.

As the party passed into the room where the Congress meets the prince explained the position of the members and made some comments on the manner of doing business. "We do not get on rapidly for one reason," he said; "because nearly every member when he speaks does it in so low a voice that he has to say it all over again." At the head of the stairs the party separated, the prince kissing the hand of Mrs. Grant in knightly German fashion.

So much for this dinner, which in a certain sense may be considered as an historical one, and on which I have purposely dwelt at full length.

Berlin is, of course, at the present moment in a political fever, as the various phases of European politics are being developed. We all of us hear the gravest questions discussed, with every variety of opinion. There is so much I might say about "questions" regarding Bessarabia, Roumania, and Batoum. The air is resonant with these hard Oriental names, and every one you meet presents you with "views" and has his own plan about settling the affairs of Europe. I abandon heroic themes, and only describe what is more amusing, how Grant and Bismarck talked and dined and drank the friendly schnapps.

The time spent in Berlin had not a single unoccupied moment. Invitations from all sides flowed on the General, and requests were sent offering hospitalities which, in some cases, almost partook of the character of royal commands. But the strength of the party would quite likely have been overtaxed had all this kindness been accepted, and a great many of these courtesies were regretfully declined. Those of us who wished to see the methods of living such as are represented by the restaurants, which abound in Berlin, found them excellent, though at prices quite equal, if not exceeding, the cost of similar dinners in Paris.

The cordial greeting the General had met with in Berlin on



GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY IN EGYPT

his arrival was continued without interruption up to the last moment of his departure. Although it would not have been surprising if the people of Berlin had become tired of seeing so many great men in their city at one time, their enthusiasm and respect for the Ex-President of the United States seemed to increase every day while he was in the city. His quiet manners, his dislike of ostentation, even the constant cigar in his mouth, seemed to them to partake of some of the characteristics of their own country. Our stay in Berlin might have been indefinitely prolonged, but we are called on to visit other lands. It is up and march again. Our preparations are being made for our journey almost due north, and we hope soon to be in Norway. We are to leave for Copenhagen *via* Hamburg.



CHRISTIANIA.

CHAPTER XVI.

DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN.

IT is true our journey is now due north, but still as the General's capacity for traveling is insatiable we are to zigzag a little before reaching the Scandinavian peninsula. Though Berlin sight-seeing and military reviews had fully occupied the General's attention and taxed him to the utmost, he really seems to feel no fatigue, but enters on this northern journey as fresh as at the outset of this already very much extended travel. Now Hamburg, though a commercial city, is one of pleasure, and thither we bend our way. We have often heard German-Americans say, "Yes, Paris and Vienna are all very good in their way—so is New York; but if you really wish to find a place where true enjoyment can be found we commend Hamburg to your notice." From Berlin to Hamburg the distance is a trifle over one hundred and seventy-

five miles. The trip, like all railroad journeys in Germany, was made with great comfort, for in no other country are the railroads constructed with so much thoroughness and stability. The roadbed is most perfect, and the arrangement of the carriages and the general equipment are admirable. The speed too is quite as great as that of trains in America. Of course, the roads are worked under the supervision of the Government and, like many other things in Prussia, are to some extent under military rule. The paternal character of the government is perhaps seen a little bit too much at times in certain notices posted in all stations, and occasionally in the cars, where the traveler is instructed when a window may be opened and when it is to be closed; but still as the European public generally are not so nomadic or as well posted as are our own people, such rules and regulations are perhaps quite necessary. In Prussia, railroad management is carried out to the utmost perfection, and accidents or delays are exceedingly rare. Everything is provided for which may help the traveler on his way. There are sign-posts to guide him, and railway officials to direct his steps. Your American tourist at home is supposed to have an intuitive perception of what exact car he must get into, and is allowed to take care of himself. In Europe generally, and most especially in Germany, it is just the contrary. The traveler is thought to be an ignorant person, and is accordingly to be prompted where to go to and what to do. The country we pass through *en route* for Hamburg one cannot call beautiful, as it is rather sandy, though this arid aspect decreases as the river Elbe is neared. A short time after leaving Berlin we hear the town of Spandau called by the railroad conductor. Spandau recalls to us a military prison, and the stories of hair-breadth escapes. It is at Spandau in a grim old fortress that a goodly part of the French indemnity is held for safe keeping. If money be the sinew of war, very certainly Prussia has plenty of it provided for her by her enemy.

We reach Hamburg on July 2d, and are at once delighted with its appearance. It is the busiest place apparently we

have yet met in Germany. Everything seems alive and stirring. Omnibuses, carriages, and great trucks loaded down with goods are rumbling in every direction. The thoroughfares are thronged with foot passengers. The streets seem to us to be both new and old. In the same row are houses built centuries ago, and alongside of them new constructions erected only yesterday. The irregularity of the streets is not unpleasant, for in many parts of the city land and water are combined. It is recorded in the annals of Hamburg that up to the middle of the last century this city was a villainously dirty town, and wretchedly built, but that it owes its present agreeable appearance to a series of fires which, having destroyed half the town, caused it to be rebuilt with the present improvements. Never was there a city which recalled more its maritime importance. Sailors and men of foreign birth in strange costumes are seen everywhere, and there are painted signs in all known languages. The port is full of ships bearing the colors of various nations. There is no end of water communication in Hamburg, and small steamers are constantly plying. The commercial greatness of this city need not be descanted upon. In the United States we all know that from Hamburg come the most intelligent of our foreign merchants, and that a clerk with a Hamburg training is supposed to be a graduate in the higher branches of trading. The Exchange, into which some of us venture, is a vast building where transactions to enormous amounts are being daily carried out. We are very much at home at Hamburg, and enjoy all its hospitalities. We find that the pleasures of the city have not been in the least exaggerated. Invitations to dinners, to suppers, to evening receptions are sent to the Ex-President. In fact, the people of Hamburg, as well as the American residents, did all that the kindest hospitality could dictate to make the General's stay in their city pleasant and agreeable. We find, in contrasting Hamburg with the other principal cities of Germany which we have so far visited, that there is a trifle less of that military feeling and martinet proclivity which casts the least bit of a shadow over one's personal ease, and makes an American feel uncomfortable. The self-

importance of Germany is not so persistently brought into prominence in Hamburg. This is no doubt due to commercial causes. Hamburg sends her ships to every port of importance on the globe; they return freighted with the riches of the world, and her citizens, from so much communication with other nations, very naturally imbibe cosmopolitan ideas. Ideas ever expand as commerce rules, and the great city of the Hanseatic League, though her liberties be somewhat shorn,



HAMBURG.

asserts her individuality. She has her true aristocracy of merchant princes, who spend their money nobly, and who have endowed their handsome city with lasting monuments in the way of libraries, schools, public gardens, and charitable institutions. Hamburg is one of the great commercial feeders of Germany, and as a distributing point is of vast importance. Of course the relationships of friendship and commerce between Hamburg and New York and many other ports in the United States are very close. If we had been somewhat deprived of newspapers, and the possibility of finding out all the

news about home while in Berlin, here at Hamburg all the familiar journals of the leading American cities were presented to us for our perusal.

On the day of our arrival the General dined quietly with the American Consul, Mr. J. M. Wilson. There was the usual evening tramp about the city, and next morning a deputation of the Hamburg Senate called and welcomed the General. Hamburg, as one of the members of the old Hanseatic Confederation, is a free city, and governed by a senate and a burgomaster. Although a part of the more modern machine of the German Empire, it still retains some of its municipal privileges, being to all intents and purposes a republic, as it has been for a thousand years. The General admired the city greatly, and was especially pleased with its order and perfection, and was indifferent to the rain-storms which set in on our arrival. If, however, any one would enjoy God's gifts on this northwestern coast of Europe he must take them with rain.

Hamburg entertained the General with hearty good will. On the morning after his arrival he was taken by the senators on board a small steamer and made a tour of the docks and basins and a small run into the Elbe. The ships were all decked with bunting. The trip was pleasant, notwithstanding the rain. In the evening there was a dinner given by the senate at the Zoölogical Gardens, the burgomaster, Dr. Kirchenssauer, in the chair. Among the senators present were Senators Oswald, Stamer, Moring, and Hertze. The burgomaster proposed the General's health in the kindest terms, speaking of the honor Hamburg received from his visit. The next day, being the Fourth of July, the General went down to the country residence of James R. MacDonald, the vice consul, and spent the afternoon walking about the woods and talking with American friends. Then came a dinner at a country hotel near by, where about thirty American ladies and gentlemen were present, the consul presiding. Mr. Wilson proposed the General's health as "the man who had saved the country." This toast was drunk with cheers, to which the General responded as follows:

"MR. CONSUL AND FRIENDS: I am much obliged to you for the kind manner in which you drink my health. I share with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far from home should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent from one remark of our consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man we should not have a country, and we should not be now celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command; if I had fallen; if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end and never surrendered the Union. Therefore it is a mistake and a reflection upon the people to attribute to me, or to any number of us who held high commands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, and so did hundreds of thousands of others. We deserve no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved



CHURCH OF ST. JAMES—HAMBURG.

the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union."

Among those present—for the company was almost entirely American—were J. M. Wilson, the Consul; J. R. MacDonald, the Vice Consul; Mr. Glick, Mr. and Mrs. Danna, Mr. and Mrs.

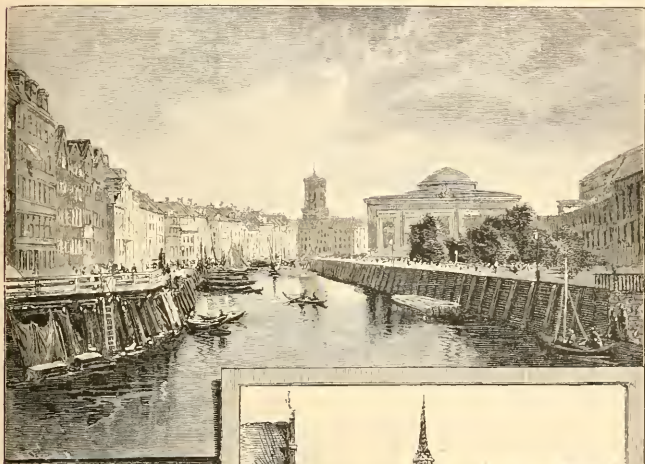
Warburg, Mr. and Mrs. Slattery, Mr. and Mrs. Politz, Miss Politz, Miss Gibson, and Miss Wolff. There was some dancing in a quiet way, and as we rode to the railway station there were fireworks in the woods at various points. The next day the General lunched at the house of Baron von Ohlendorf, one of the leading merchants of Hamburg. The house of the baron is a palace and the entertainment was regal. Among the company present were the Prussian Minister to Hamburg, the commander of the Prussian garrison, Senators Godefroy and Moring, and a large representation of the great merchants and bankers of the city. The consul told me how many millions there were represented at the table, but I have forgotten, and will not dare to guess. Hamburg, however, has reason to be proud of these masters of her prosperity. The General was carried off to the races, for the Hamburgers were bent on his seeing their track. It rained, however, and after seeing one spin around the turf, the General returned to his hotel. Among other incidents of the visit was the appearance of a Prussian military band in front of the General's hotel window at eight o'clock on the morning of the Fourth and a serenade. I copy the programme:

1. "Hail Columbia."
2. Overture, 2. d. op. "Die Stimme von Portici," von Auber.
3. Chor der Biester a. d. op. "Die Zauberflöte," von Mozart.
4. Entre act und Brautchor a. d. oper. "Lohengrin," von Wagner.

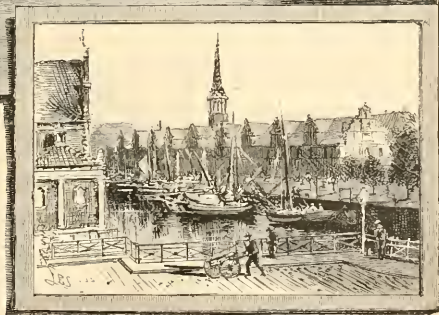
Our stay in Hamburg might have been extended over weeks if the General had attempted to accept a tithe of the many kind invitations offered him. But we are for Norway and Sweden now, taking Denmark *en route*.

From Hamburg our course for a while is due north again, though the General has concluded to diverge to the east some little and to pay Copenhagen a flying visit before going to Christiania. We leave Hamburg on July 6th, journey rapidly through Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark, and cross the Great Belt, where we gain a first view of the interior seas of Northern Europe before reaching Copenhagen. It may be a

very trite expression, but certainly the actual visiting of certain places dispels many false impressions. Of course on the map the insular character of Denmark is well marked, but it is the Danish archipelago which when seen impresses one more particularly with the peculiarity of this country. In appearance the



CANAL AND MUSEUM.
COPENHAGEN.



THE EXCHANGE.

portion of Denmark we traveled over was Dutch in its character, but if anything more bleak and less under that perfection of culture which makes Holland so remarkable. Denmark has not fared well in the late political combinations of Europe, and still feels keenly her more recent loss, that of her southern provinces. There is a pride of race in the Dane which no one can say is not a proper one, for he can look back to a long

and glorious history. More than once she was the conqueror of England, and all Europe wherever a ship could sail has felt her power. Denmark, standing as she did at the entrance of the Baltic, exacted for many years feudal rights over the expanse of waters. I trust my country has been forgiven long ago because we refused to pay Sound dues and asserted the freedom of the seas. Copenhagen is a most picturesque place, with noble squares and stately houses. It seems strange that in this far-off city of the North, the artistic tendency should be so conspicuous, but it is manifest everywhere. Something else that strike us is the politeness of the people, the grace of their manner, and their fine personal appearance. Physiologically it is a leading race, and being a handsome one, has stamped its peculiar type on many people. You see the clear gray eye, the flaxen locks, and the finest of profiles. Situated partly on the coast of Zealand, Copenhagen also occupies the island of Amager. All these northern towns have something of a Venetian appearance, for water is used in every way possible as a method of locomotion. The ships are moored in canals which are alongside of the busiest of the streets. We are particularly struck by the many brilliant costumes of the country people who throng the streets. I have spoken of the artistic tendency of the Danes, as shown in their city of Copenhagen. This is due to the genius of Thorwaldsen. In fact, Denmark has had a modern renaissance, with this advantage that all that was brutal and wicked in men's manners in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has been eliminated in this new art birth. The influence of Copenhagen has been very great on all Northern Europe, in fact over the whole world. It is not only the genius of Thorwaldsen which asserted its power, for there was once a famous story-teller, who delighted all children in both the New and Old World, and made us look to Denmark with love and reverence. Need I say that it is of Hans Andersen that I write? We all know he died but a year or so ago, but we are very sure that many a man will remember until he goes down to his grave the pleasant stories Andersen told him, and in think-

ing of them will be a child once more. We would have dearly loved to have seen good Hans Andersen, and to have told him how well he was known and appreciated away across the broad ocean. The veneration and respect paid to Thorwaldsen is very evident in Copenhagen, and a great center of attraction is the Thorwaldsen Museum. Here are preserved the greater part of all his works, some three hundred in number. It is the life, the history of a great genius, which can be seen in all its wonderful detail. Though Thorwaldsen has been dead some thirty-four years, his memory seems very fresh.

Museums and collections of the greatest merit are to be found in profusion. In Rosenborg Castle are exhibited all the relics belonging to a long race of Danish kings. It is the Ethnographic Museum, contained in the Prindsens Palais, which is the most famous of its kind in the world. Of course, no country save one having ample intercourse with the outside world could have made so perfect a collection. Here are the



ROSENBOURG CASTLE—COPENHAGEN.

antiquities of all ages. Here there is a long series of objects which teach us the history, manners, or customs of men of the prehistoric time. There is an absolute thoroughness in all these collections, and an intelligent system employed in their classification, which make them studied throughout Europe. It is accurate science and an absolute acquaintance with facts which is the great moving impulse of the Dane. As has been before

mentioned, however, he is never forgetful of art. This is manifest by the elegant appearance of all the public buildings, and the judicious care evinced in their decoration. At a short distance from the city is the Palace of Fredericksberg, in the midst of a beautiful park. We are attracted that way by the familiar appearance of a New-York built street-car. Two or three of us, intent on a stroll, jump on the car, perfectly indifferent as to where it is going, and thus discover one of the most charming gardens near the city. Here the better classes come to drink their beer, and to eat the *delicatessen* which Denmark offers. On the long summer evenings, which have scarce any night, we love to while away an hour or so in these gardens. We observe closely the methods of Danish amusement. It is apparently very decorous. People seem to enjoy themselves. Young men and handsome girls talk, chat, and laugh, and the parents join in their glee. It is perfectly true that we do not at home know how to amuse ourselves in a similar sensible way. There is a zoölogical garden here too, and we follow great troops of children and grown people who are to pay a visit to the animals. Our visit to Copenhagen is short, almost too short, but we are under royal commands, and the General bids us hasten away, for we are to touch at Sweden, and then be off for Norway. Need I always repeat that the Ex-President's reception, no matter where he goes, is of the warmest kind, and that Copenhagen and Denmark are all anxious to do him honor? We bid our many new-made friends a good-by, and crossing the Cattegat, touch at Gottenburg, and then and there make our first acquaintance with the fjords of the great Northern Peninsula. It was the heartiest of welcomes that General Grant met at Gottenburg. There must have been fully five thousand persons, all cheering lustily as our vessel approached the town, so anxious were the good Swedes to show their respect to our chief. Again was the General in what the French call *un pays de connaissance*, for so many Swedes have emigrated to the United States, that his fame has been spread far and wide through the Great North Country. There was not a big ship at Gottenburg, not even a

fishing shallop, that was not gay with flags. It had been the General's desire to post on at once to Christiania, but he had not the heart, after such a welcome, not to accept at least a portion of the large hospitality offered to him. Now Gottenburg is decidedly a place of interest, as it presents what is quite a rare thing in Europe, the fact that a town may be reborn, and from being comparatively a dead city, like those in Holland, may again spring into life and activity. It was great Gustavus (who rather tore down towns than built them) who first thought that the position of Gottenburg offered certain advantages. In 1834 it was an old town without activity, and with very little if any business outside of its local trade. About the year 1850, Gottenburg began to show signs of improvement, and it is now a handsome well-built city, with a population of forty thousand. It does a great lumber business with England, and when iron is wanted on the Continent, it is Gottenburg that receives and ships the best Swedish iron. It is called not inappropriately the Liverpool of the North. There are numerous fine, broad streets, and the houses, like all houses in which well-to-do merchants dwell, have an air of solid comfort. The weather is simply delightful now, pleasantly warm midday, with cool nights and mornings, and the heavens all blue without a cloud. We are getting farther and farther north, and though it is July and days are shortening, still we enjoy the long, clear evenings. The day is spent most enjoyably at Gottenburg, and we go the next morning to Christiania. I think the General is touched when he notices that in his especial honor every village we pass near has been decorated by the peasant folk. It is on the 13th of July that we arrive at Christiania, the capital of Norway. If the reception in Sweden was flattering to the General, that in Norway I can hardly describe. It is the most spontaneous of welcomes. There were fully ten thousand people who thronged the quays to see the General. King Oscar himself had left Stockholm, and has made a rapid journey to his capital of Norway, to take the General by the hand and to offer him all courtesy. At home we have seen General Grant as general and President only. These are stations in life

where feelings and emotions must be concealed or at least kept under control. I watch the General as he receives the applause of the Norsemen who give him cheer after cheer as he puts his foot on their hospitable shores. First the General seems puzzled, then the least bit of timidity is visible; there is, too, a



THE NORWEGIAN MOUNTAINS.

trace of wonderment apparent; but then he fairly unbends, and does show some emotion in his face. I even think he looks happy when he feels sure that all this honor which is paid him is spontaneous and comes from the heart of these northern folks. It is a beautiful day, and the fresh sea air blows across the sparkling waters, and makes little white caps of foam. Nothing can be more enchanting than the view which Christiania

presents. The fjord stretches out beyond, and looks like a succession of lakes as the view is intercepted by jutting headlands. The whole picture partakes of that double character which is delightful by contrast. Here are headlands bold and precipitous, these crowned with the most verdant culture, then black rugged rocks beyond, and hills clothed with firs. Vessels are sailing here and there in the port. Some are bound to America, while others smaller are to sail due north even to the Arctic Seas, and fish in those icy waters. Turning from the water side to Christiania we see a handsome city, elegantly laid out. Imposing structures rise one over the other, and beyond are the evidences of culture in numerous handsome villas which crown the green slopes. It is altogether a scene of unusual beauty and of surpassing novelty. Sunshine may perhaps be scarcer in Norway than in the United States, but there is a mellow softness in a Norse sun which blends the various colors of nature in the most admirable way. This entrance to Christiania must remain among the most pleasant reminiscences of this travel. The General's first visit is to the Castle of Aggershuus. This old fortress, which commands the city, is built on a rock, and its construction dates back from the fourteenth century. Here the old records are kept, and the fortress serves as a receptacle for the trophies Norway has captured during the last few centuries. From the castle a grand view may be had of Christiania and the fjord. We find our lodgings of the most comfortable kind, and we are soon perfectly at home with the peculiarities of the Norse cuisine. If anything the food one finds in the north is very substantial. With the differences of climate, and some peculiar quality in the air, appetites are amazingly increased. A "square meal," as, for instance, a Norwegian breakfast, is something like the following: Coffee (admirable of its kind throughout all Scandinavia), hot bread, ham eaten raw, fish, such as salmon, fresh, kippered, and smoked, herring, raw and salted, fresh eggs, boiled lobster, with a substantial beefsteak. We all become more or less familiar, too, with the cucumber, which is eaten prepared somewhat like sourkroot, tasting acid yet refreshing. We delight most especially in a

small, wild strawberry, which is of exquisite flavor. One thing we are being accustomed to in this northern world is that preparation one makes in the way of a lunch immediately before dinner. Prior to the *repas de cérémonie* in the room where guests are received, a good-sized table is spread covered with various salt preparations, and with bits of brown bread. It is expected that the appetite shall be whetted in this way, and further stimulated by a certain number of glasses of cordial or corn brandy. This latter fluid is of the strongest character, and *aquavit*, as it is called, when imbibed by one unaccustomed to such things, quite takes your breath away. It is understood that such fiery fluids may be adapted to the excessive cold of Norway, but in July weather, which even so far north is really hot at times, most of the American party partook of this corn brandy with extreme moderation. The shops in Christiania are excellent, and somewhat peculiar in the way of signs. Norsemen are essentially practical, and there can be no possible mistakes made. There is no chance of error in selecting the shop where you want to buy, for the hardware man hangs outside of his place a pair of tongs or a shovel, while the glove-maker exhibits a glove of preposterous size. We note a certain independence about these tradespeople. You are greeted in a quiet but not obsequious way. These people do not cringe in order to obtain your custom. It is not bluntness, only the Norseman will assert on all occasions his perfect independence, and I must say I rather like it. Still with all this a certain amount of respect is exacted between all ranks. If you enter a shop, no matter how humble be the wares or the condition of the seller, you are expected to remove your hat, otherwise you would be set down as a rude boor. People in Christiania live, as they do in many European towns, in flats, and their dwellings are large and spacious. Houses have a *porte-cochère*, similar to those in Paris, which leads to a semicircular yard around which the building stands. Christiania in midsummer must differ essentially from the same city in winter. We notice the preparations in the houses for keeping the inmates warm. These consist of huge porcelain

stoves in which pine and birch wood are burned. There might be a great chance for some clever countryman of ours to show the Norseman how to keep warm with less expense and trouble. We ask some of our Norse friends about the climate of Christiania, and they tell us that though in the latitude of Iceland, as the city is on the water, it is nothing like as cold as it is one hundred miles in the interior. Just like Hamburg, Christiania has suffered and been benefited by fires. Formerly the majority of the houses were of wood, but to-day no new building can be erected which is not of stone. Certainly the finest of the public buildings is the royal palace, which stands on a slight elevation



DEER GARDEN—STOCKHOLM.

at the west end of the city. Not far from the palace is the Carl Johan Garden. Here is the university and the public library. I have again and again commented upon the beautiful views one gains from various standpoints in Christiania. Standing right in front of the royal palace the mountain hills of Egeberg loom in the distance, while country houses, ele-

gantly perched on the hilltops, are reflected in the tranquil fjord. Of course we have the *entrée* of the royal palace, but really regal residences have not much of interest to us. When you say that one room is decorated in the Renaissance style, and another in the Byzantine, you have fully described it. The university has more claim to our attention with its elegantly designed portal crowned by the Minerva. The zoölogical museum within the university is of the most interesting character. In some respects the animals of Northern Europe and North America run close together as to form, and we are pleased to find some quite familiar types. The attention paid to instruction in both Norway and Sweden is most marked, and people who cannot read or write are very rare. Perhaps of many lovely spots around Christiania we derived the most pleasure from a visit to Oscarshol, or Oscar's Hall. This delightful retreat, which is a royal country-seat, is situated on a bold peninsula called Ladegårdsöen, about a couple of miles from Christiania. How long noble Norsemen and women have held their galas here no historian can say, but King Hacon held revels here untold centuries ago. The palace has been rebuilt within the last thirty years, and is in a handsome Anglo-Gothic style. There were two artistic decorations which struck us: a dining room painted by a Norwegian artist representing scenes of Norwegian peasant life, and a drawing room ornamented with the medallions of great Norwegian statesmen. Grand historical names of old times, which one only gets a glimpse of in old chronicles, come vividly out almost into present life in Norway. The Harolds, the Olafs, the King Sverres, which seem mere poetical fictions, are here actual realities. Now as things go in Europe, Christiania is not an old town; it may be called, in fact, a city of yesterday, for it was founded in 1624 by King Christian IV. This speaks well of the energy of these northern men, and shows that the character of a famous people does not degenerate in time. We as Americans may owe a great deal of our energy and freedom to the old Norse stock, whose blood was mingled with the Saxon. These bold rovers, who manned their war ships and

drove out to sea, passed over to Iceland, and thence most certainly sailed over to America, anticipating Christopher Columbus. They had no geographical data to go upon; the finding of America was no essay founded upon scientific probability. Endowed with the spirit of freedom, burning for adventure, they plunged into unknown seas—the impossible only urged them on. It is a very fine point to determine exactly what is an invader or a colonizer. Both terms are applicable to one and the same people. It is true the old Norseman made little pother about it. He went about his business with his sword, spear, and battle-axe, and slew right and left. He drove the weaker Gaul from off the coast of France, and founded a great dynasty there, and in time the descendants of these Norsemen, called Normans, went over and conquered England. They were rude times, rough ones, and we to-day who philosophize over them think that such things can never occur again, while we really in our blindness forget that just such events are happening to-day, and will happen over and over again in the history of the world which is yet unwritten. It is ever the weaker race which goes to the wall. Norway, however, in her later history, has represented many vicissitudes of fortune. Once all three kingdoms, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, were united under one rule, in the fourteenth century a king of Norway having married a Danish princess. After her death, for she reigned in her time, came a weak succession. These were kings who had no Scandinavian feeling, and oppressed the people. It was the great Gustavus Vasa, a fugitive in the mountains of Dalecarlia, who roused the people of Sweden from their apathy, gained the victory, and was elected sovereign. The history of Sweden was then blended with that of Norway. Norway was Danish until 1814. Now the history of the present sovereign of Norway and Sweden is a most remarkable one. Strange to say, it is the last relic of Napoleonism in Europe. In 1809, Gustavus IV., King of Sweden, abdicated, and was succeeded by Carl XIII. This king was childless, and it became necessary to choose another sovereign for the Swedish throne. Whether by the secret influence of Napoleon or not,

Bernadotte, a field marshal of France, and Prince of Pontecorvo, was elected. He was made crown prince, and adopted Lutheranism. Now, there was no greater mistake made by the Emperor Napoleon than when he supposed that his old lieutenant Bernadotte would always remain staunch to the French side. When war broke out between France and Russia, this French crown prince and the Russian emperor met at Abo, in Finland, where it was agreed, that if Sweden joined Russia



ROYAL PALACE—CHRISTIANIA.

against France, Norway should be detached from Denmark and united to Sweden. Of course, if in the issue of events the tide of circumstances had turned against Russia, Bernadotte would have been deposed. But Moscow, and the repulse of the French in Russia, built up the power of Bernadotte. By one of those strange freaks of fortune, in that strange game of chance which men of genius play, it was this French Swede who held the winning cards. But still in 1814, Norway was loath to take this newly-made Swedish prince as sovereign. It was a Swedish army commanded by the Frenchman, who, being

a good soldier, was ready to enforce his claims. A compromise was made, by which Carl XIII. of Sweden was accepted as sovereign, and at his death, in 1818, Bernadotte reigned in his stead as Carl XIV. There was great courage and cleverness about this French lawyer, for to that profession was Bernadotte bred, and possibly it was all for the best that Carl XIV. reigned over both countries, for when he died in 1844 he was fairly beloved, and his memory is still revered by the people. This historical reminiscence becomes somewhat necessary, as it explains how a king may to-day rule over two countries which, though divided by only an imaginary line, still like to be thought in a certain measure distinct. There are many curious political surmises which might be of interest if detailed here. Strange to say, the Norwegian seems to cherish very great love for Denmark, and be rather indifferent to Sweden. What is very certain is this, that in the union of these two countries there is strength, and it is to be hoped that in time the wisdom of the present consolidation may be evident to both Norwegian and Swede.

An excursion has been planned for us, and we are to have a taste of Norwegian traveling. Now we make our first acquaintance with those two methods of locomotion known in Norway, the two vehicles called the *karjoler* and the *stolkjærrer*. Though the best turnouts had been provided for us, still they were of a peculiar rattle-trap appearance. The *karjoler* may be described as a low gig, a kind of clumsy sulky, holding one person; it has shafts made of good elastic wood, and the weight of the traveler is supported on the axletree and the horse's neck. I call it a horse through courtesy, though it is a pony, and a very small one at that. Your luggage, which must not be large (a Saratoga trunk would be an impossibility), is lashed on a frame on the axletree, and perched on that, clinging there for dear life, is a small boy, or sometimes a white-haired, blue-eyed little girl. This appendage does not pretend to drive you, but has the whole concern in his or her safe keeping. Having thus described the Norwegian go-cart, I have to say that with the exception of the American buggy, it is the most comfortable of all

vehicles. It must have been invented for the peculiarities of the country. In any other kind of a drag it would have been impossible to scale the high, rough, rocky hillsides, or to go down into the valleys. It is delightful to exercise one's Jehu-like propensities, and to guide the willing little steeds. These sturdy little brutes were as tractable as possible, good-tempered, intelligent, and ambitious. Perhaps the choice ponies of Norway had been selected for us. Now as to the other conveyance, the *stolkjærrer*, or seat-cart. Some of the party (for we had



THE KÄRJÖLER.

been joined by a number of American friends who had come a long way out of their road to pay their respects to the General) decided to try the seat-cart. I do not think they will ever make another essay of that

character. They declared that after the first mile they expected to be shaken into fragments. Means of travel by these simple carriages are, of course, necessary in Norway; perhaps journeys could not be undertaken in any other way. In winter, railroads in certain districts would be difficult to manage, and then again the business would be limited. Now let me return to the brave little black pony who is working so gamely in my Norwegian gig. I do not think he is fourteen hands high. He has a pretty head and arched neck, a round body, rather clean legs, with plenty of hair around his hoofs, and a nimble pair of heels. He does not stop at a good hillside, but ambles gayly to the very top, and goes down hill rather faster than I like.

I try to make the blue-eyed boy, who is hanging on behind me, understand my question, "Does the pony ever fall?" He has picked up a smatter of English, and he makes me understand "that such a thing as a horse's stumbling in Norway never happens." What a delightful polo pony he would make, if only a little lighter. I am told that with a good horse I can go on at this pleasant speed forty miles a day; that if not too hilly, these little steeds will accomplish six miles an hour, and on a level bit of road, ten miles. The urchin seemed to love his horse, and was delighted when I praised him. I am more or less watchful as I go down some of the steep hills, but it is rather in regard to the harness than the horse. There are no traces that I can see, but to the collar there are iron rings which are attached to the shafts. I suppose it is all right, though I have been bred into a sincere and lasting belief in a breeching for down-hill work. Occasionally we have a spurt with one or another of the party on the road, and I am fortunate in having the Dexter of Norwegian horses. I learn how to stop the pony at a word, the Norse whoa being "bur-r-r." If at the start I was a little nervous, I am now much more anxious about the little towhead boy, for I am afraid every moment that he will go spinning in the air. Not a bit of it. He hangs on like a fly, and has powers of adhesion which are marvelous. We are passing through a country where they are making hay. It smells sweet and fragrant. Strong men and women—and there are more women than men—are cutting grass with scythes and tossing it up with their rakes. We are not (so our guide tells us) far enough north to see how they cure their crops in the true Norwegian agricultural way, hanging the hay, oats, or barley on stakes about six feet high. The grass is not very tall, and there would be more weight of fodder in one American acre than in ten Norwegian ones, and still this crop is considered luxuriant when compared with the produce of the fields but a short distance north of us. Can I describe the beauties of the scenery? I look up a high mountain-side, bold and inaccessible, and see where vegetation ceases. It is warm and pleasant through the narrow road I am driving; but

away above there—it must be always winter. There is not even a tree there, only stunted shrubs. But lower down there is a fringe of dark fir trees, and through it there tumbles a cascade which like a snow-white ribbon flutters along the mountain side. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of these mountain gorges. Sometimes they are barely wide enough for our karjoler to pass through, then they expand and are spacious enough to hold a squadron of cavalry. On all sides we hear the pleasant noise of falling waters, and as we pass the dark forests we listen to the singing of the wind through the high pines. It is not only the beauties of this most picturesque country that we see, but we watch the bright, flashing waters of the North Sea which have stolen through the blue mountains far into the land. Here and there are fishing craft skimming over the surface. Evidently the reputation of the leader of our party has been noised about among this simple folk, for in the villages we pass through the people are out *en masse*, dressed in quaintly fashioned costume. There are so many Norsemen and Swedes in the United States who have done well, who have shown such thrift and gained such high positions, that to those who remain at home the United States is as an El Dorado. I am struck by the happy, healthy look of the peasant folk, and try to note the picturesque dress of some of the Norwegian girls. One came tripping down the mountain side offering us a basket of mountain strawberries. Her skirt was of a dark olive-green cloth, and the bodice embroidered with bright golden flowers. On her head she wore something like a Scotch bonnet trimmed with silver lace. She also wore a stomacher of some bright red material, on which hung silver ornaments, which clattered as she walked. There were long silver earrings in her ears, neat blue stockings encased her shapely legs, and on her feet were well-made round-pointed shoes, with a pair of silver buckles which looked as if they weighed a pound. Our guide informed us that in the General's honor a gala dress had been put on. As to the men, I never saw such waistcoats. They were cut precisely like those worn in the last century, a coat and waistcoat in fact all

in one piece. Red caps seemed to be the ordinary head gear. Short breeches and stockings were universal. I never saw more honest, sturdy faces. Our road led by a village church. It was of fair size with nave and chancel. It was built of wood, not thin planks and scantlings as with us in America, but constructed of good, solid, massive beams. How long it had been built we could not find out. It was weather-stained with time. The roof was high-pointed and covered with shingles. Roofs in Norway have to be high and of a sharp angle, otherwise they could not withstand the heavy weight of snow which falls through the long winter. On top of the church swung the typical cock which had veered in the gale for many a hundred years. Some of us halted for a little while and entered the churchyard. Here were the last mortal remains of honest Norwegian men and women. These graves were not like ours, oblong mounds of turf, but were raised tombs with an iron railing. There was a



PEASANT GIRL.

sweet touch of summer around these silent graves, for blue gentianellas and lilies of the valley were growing in all luxuriance; even a rose gave out its pleasant perfume. There seems to be great respect paid by the Norseman to the last resting place of his race. The memory of the dead is sincerely cherished. Our informant tells us that reunions are sometimes held by members of a family in the grave-yards long after the decease of a relative. It is said that much of that family

affection, that patriotism, that attachment the Norwegian peasant has for his country throughout all his wanderings, may be traced to this respect they pay to their graves. Just as we were remounting our vehicles, our *skyds gut*, or postboy, urging departure, the pleasant chimes of the bells in the church steeple were heard. It might have been only the hour that was told, or some church service that was indicated, but instantly the whole group of peasants removed their hats and caps and bowed. It was a kind of reverential act, a return of salutation to the old church. We are interested in the history of these peasants, and find that they have certain peculiarities which are not to be found elsewhere. There never has been anything approaching to feudalism in this Scandinavian country. A man has always asserted his rights, and fought for them. He never owed allegiance to a petty chief. A Norwegian gentleman, who has acted as our guide, explains what is meant by a *bonder*: "You might go," he tells us, "into that rather modest-looking house yonder on the hill—I have been there before—and if you asked the owner who he was or what was his origin, he would tell you that some old king of Norway was his ancestor. The man is perfectly truthful. He can trace his lineage back maybe a thousand or twelve hundred years. The English pride themselves on their names, and date the birth of their noble families to the Norman Conquest. He can date his to the time of Alfred. We could show you *bonders*, peasants, who have an absolute descent much farther back than the tenth century. These *bonders* form a distinctive class. They have an intense love for country, and are mostly comfortably off. They despise all show and parade, and live simply and unostentatiously. They are always fairly educated, and are representative men. They occupy a special position, which is difficult to explain. In your English sense they belong to the yeoman class rather than to the gentry. They are exceedingly courteous, and will give you their hospitality without stint. If they have any pride of race, they never show it, but still they must remember the grand old stock from which they sprang. I think," concluded our informant, "that they are quite distinguishable, as a class,

by their fine manly appearance, for they always hold their heads high, and stoop to no man."

Our journey into the interior is necessarily restricted as to time. It would have delighted the General if we could have pushed still farther north. Trondjhem and Christiansund were even mentioned, but time is fleeting, and our aspiration to pay a visit to the town nearest to the pole is frustrated. The fact is we are all more or less possessed with an intense desire of seeing a Lapp, or riding behind a reindeer. As to the first, we get a sight of these strange men of the North, and as to the reindeer, our curiosity is readily satisfied, for we find he resembles very much our caribou. In response to our inquiries in regard to the reindeer, we find that he is difficult to keep, even as far south or north (whichever you please) as Christiania. We are shown some of the deer, who are apparently gentle to those who care for them, but who resent any familiarity on our part. Like our caribou, the reindeer will not thrive where the reindeer moss is not found in abundance. How wonderful it is when we think that this particular animal will only exist where a special food is found. Some of us indulge in a glass of reindeer milk, and find it sweet and rich, but the cheeses are terrible inflictions. As to the Lapps, we saw some nomads in the more southern country. They were not a prepossessing people. The term Lapp they do not understand; it may possibly be Swedish, but it is not Norse. In appearance and color, save that they are stunted, they resemble somewhat our Indians, but I did not think their features were like the Esquimaux. They are a pastoral people, but necessity has forced some of them to become fishermen. The Lapp is said to be honest, fairly industrious, and very superstitious, and is devotedly fond of tobacco and corn brandy. Your Lapp not only smokes all the time, but absolutely chews tobacco while he smokes. He is not a frequent inmate of the large towns of Lower Denmark, but in the north he seems of late to take to the towns, where he finds employment as a fisherman. We even find some few Lapps in Christiania. No one can describe Norway or its people without paying some attention to her

great fishing interests. Where land is so barren, and climate so ungrateful, the catching of fish is a matter of paramount importance. The hardy Norse mariners, seeking the harvest of the seas, sail away up to the north, and the cod and herring of the Lofoden Islands, when cured and prepared by them, find a



NORWEGIAN FJORD.

market in all parts of the world. Fish are to the Norseman not only food for himself but for his cattle. It often happens, when an early frost comes, and kills the scanty grass, and there is no hay for horse or cow, that these animals become ichthyophagous, and exist on fish. All along the coast, perched on every eminence, may be seen either the hut of the fisherman or a watch tower, so that the movements of the fish as they

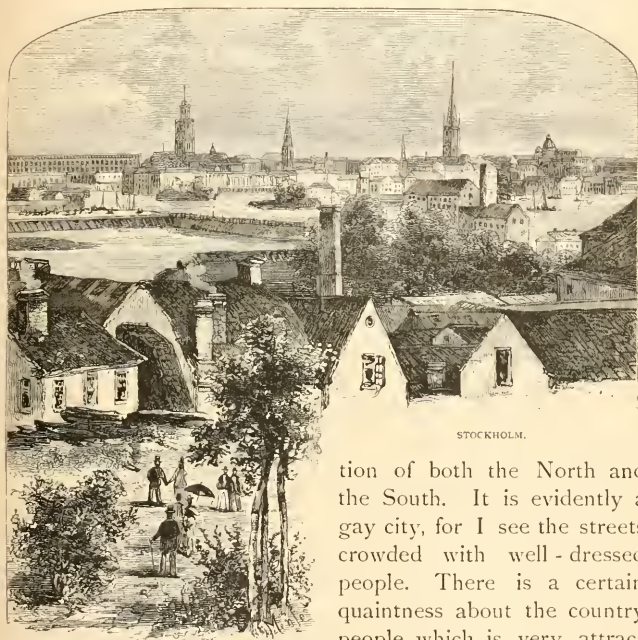
come into the shores can be discovered. The hardihood and daring of these fishermen are extreme. They laugh at wind or weather. We are well acquainted with this brave race in the United States, for the fishing fleet of Gloucester carries out many a Norseman who exercises in American waters the calling acquired in the Northern Ocean. In some respects this northern coast is a dangerous one, though there are so many fjords and islands that shelter is often found. Still one shivers when the thought comes of men exposed to these terrible northern gales, and the horrors of the long nights.

Of course Norway is by no means the *terra incognita* of forty years ago. Besides the magnificence of its scenery, it affords great attraction to the sportsman. In our short excursion into the country we met numerous parties of English gentlemen intent on salmon fishing. In fact, numerous invitations were extended to the General that he should try his hand with rod and fly in some brawling Norwegian stream. But fishing is hardly among the General's accomplishments. We are told by an Englishman that although the sport is pleasant enough, the great drawback are the mosquitoes, which are on a par, as to quantity and aggressiveness, with the insect found in the United States. We spent a few days most pleasantly in our excursion, having seen country life in Norway under peculiar advantages. On our return to Christiania, regal courtesies were offered by his majesty the King, and were accepted by the General. Our stay in the capital of Norway was now drawing to a close. It is on our programme that we are to reach Stockholm on the 24th of July. We bid a good-by to our many Norwegian friends, and the same hearty feeling which was extended to the General on his arrival at Christiania is repeated, only it is to wish him a good-by. We take rail from Christiania by Kingsringer to Stockholm. The country we pass through does not present much beauty. The soil seemed poor, and the crops light, but even such scanty harvest as the ground gives is eagerly sought after. Occasionally we pass near a beautiful lake, all bordered by dark pines, and we have glimpses of mountain ranges behind. What

does strike us, as practical Americans, is that every here and there we pass by large factories with tall chimneys, or see in the distance the smoke rising up from the iron works, and we know that we are in Sweden, where the manufacturing interests are of the most promising character. The railroad is an admirable one, and the carriages perfectly luxurious. Advantage has been taken of a valley which runs parallel with the Vrangs Elv, a good-sized Swedish river, to make a portion of the route between Norway and Sweden. If the railroad be slow as to time, we have a better opportunity of judging of the character of the country. We therefore do not complain, but rather enjoy the long stoppages at by-stations. As usual, it is quite well known that General Grant is on the train. Accordingly all the towns and villages we pass through are made resplendent with triumphal arches and flags. The depots are thronged with peasants, who cry welcome, and cheer the General. It is fortunate perhaps that the Ex-President is not polyglot, or his well-known speech-making inclinations would have been taxed to the utmost. Occasionally as these complimentary words are addressed to him, in a language which he cannot understand, I think I perceive a slight smile illumine his generally immovable features. I am led to believe he is congratulating himself that a bow or so on his part answers all purposes. We find, however, that both in Norway and Sweden many languages are spoken. It is hard to find an educated Norwegian or Swede who does not speak English, French, or German. There are certain words identical in Norse and English, and sometimes we who only speak our mother tongue find we can manage a little Norse. We travel on into the long twilight, which is so beautiful in this northern land, and as we near Stockholm, the country changes, and is more broken. It is a lake country evidently, for we pass near broad expanses of beautiful water. That superb grandeur, that weird majesty of nature which is so imposing in Norway, no longer strikes us. The journey is rather a long one, and we are glad when we find ourselves within the good city of Stockholm.

The impression Stockholm made on us was different from

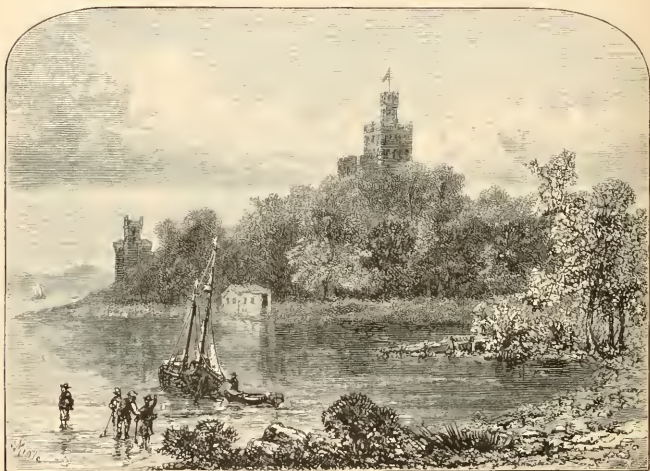
that of any other city of the North we had yet visited. In the construction of its houses it has a style of its own which is decidedly original, although it resembles the French. There is a grand palace too, which is certainly the equal of any we have seen in either France or Germany. The city, under the warming influence of a July sun, seemed to combine the art inspira-



STOCKHOLM.

tion of both the North and the South. It is evidently a gay city, for I see the streets crowded with well-dressed people. There is a certain quaintness about the country people which is very attractive. I am informed that Stockholm is the "Venice of the North." I have had the same thing told me of other Scandinavian cities, which claim a similar appellation. I discard it entirely. It is true there is land and water mixed, but it is not Venice. Venice brings with it a feeling of languor. It recalls a period of decay, which not one of these towns of the North ever reminds one of. Venice would not be Venice

if there was the least bustle about it. Stockholm teems with life. People seem to be in a hurry—not in that impetuous American hurry of course—that would be impossible—but still there is at least a briskness which is pleasant to see. I understand though that if Stockholm has charms for the traveler in summer, it is in winter that the capital of Sweden is at its best. I should like to see it then, when sledges drawn by prancing horses flash past in the streets, when all the places of amuse-



OSCAR HALL.

ment are in full blast. We are all, however, pleased with Stockholm in its summer guise.

Now, Sweden has reminiscences of the past, which are ever glorious, and she cherishes the memory of Gustavus Vasa most especially. We have no great love for relics, still we all felt a desire to see what remained of this great Swedish warrior king. In the national museum of Stockholm are preserved all that remains of Gustavus and Charles XII. In this collection of curiosities, among this mass of royal robes faded by time, which belonged to royal nobodies, are the blood-stained clothes great

Gustavus wore when he dropped his sword from his hand and died for religious freedom at Lutzen. There they are, with the blood which flowed from his wounds still on them. The old story is, that on the morning of Lutzen he had his breastplate brought him by a page. The king had been hurt some time before at Dirschau, and his armor was painful to him, and he was also soldier enough to foresee how little iron and steel could stand before powder and ball; so he said, as his corselet was presented to him, "I will have none of it. God is my harness." All that is left of Charles XII. lies there in that small glass case. When Charles stood defiant at Frederickshall, the fatal ball fired went first through his hat, and then into his brain. Here is the hat, with the ugly hole in it. As the king fell, he automatically raised his hand to his head, and there lies the gauntlet with its red smear on it. Voltaire did Charles XII. justice in his history, and his story is well known; but these relics give true vividness to the story. This museum has an endless variety of collections. Here are pictures, engravings, and cabinets of engraved gems. It is in the Ridderholm Church, where all the kings and queens of Sweden lay in peace, that these two heroes were buried. In the aisles, too, repose the field-marshal Bunner and Torstenson, comrades of Augustus. The Ridderhause claimed our attention. Here it is that the Swedish Diet assembles. The walls are decorated with the escutcheons of the noble families of Sweden. But we have seen so many museums and collections that we soon tire of them. I must confess that I like to study a city in its streets. There is full opportunity in Stockholm. Men and women of the richer, better-to-do class, are the same all over the world, that is on the outside. I have to admire, however, the beautiful faces of the ladies, and their graceful walk. I even think it peculiar to Stockholm. But what most delights me is the picturesque costume of the women of Dalecarlia. They wore a brown or green skirt with a colored border, and the scarlet jacket had snow-white sleeves; on their heads they carried a most coquettish red cap, and completed their costume with red stockings, and shoes with the most peculiar heels. They added to their at-

tractiveness on Sunday by wearing a bouquet, a large one, composed of the most beautiful wild-flowers. Their faces some might not think handsome, but they were hale and hearty, and their walk and carriage were superb. These peasants leave their homes and come to work in Stockholm. The work they do would horrify the American woman. In Switzerland, a pretty Swiss maiden may occasionally row a boat across some blue lake; but in Stockholm, these Dalecarlian women are the boat-women, do all the hard work and help the masons, for they mix mortar and carry the stones and bricks and beams up the ladders. Being very frugal, they save their money, and go back comparatively rich to their native villages in the mountains, where they find husbands. All around Stockholm there are beautiful drives and glorious views. Among the most pleasant places to visit was the Deer Park, abounding with houses of entertainment, cafés, and theaters. As it was full summer, everybody was enjoying the beauties of the spot. All these northern cities are so wonderfully situated that I cannot help extolling them. It was ever delightful for us to look on the broad expanse of land and sea, and to see the villas which dotted the well-wooded islands. In my rapid description of this great city of the North, I must not overlook the hospitalities of which the General was the recipient. As in every place where he has been so far, tokens of respect and honor are lavished on him. Of course America is perfectly well known to the Swede, for there were Swedish colonies in America coeval with those of Holland; still of late years the bonds of friendship between the two countries have been much more closely drawn, as some of our best emigrants came from these rock-bound shores. Some of us have pleasant reminiscences brought to our mind of home, as we are asked if we know such and such a Swedish merchant who is doing business in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. General Grant has invitations sent him to visit the Palace of Drottningholm, which is the most superb of the gala residences of the Swedish crown. The King of Sweden has, with the greatest kindness, given instructions that all the palaces should be opened for the inspection of the General. I think

the Ex-President, though he has seen innumerable palaces, would rather go from the garret of a regal residence to the cellar than see a review. Somehow I fancy the king half suspects this, and military pageants, save of a very mild character, do not interfere with the General's pleasures.

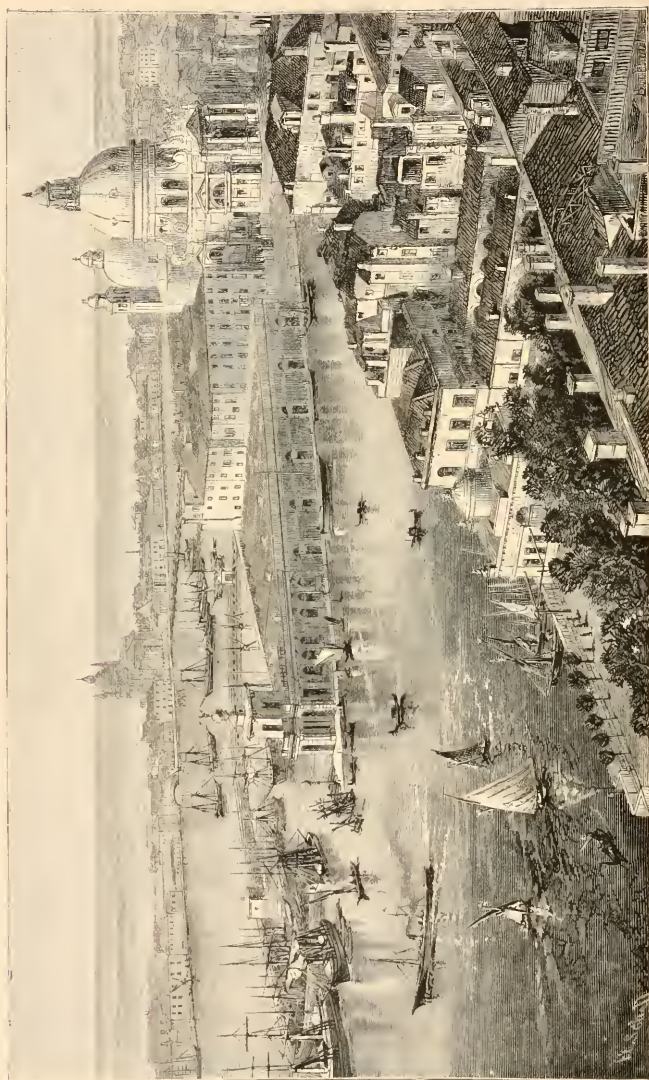
I have incidentally here and there touched on the artistic inclinations of these northern people. Its development, as we well know in America, is not limited to pictures or statues. It



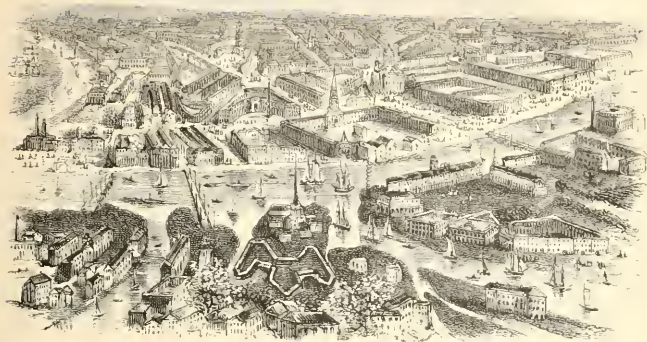
ROYAL PALACE—STOCKHOLM.

is their musical talents which are of so high an order. This Norwegian and Swedish music has a charm of its own. Everybody seems to possess a musical taste, and an appreciation of this delightful art. Even the peasant folk take to music, and while away their time with singing, and playing on various instruments. In all the great towns there is always music in the air. In private families the exercise of this art is not considered as much of an accomplishment as a necessity. We know in the United States how we have appreciated those artists which Norway and Sweden have given us. When one specu-

lates on the gifts the Almighty has implanted in man, it may be understood how in the warmer South, where nature does so much for the human race, music might have been readily acquired; but here in the cold North, where existence is a struggle with frost and cold, it is a grand blessing that this love of music is implanted in these Norwegian and Swedish men and women, and has done so much to refine them. We are to leave this beautiful city of Stockholm on the morrow. As time is pressing, the General's orders are positive, and we obey with military alacrity. We are to take passage along the Baltic, and are to be at St. Petersburg within a few days. Now that the peace of Europe seems assured for a while, the Ex-President can with perfect propriety pay his respects to the Emperor of Russia. We are to take the steamer from Stockholm, and will soon be enjoying the hospitalities of the Paris of the North.



VENICE.



ST. PETERSBURG.

CHAPTER XVII.

RUSSIA.



CCROSS the Baltic, from Stockholm to St. Petersburg, is quite a voyage, some four hundred miles or more by sea. Just now, at the close of July, the trip has proved a moderately pleasant one, but in the spring and fall there are no heavier gales than those which blow through these inland seas. Away up in the frozen north, in the Gulf of Bothnia, old Boreas holds his wind bags, and launches the cold gusts down to the Baltic Sea.

It is, indeed, an inland sea, and a vast one. Though it is midsummer, and the sun has driven away the clouds, the sea is not very cheerful, for it has no grand ocean swell, and is quite turbid. The wind is brisk, not exactly a gale, but one feels the motion very distinctly. The party has got its sea legs on again, and no one is seriously disturbed. We cannot say the same of

a number of German tourists, who are evidently very much distressed. Our fellow passengers are of a very heterogeneous kind. We do not notice that peculiar middle class, however, which one finds in Southern Europe. Take an American or an English steamer, going almost anywhere, and you will be very certain to find that a large proportion of the passengers are of that honest class who are seeking their fortunes, and who bring with them, as capital, nothing more than their good thews and muscles. There are scarcely any who seem to be looking for what in America is called a job.

Take that fine-looking Italian with the oval face and olive complexion, for instance. His mission is undoubtedly to present his new opera before a St. Petersburg audience, if possible, and so bring the Russians out of what he considers barbarism into culture. Or the inventive American, who is visiting Russia for the purpose of introducing his patent rifle, which can be loaded and fired fifty times a minute. His idea is that with this invaluable arm Russia could march straight to the Dardanelles, and he considers it very unfortunate the war has not lasted six months longer. The short man leaning over the rail is the representative of the greatest banking house in the world; he makes the trip either to negotiate a loan or to see about the payment of the last one. Russia draws to herself not exactly those classed as adventurers, but she is considered a place where a fortune can be made. To the rest of Europe she is still a kind of *terra incognita*.

As we were skirting Finland, not quite halfway on our journey, the wind increased to a gale, blowing right in our teeth. But our vessel was an excellent one, the engines powerful, and in four hours we outsailed the squall. Occasionally, as the weather cleared, we could see the coast line, which was low and dreary. In time the broad expanse of the Gulf of Finland, some hundred miles in width, narrowed, and smoother water was reached. Imperceptibly the shores approached us, and as we neared Cronstadt, the weather made a final and positive clear-up. We knew we were near some great haven, for there were many ships coming and going. Now and

then a steamer passed bound to the westward. We make out a bright speck in the far distance, which shines in the sunlight, and are told that that is Cronstadt, the seaport of the new Russian capital. We fly our colors, and out of respect to our chief, the stars and stripes float from the foremast. As we near the outlying batteries which bristle around Cronstadt a salute is fired. We steam rapidly into the harbor, past many vessels of war, which are all gay with flags. Though there must have



ST. ISAAC'S SQUARE, AND SENATE HOUSE.

been much consumption of powder in Turkey, there is still some of it left in Northeastern Russia, for in the General's honor powder is burnt without stint. We have no difficulties, of course, as to passports, as all disagreeable routine is abolished out of consideration to the General. It is the 30th of July, and as time is passing, we are anxious to reach St. Petersburg before night. Fortunately the reception at Cronstadt was not prolonged. After a brief address of welcome we embarked on a steamboat and entered an arm of the sea, into which the Neva pours her rapid stream. The trip is not a long one.

Soon the great city of Russia, with its many lofty spires, stands out against the blue sky.

Immediately on arrival we were met by the Hon. E. M. Stoughton, our Minister at St. Petersburg, who warmly welcomed the distinguished traveler. Scarcely had the General received Mr. Stoughton, when the Emperor's aide-de-camp, Prince Gortschakoff, and other high officers of the Imperial Court, called on him with kind messages from the Emperor. A grand audience was arranged to take place next day, July 31st, when his Imperial Highness Alexander and General Grant met.

Nothing could exceed the cordiality of the reception. Prince Gortschakoff, one of the great figures which rule the destinies of men (the friend of Bismarck or his rival; which, no man can say), was also introduced by the Emperor. The Emperor seemed amazed at the long tour the General intended making. A portion of the conversation was occupied by the Emperor in gaining information regarding our Indians. The subject seemed to interest him greatly, and questions were asked, not only in regard to their treatment in the past, but as to their future. Our recent wars with them seemed to be well known by the Emperor, and the General had to go into very particular details as to the plans of campaigns, and the peculiar methods of Indian warfare. As the Russian Empire is such a vast and extensive country, in which innumerable races and religions are represented, these questions and answers were doubtless of great interest to the Emperor and the Russian chancellor.

At the close of the interview, the Emperor accompanied the General to the door, saying, "Since the foundation of your Government, relations between Russia and America have been of the friendliest character, and as long as I live nothing shall be spared to continue this friendship." The General's reply was, "That although the two Governments were very opposite in their character, the great majority of the American people were in sympathy with Russia, which good feeling he hoped would long continue." The Grand Duke Alexis made it a

point to meet the Ex-President while in St. Petersburg, and recalled with much pleasure his visit to America. The Grand Duke made very many inquiries in regard to General Custer, and told of the deep solicitude he had felt on hearing of his death.

The General's call on Prince Gortschakoff was an exceedingly pleasant and social one. Several hours were spent in chatting and smoking. European matters were discussed, and



WINTER PALACE.

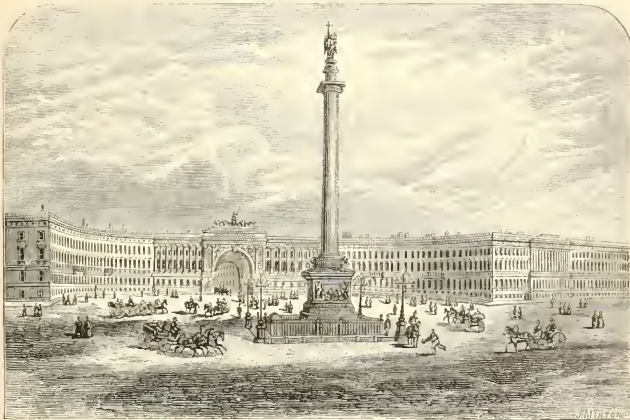
the General gave the chancellor some insight into American politics. Nothing strikes the American more forcibly than the mature age of European statesmen. It is too often the case in the United States that when a man has passed his fiftieth or sixtieth year he becomes worn out. Here is Prince Gortschakoff, born in 1798, now more than eighty years old, who, though he is physically frail, has still as strong a brain as he possessed in his younger days. No amount of mental work seems to distress him. Like Thiers and Guizot, who, when still old men, were possessed with unfailing powers, the successor of

Nesselrode works unceasingly at his post. The interview was remarkably social in character, and was greatly enjoyed by the General, who expressed himself strongly regarding the ability and courtesy of the Russian chancellor. Fortunately there was no review, but in lieu of troops there was a special exhibition of the St. Petersburg fire brigade, which proved to be a very interesting affair.

An imperial yacht was placed at our disposal, in which a visit was made to Peterhof—the Versailles of St. Petersburg. Peterhof is about fifteen miles from the city, and is remarkable for its splendor, and, as it commands a view of Cronstadt, the Gulf of Finland, and the capital, has no rival as to position in Europe. A most notable visit made by the General was to the Russian man-of-war “Peter the Great.” A magnificent band performed American airs, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The imperial yacht then proceeded on to Cronstadt, threading her way among the many noble vessels of the Russian fleet, all the ships running up the well-beloved stars and stripes, the nimble sailors manning the yards and making the air resound with their cheers. Among the officers were many gentlemen, who in their voyages had paid visits to New York and other ports of the Union. These officers seemed desirous of returning the many courtesies they had received in the United States. I have but briefly summarized all these notable events. Their more careful recapitulation would fill many chapters. As is well known, the pomp and dignity of the Emperor of Russia, the *éclat* which fills all court matters, the splendor of the imperial equipages, the grand, regal way in which everything is done, have no equal in Europe.

Sailing in from Cronstadt, the impression St. Petersburg makes on the visitor is one of unmitigated surprise, for suddenly from the flat shores, from the waste of waters, there springs up as if by magic a great city, topped with innumerable spires. It pleased that remarkable man whom the world called Peter the Great to found a city in an apparently impossible spot. In 1703, amid the swamps and morass of the Neva, the new capital was started. It is said that foundations on founda-

tions were made, which disappeared one after another before the first house was built. If there was no solid ground, there were serfs, hundreds of thousands of them. Men's bones make good props, at times, for those constructions typical of modern progress, which are called railroads. Of course, what Peter did at the beginning of the eighteenth century is thought to-day to be terrible, but there are works which have been executed in this nineteenth century (we call them commercial enterprises), where the lives of men have been taken without stint.



THE ALEXANDER COLUMN.

It was Peter who as taskmaster took his place over hosts of men. He was a terribly hard contractor, and never was satisfied unless he saw the work done himself under his own eyes. Guide books tell you how every conveyance that for a long lapse of years came to St. Petersburg, for pleasure or profit, had to bring a certain quota of stones. In time, by casting out this rubble from carts and sledges, great cairns arose. If the Pyramids are said to have been built in this way, why not St. Petersburg? It was the genius of Peter the Great that founded this city, and his successors, principally those remarka-

ble ladies, Mesdames Anne and Catherine, kept on embellishing St. Petersburg, until to-day this modern capital is among the most imposing cities of Europe. Of course, in a certain respect Peter had peculiar advantages, for, in choosing a site for his city, there were no elevations to cut down; therefore St. Petersburg lies flat before you, without a single elevation. All European cities have great advantages as to architectural display. When a building is erected there is always a frame for it. This setting consists of a large open space, in which the building is posed. Who could appreciate a giant if our only opportunity to judge of his height was gained by our standing directly at his feet, and looking straight upward? Americans who have made the plots of towns, with very few exceptions, have never been prone to allow for any magnificent distances. It is to be hoped that in time to come originators of cities (and there are many men now alive who may found cities in the United States) will, with certain utilitarian ideas, combine some faint notions of ornamentation. A grand spaciousness is one of the characteristics of the Russian capital. Paris bears in mind this *encadrement* of public buildings to a marked degree, and next to the French capital St. Petersburg has best developed this idea. To appreciate St. Petersburg, however, to seize it as a whole, an artificial elevation must be sought. Fortunately lofty spires abound, and from the highest tower of the Admiralty St. Petersburg may be seen in all its grandeur. From this tower the Palace of the Senate, that of the Holy Synod, St. Isaac's, the magnificent Winter Palace, and the War Office can be seen. Streets of great breadth, flanked by rows of superb houses, stretch out indefinitely into the distance. Turn in another direction and you catch the peculiar configuration of the city. The Neva bends almost on itself, forming quite an angle, then divides into two branches, the Great and the Little Neva. Here are islands reached by many bridges. The Neva, that turbulent stream which flows from Lake Ladoga, is held partially under control by massive granite quays. Look south of the Admiralty, and you see what is called the East Side, the

Bolshaia Horona, the Academy of Science, and the Exchange. Up north is military St. Petersburg, where are the barracks, and many thousand soldiers. The "Great Side" of the city is sacred to the court and nobility, and is the most closely built.

Streets in St. Petersburg are wide and spacious, and give an idea of vastness. I suppose good sense dictated width of streets to autocratic Peter. He could command men, and possibly their actions; but a heavy fall of snow in a narrow Rus-



A DROSKY.

sian street would not only have been quite objectionable, but beyond his control. The Neva takes such an abrupt turn that, though there are several bridges, to reach them or to arrive at the exact place on the other side of the city might prove a great waste of time; accordingly many little boats are constantly crossing the arms of the Neva. It was a grand site after all, this one chosen by Peter, for if he had any inclinations toward imitating Holland and his Dutch city of predilection, here was a good chance. It is said that Peter could not imagine a city without canals, and so in his time many of them

were cut, but after a while were abandoned, and years ago were filled up. Was it not this same Peter who built in the midst of the capital, on the Petersburg Island, the citadel? It is a huge frowning construction, which looks askance at the city. Since Cronstadt shows its teeth, and is the aggressive portion of St. Petersburg, it is supposable that the citadel was wanted for the good of the city itself.

If St. Petersburg is anything it is devotional. Of all the churches St. Isaac's is the most imposing, and its situation the finest. Near it is the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, the War Office, the Pillar of Alexander, and the equestrian figure which crowns the rock, dedicated to the great Czar Peter. I do not know how many churches had been built on this precise place—some three or four, I believe—before Nicholas put his heart and soul into the construction of this particular one. To set the foundations a whole forest of Finland pines was driven into the earth. There are four great entrances, to each of which there is a peristyle. The style is pure Corinthian, which is boldness itself, when one considers the peculiarities of the climate, for architecture assorts itself to temperatures, as the flowers do. The building is in the form of a cross. Grand pillars, with bronze capitals, support portions of the frieze. In keeping with the Byzantine feeling, a cupola of copper, ruddy with gold, flashes in the clear August sun, and above all is a gilt cross. Can I tell of the immense quantity of silver which has been used on this shrine? Those doors, that railing of the Holy of Holies, the sanctuary, are of solid silver. The Greek Church will not permit of statues of the Saviour, or of the Mother of God, or of even the saints; but pictorial representations are admissible. All these pictures are framed with silver; the silver is polished bright, and glistens in the light. Malachite, that green stone which we see sometimes in small bits in ladies' brooches, is lavished in huge blocks on this cathedral. The shrine is resplendent with malachite. It is rich, it is gorgeous, just such a gift as a Prince Demidoff, an arch-millionaire, might give to a church. The profusion of gold heightens the effect. There are niches in the church, where have been placed the statues of the Grand

Dukes Vladimir, Alexander Nevsky, of St. Andrew, and St. John. I suppose next in importance is the Cathedral of St. Petersburg, of which our Lady of Kazan is the tutelary saint. This church is constructed somewhat after the model of St. Peter's in Rome. Here is the painting of that much-famed Lady of Kazan, whose sanctity is known throughout all Russia. Those Cossacks who are Christians, those bold horsemen of the Don, speak with reverence of this saint, for she was half



NEVSKOI PROSPEKT.

a Cossack herself, for John Vassielevitsh brought her from Kazan to Moscow; and from the old capital of Russia, Peter the Great transported her to St. Petersburg. The Lady of Kazan sparkles in diamonds, rubies, and pearls, all of the finest water, for great Russian dignitaries are lavish with precious stones when they offer them to a pictured saint. In the streets among the better class one sees a great many people in mourning, and a number of carriages bear the insignia indicative of family loss. It is not so long ago that Russia gave up her thousands of lives before Plevna and Erzeroum.

The military aspect of Russian churches, that warlike proclivity toward which most of them tend, tourists and travelers are apt to descant upon. Here in this cathedral, over which the Lady of Kazan presides, are hung on pillars and cornices trophies wrested from the enemies of Russia. Here are batons torn from the hands of French marshals, and an extensive collection of huge keys which once opened the gates of cities which Russia first bombarded and then captured. Here are tattered flags and standards, French, Turkish, and Persian, which have been splashed in blood. Every one of them is an indication of a death-struggle. That baton belonged once to the Prince of Eckmühl, and those keys opened the cities of Leipzig, Rheims, Breda, Utrecht, and even Hamburg. Speculate on the fitness of such trophies in a church! All a philosophical man can say is that it is a survival, a barbarous one, derived from the old Romans who made war and religion inseparable. One can see in Berlin many such trophies, some with the blood almost dripping from them; but in the Prussian Arsenal they have a certain sad appropriateness which does not shock one's sensibilities nearly as much as when seen in a place devoted to the worship of God. In the fortress, the citadel of St. Petersburg, is found the church of St. Peter and St. Paul. In case of any trouble in the Russian capital her defenders or aggressors (either you please) might find prayers or powder. It was Peter the Great who conceived this military church, and it has this glory, that the top of its cross is about nineteen feet higher than that of St. Paul's Cathedral. This church is the resting place of the Russian emperors. Before Peter, a long line of barbarian emperors sought their final rest in holy Moscow. Peter was the first Russian ruler who found a tomb in the church of his own building, and after him have come all the rest, even to Nicholas, the great autocrat. Nothing can be simpler than the character of the tombs which hold the dust of the dead emperors. It is a singular fact that, notwithstanding the Russian's great fondness for pomp and splendor, he is in the ornamentation of the grave the most simple. Suspended to the pillars of this church is another collection of

military trophies. There is one Turkish flag here of ancient date, which shows five red stains where the color-bearer gripped it with his fingers as he fell dead. Here are shown certain sacred vessels, in use by the Greek ritual, which were made by Peter. They are finished specimens of the carver's work. If Peter had not known how to create a powerful country and to found cities, he would certainly have made a first-class ship-builder or wood and ivory turner. The church or convent of Smonloi is so splendid in construction and internal decoration as to be one of the great ecclesiastical ornaments of the city. Above it rise five cupolas painted blue and flecked with golden stars. The Neva sweeps around a portion of the cloister. Here young ladies of noble birth, having the requisite number of quarterings, their blue blood being fully established, can receive an education. There are numerous convents of the Greek Church in St. Petersburg, all of them richly endowed. Some of these, like the churches, are slightly garish with displays of military trophies. In one of them on the Nevskoi Prospekt are two famous portraits, the one of Peter, "the founder," and the other of Catherine, "the finisher" of St. Petersburg. The Michailoff Palace is a grave, impressive-looking building on the Fontanka Canal, but hardly has the look of a



OUR LADY OF KAZAN.

place of plaisance. It was built by the Emperor Paul, but he died shortly after it was finished. The palace recalls in some respects the peculiarity of the Russian. In order to perform the impossible, to finish it against time, five thousand men were set to work night and day. To dry the rooms fires were built, and it cost accordingly five or six times more than it was all worth. Here are the very rooms where the luckless Paul met his death, but they are sealed up and closed to curious strangers. It is not inhabited now by any members of the imperial family, but serves as a school for military engineers. It is said that within this palace are kept models of all the famed fortresses in the world, and among them is that of the citadel at the Dardanelles. The Winter Palace is the great attraction towering up on the bank of the Neva. Its proportions are immense, and it is profuse in architectural design. The principal entrance, which is of marble, leads to continuous suites of rooms. Here is the Golden Room used for imperial receptions, the White Saloon, and St. George's Hall. Nothing can be more gorgeous than the interior fittings. It is all that luxury and splendor can imagine. From every frontage a noble view can be had. Looking toward the south is the Imperial Square, whence rises the column dedicated to the memory of Alexander. It is of a single block of stone, and came from the Gulf of Finland. This palace, as its name designates, is used by the Emperor in winter, and with the rigors of the climate it must be exceedingly difficult to make these vast rooms warm and comfortable. It is by a covered way that the Hermitage is reached. It was here that Catherine sought rest after the fatigues of her court. It was at the Hermitage that she founded a very peculiar republic devoted to art and letters. It contains one of the choicest and most superb collections of pictures in the world. It is not only for the works of famed masters that the Hermitage is famous, but there is room after room sparkling with precious stones, where there are cornices of porphyry, figures made of lapis-lazuli and malachite in such profusion that it is dazzling. Possibly because in the United States we are not born to see palaces, one very soon tires

of such magnificence. Nothing can be more fatiguing than the long march through the endless galleries of a palace. The mind like the body can only be taxed to a certain point, and after that, sight-seeing, even if it be a picture painted by a Raphael, becomes a wearisome task. The appearance of the soldiers dressed in varied uniforms gives a brilliant character to the streets. Evidently all the armed men Russia has at her command are not on the frontiers. Here are Cossacks, and some Georgian costumes which are very picturesque. But



THE ENGLISH QUAY.

aside from the military display, here are all the Northern races, Finns and Esthonians, and those stunted men must live away up in far Northeastern Russia. There is a mass of promenaders, and an appearance of elegance and fashionable display which is even more pronounced than in Paris. The streets are alive with vehicles. Who could write of the great Russian city and not describe the drosky and its driver, the *isvoshtshik*? When distances are so great as in this city, and the streets are so bad, a vehicle is a necessity. The drosky is the cab of St. Petersburg.

It may be described as a kind of cloth-covered bench supported on caleche C-springs, with a perch on which the driver sits. It jolts considerably, and when one is unaccustomed to riding on a drosky, the idea seems to pervade you that the fare is going to be spilt. But you very soon get used to it. The driver is peculiar. He wears a hat without a brim, his coat comes tight over his breast, and buttons over his shoulder. Behind him on his back is his badge and number convenient for reference. The horses are sturdy little steeds that seem tireless. Now the drosky, as it belongs to a St. Petersburg gentleman, is a very neat and stylish affair, especially when the driver is dressed in his livery, and the horses are fine Ukraine steeds. Then it is as handsome a turnout as you would wish to see. All day long through the streets, mixed up with the more shabby equipages, are the droskies of the officers, which go at such a speed that the plumes on the spiked helmets of these warriors stream out in the breeze. The drivers of the street droskies are said to be somewhat extortionate in their charges. One thing for which they deserve credit, however, is their kindness to the horses; the whip is seldom used, and where in rough places droskies have stuck fast, the solicitude and affection of the *isvoshtshik* toward his horses are very earnest, and he may be heard using such endearing expressions as "My friend, my sweetheart, my brother," to urge them on. The skill of these drivers is wonderful, for foot passengers seem to have the right of way with a vengeance, and apparently court being run over. As the *isvoshtshik* drives, he constantly cries out words of warning to the vehicles or to the passers-by.

It is on the Nevskoi Prospekt that the street life of St. Petersburg is best seen. It extends a distance of fully four versts from the Alexander Nevskoi Monastery to the Admiralty. At first it is rather commonplace, but soon the character of the street improves, and fine buildings of three and four stories are found on either side. It traverses the Fontanka Canal, but the portion near the Admiralty is the finest and most fashionable portion. There is no street more superb or more original in Europe. Handsome equipages are forever passing here, and on the side-

walks, now that it is summer, the fashionable people of the city are to be found. Elegant shops abound, and though there is not the same effort at display as in Parisian or New York stores, the goods, when they are shown you, are of the finest quality. In fact, nothing seems to be too good or too expensive for the higher classes. St. Petersburg is given to holidays. The Greek Church has many festivals, most of which are kept by the Russians; but the city is made



up of so many religions, Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, that there

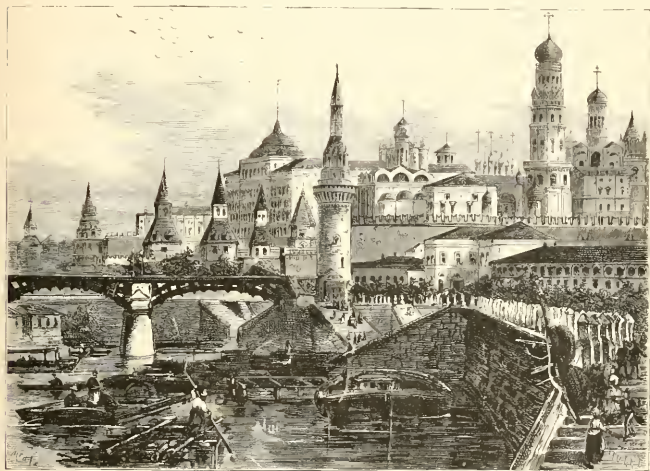
is hardly a day when the opportunity to divert themselves is not taken by some class or other. But it is not alone on the numerous superb streets that an insight can be had of the magnificence of the city. A walk along the quays, which are built of solid granite, shows how great St. Petersburg really is. The houses along the English Quay are simply palaces, for here the fashionable people of the empire dwell. It is in winter that the city has a *cachet* of its own. All these boats and gondolas on the Neva are pretty enough, but the Neva is finest when it is frozen over. The streets of the capital are at

their best when covered with snow. Then the sledges fill the street. At twenty degrees below zero St. Petersburg enjoys itself. It is a long winter, for it gets cold in October, and the rigor of the climate continues until May. Fortunately for St. Petersburg, when the thermometer sinks to thirty degrees below zero, the wind dies out. In the winter there are large rooms, which are warmed at public expense, where a living temperature can be had gratuitously by the poorer classes. The great market place of St. Petersburg is the Gostinnoi-Dvoi. All the bazaars in Russian towns go by this name, but this St. Petersburg one is the great market of the world. On one side, this general market, or perpetual fair, is bounded by the Nevskoi Prospekt, and on the other by the Bolkhāia Sadovaia, or great Garden Street. Various trades and callings seem to come together in this market. Here are silversmiths, there ironworkers, farther on are to be found wood and coal merchants, and behind these are the carriage-makers. It is, apparently, at first sight, the grandest of jumbles, where, however, a certain amount of system soon becomes evident. Here are boots, saddlery, copperware, furniture, china, cast-off clothing, confectionery, bird cages, drugs, hats, and even dilapidated sewing-machines—everything in fact except arms. All the time through the streets and by-ways of this market come dashing droskies and wagons landing buyers and unloading goods. This immense agglomeration of buildings holds no less than ten thousand busy merchants.

The railroad which unites St. Petersburg and Moscow was built by Winans and Harrison, two enterprising American engineers, who gained fame and wealth in Russia. How true that story is which explains the peculiar straight line the road makes, we are unable to vouch for. It is gravely stated that when the engineers had devised their line, with its gradients, it had certain inclinations to the right and left, so that the iron road should tap some of the adjacent towns between the new and the old capitals. When the map was shown to Nicholas, he simply shook his head. "He would have no such twisting road in his dominions." Taking a ruler, he placed it between Moscow and St. Petersburg, drew with a pen a red line as

straight as could be between the two points, remarking, "Make your road so as to follow precisely this tracing. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and that is all there is about it. Good day, gentlemen." Such towns of importance as Russia might have had, when the road was projected, were not near the line.

There were many disputants in the guise of noble owners of the soil, all wanting the road to pass near their domains.



THE KREMLIN

And if it had not been for the promptness of Nicholas, the business might have hung fire for years. As it is, this railroad is, in some respects, like the roads prospected in the United States some twenty years ago. It does connect two large cities, but there is nothing between them which helps traffic. Russia is not much given to take advantage of an opportunity. In other countries, towns would have sprung up mushroom-like near the iron rail. This road might have been as some huge ribbon on which pearls could have been strung. But either from the rigor of the climate, want of energy, or from

absence of the speculative tendency, towns containing even a small number of inhabitants have no existence along this railroad.

The road is admirable in construction, and the carriages are of the best American make and style. Of course, railway officials were most polite, an elegant carriage having been placed at the disposal of the General. Leaving St. Petersburg, the railroad runs through a flat country, and soon on both sides of the track you notice forests of birch. The trees, with their silvery bark, stand out in relief against darker woods beyond. Occasionally you pass near some obscure village, or small assemblage of houses, with its humble church of stone, surmounted by a belfry. For ever and ever do the broad, flat plains spread out monotonously in the distance. The same birch trees, with here and there a fir, are seen as you glide along at the goodly speed of thirty miles an hour, for between St. Petersburg and Moscow the distance is something over four hundred miles, and the General was to accomplish the journey, counting all stoppages, in twenty hours. One is struck by the elegance of the stations, and the excellence of the food. On the arrival of the train the tables are laid with those usual excitants which stimulate the Russian appetite. There are plenty of bottles, too, filled with good French wines, and some with the very excellent products of the grape grown in Southern Russia. It is a positive necessity, owing to the rigors of the Russian climate, that the traveler should be supplied with good food. What a delight it must be for the weary voyager, whose eyes have been tired with seeing nothing but a broad expanse of snow, to enter one of these stations, and find pleasant warmth and good food. With all our rattle and bustle, there are many points which we might borrow from the French, German, and most especially Russian methods of caring for the traveling public. It is quite exceptional to see men working in the fields; now and then a group of women may be seen using a short sickle, working manfully at the poor, sickly crop. They sing a low chant as they work, which has a peculiarly sad melodic phrase in it. These women look very squalid and wretched, and

are miserably clothed. The dearth of population strikes one most forcibly, as the country is as sparsely settled as one of the Far-Western Territories of the United States. These poor people, you will remember, a few years ago were all serfs. In point of education, in their now more difficult position of life, which requires human beings to take care of themselves, they have as yet little if any experience. Their tutelage lasted so many years, that they can hardly yet appreciate the blessings of freedom; right after emancipation too much must not be expected of these poor peasant-folk. The climate and the habits of the people too are opposed to a natural, healthy increase of inhabitants. Distances are immense. It is a struggle for life with many of these people. Some little responsibility, a very vague one it is true, was felt by the master before the people were made free. Now it is a matter of perfect indifference to him how those who were once his serfs get along. It is a bad state of affairs, and where it will lead to no one can say. Station after station is left behind. Occasionally you pass a long train filled with soldiers, a portion of the troops who have been in the Turkish campaign, and are being moved to the north of the empire. They look in fine condition, and are neatly clad. By and by the Valdai Hills are seen in the distance; though of no imposing height, they are quite refreshing to see, as a hill of any kind is agreeable after so much flat country. These hills are the water-sheds of Europe, for from these slight elevations, as the rain gathers, flow the broad streams that pour into both the Baltic and the Caspian. There are more

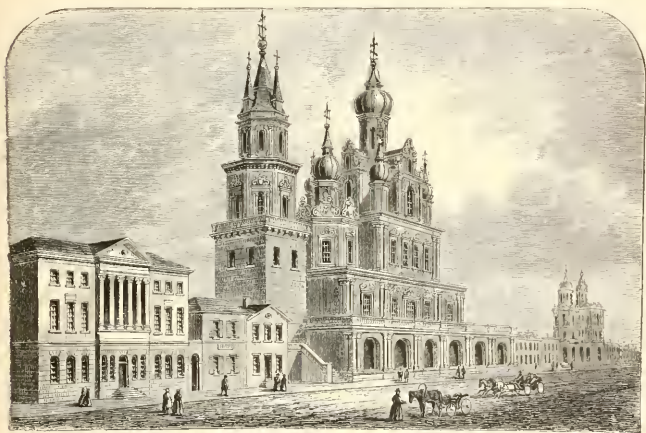


CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR.

stations. Great heavens! how hungry a man—at least the Russian—seems to be on his travels. As the purveyors at these stations seem to understand that human appetites may become satiated in time with even the best of fare, you will notice a change in the *menu*. As you near Moscow the dainty character of the restauration increases, and you find those peculiar pies called *piro ga*, the most scarlet and delicate raspberries, and Russian tea. (How excellent it is!) The samovar is always on the boil. Take it as your Russ does, in a tumbler scalding hot, nicely sugared, with a slice of lemon, and it is the best of beverages. As you near Moscow, the road runs through a more picturesque and thickly settled country. Gliding along through handsome gardens and pleasure grounds, ornate cottages, sheets of water, and broad, intersecting streets, you come at last to a halt. This is Moscow, the old capital of Russia, and one of the most famous cities of the world. There is a large attendance at the station. Hats are lifted, and loud cheers are heard. Here are Russian officers, brilliant with orders, who press forward, and pay their respects to the Ex-President. And there is quite an assemblage of Americans, all eager to welcome the distinguished traveler.

If ever a city had a peculiar physiognomy, one especially its own, it is Moscow. It is the special link which combines the East with the West, not that East exactly which finds its representative in the Arabs, but in the sturdier Tartar race. That mighty horde from the East which migrated from some unknown center in Asia thousands of years ago, and which traveled toward the setting sun, halted on the way, and in time took up a certain amount of civilization in those countries east of the Ural Mountains. Then it divided its forces: one body swept northerly, crossed the mountains, and set up their tents in Russia, and became Christian; the other, bending southerly, overran Northern Turkey, and became Mohammedan. The vestiges of the old Tartar are seen unmistakably in Moscow. In the North of Russia the admixture with the Finnish and aboriginal races is most marked. Of course the higher classes at St. Petersburg and Moscow do not show these salient peculiarities of

race, but it is very easily distinguished in the common folk. Nothing is more permanent than the tastes of a people as developed in their architecture, and the famous building of Moscow, the Kremlin, is typical of this marked Oriental feeling. Moscow has been one of the great bulwarks of Eastern Christianity, and has often repulsed from under her very walls the Tartar hordes which strove to subjugate the country. Moscow recalls to every one the story of the great epic of the beginning of this century, the arresting of the march of the ambitious conqueror,



CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Napoleon, the conflagration of the city, and the terrible retreat of the French. Over there are the Sparrow Hills, from where the leading files of the French army first saw Moscow, the Moscow which was to bring on them ruin and disaster. Of course the remembrance of the heroic action of the Russian commanders has not been forgotten by the people of Moscow, and, in speaking of the wonders of their city, it is often remarked, "that though Moscow now be great, it never can be so magnificent as it was before it was burnt." Moscow is placed in the midst of an undulating country where low hills abound, and the

Moskwa River traverses it. The city itself is in some respects like what we call in the United States a garden city. In the center is the Kremlin, surrounded by a wall, and no new edifice is ever allowed to be built within its sacred precincts. On the right of this there is a quaint block of houses, inclosed and separated, called the Kitai Gorod, or Chinese City; beyond this are broad spaces tastefully laid out with shade

trees and walks.

The houses are cottage-like, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. These are placed somewhat in juxtaposition, the handsome cottage of the rich Moscow citizen or noble alongside of the dwelling of one of lesser social position. The main streets are spacious, increasing in width as they reach the boulevards; but then there is a multitude of smaller cross streets, which afford most charming views of private residences.



TOWER OF JOHN THE GREAT.

You can leave a broad thoroughfare which is thronged with fine ladies and gentlemen all dashing along in their splendid equipages, and in a minute you find yourself in the country. There are, in fact, many of these charming villas within this great city, which has a circuit of over twenty miles. Most of

these cottages are of wood, built in quaint style, in which comfort seems to have been more sought for than style. There is nearly always a fine gateway which opens on a green. Flowers abound which are of the most vivid colors. Russians, at least those of Moscow, seem to revel in bright colors, and their houses, when of stucco, allow for the full development of this taste. The quarter of the nobility, not far from the Kremlin, partakes of this elegant country air, for these habitations are more like villas than town residences. Very few of the houses are more than one story high. This want of elevation, if not partaking of the grandiose, imparts rather a quaint and cozy appearance. The Kremlin is situated on a hill, and is surrounded by a wall which varies in height from forty to eighty feet, according to the rise or fall of the ground. This wall is of brick, has battlements on it, is about a mile and a quarter in circumference, and a number of towers stand above the four gateways. As you enter the Nicholas Gate, which is in the Gothic style, you notice in the arch a famous picture of St. Nicholas of Mojaïsk. This wonderful picture, so it is said, is endowed with miraculous powers. When Napoleon (the legend tells) left Moscow in disgust, he determined to wreak his vengeance on poor St. Nicholas. Accordingly he had a barrel of gunpowder exploded under this particular picture. Marvelous to relate, though the powder went off, neither arch nor picture was hurt. For this reason, no Russian, prince or peasant, passes this gate or approaches the picture without paying respect to St. Nicholas. After passing the gateway, there is a broad space, and on your right is the Arsenal, and to your left the Government offices. In the Arsenal are stored an innumerable quantity of cannon, mostly trophies taken from the French in their retreat. Walking on, you reach the esplanade, which commands a view of the whole city. Now you see ranged in line an assemblage of the most remarkable buildings that the eye ever witnessed. It takes some minutes to appreciate them in all their grandeur. Look at that tapering tower which surmounts yonder gorgeous gateway. No one can pass there, not even the Czar, unless his head be

bared. That church is sacred to the remains of the daughters, wives, and mothers of the imperial family. That low building is one of the many churches. Now come, as you scan the grand, imposing frontage, the famous towers of Ivan Veliki, whence resound the famous bells. Up springs the great cathedral,

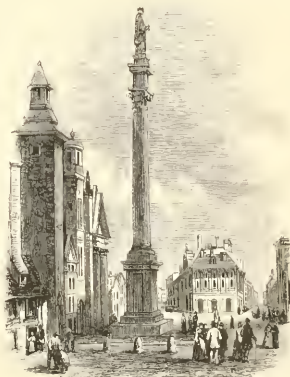


IVAN VELIKI.

with an endless surmounting of golden domes and cupolas. Here are castellated walls, towers of all makes and shapes, and a mass of buildings unrivaled for beauty. Adjectives defining the various stages of human admiration are useless when used to describe the Kremlin. The Kremlin is, indeed, one of the lasting impressions a traveler receives. It was grim Boris Godunoff, who, after murdering Demetrius, built this

Ivan Veliki two hundred and seventy feet high, and it is said swung those famous bells. The bell weighs sixty odd tons, but it is a baby bell when compared with the monster at the foot of the tower, which weighs four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds. It is broken, it is true, and remains mute, for there was a fire once in the tower, and the bell broke loose and fell to the ground, the Tsar Kolokol, the great emperor of bells. Looking beyond, along that line of wall, is a multitude of new spires, some Gothic, others Tartar, surmounted with the quaintest weathercocks, some banner-like, others like eagles, and under them on the main building there rise endless galleries, piled tier on tier. The Bolshoi

Dvoretz Palace has a wealth of gorgeous rooms, and a marvelous picture gallery. Within the Kremlin there are palaces, churches, an arsenal, and Government buildings. It is a mass of magnificence, semi-barbaric if you please, but strange and original. As Moscow is said to have some four hundred churches, great and small, it would be impossible to describe them. From the Kremlin can be counted a hundred and sixty towers and cupolas. The religious feeling in Russia seems to be of the most constant and all-pervading kind. That Oriental character of belief, which was before indicated when we described the Turk or Arab as prone to follow his devotional feelings, indifferent as to place or surroundings, seems to find its parallel among the devotees of the Greek Church. The



COLUMN OF SIGISMUND III.

respect paid to the pictures of their saints is universal. Now in Moscow, in the Kitai Quarter, affixed to the wall, is a rather poor illuminated semblance of the Virgin. The frame is a much better piece of art than the picture. No one passes that picture that does not uncover before it, and the greater number kneel and cross themselves. It is not only the foot passengers who thus show their devotion, but even the higher classes who ride in carriages.

The Twerskaia is the great street of Moscow, and is the entrance of the city from the St. Petersburg carriage-road or *chaussée*. Along its great length are the best buildings, the palaces of the nobility, and the finest shops. At the farthest end of the Twerskaia is the St. Petersburg Gate, and beyond that a large open space, where roads branch in every direction. Here are the finest drives to be had in Moscow, in fact it is the promenade of the city. Beyond is a plain on which soldiers

encamp. Though the soldier is seen and felt everywhere in Russia, though a prominent place is given to those wielding the sword, you do not feel his presence quite as marked as in Prussia. Perhaps, owing to the late Turkish war, the bulk of the Russian army is still on the frontier.

Following the promenade, you come to the Petrossky Palace, a huge brick edifice, of mixed architecture. In one of the rooms of this palace Napoleon awaited in vain for the notables of the conquered city to humble themselves before him. Would they come and sue for pardon? Would they bow to the conqueror? While he waited, Moscow was in a blaze, and to escape the scorching in the city, the French soldiers went out to be frozen amid the snows of a Russian winter. Around the Petrossky Palace spreads the Petrossky Park. It is here that the middle classes of the old capital come to take their pleasure. Under these trees, in the pleasant summer time, the samovar is always boiling, and endless cups of steaming tea are taken. It is pleasant to watch the groups of people enjoying themselves in a sensible way, and to see the splendid equipages dashing past on the high road.

The tarantass, which is, perhaps, the national carriage, is decidedly Russian in appearance. It has no springs, is four-wheeled, and is something like a wagon or phaeton. To it are harnessed three horses, all abreast. It is the middle beast which is in the shafts, while the outside horses are hooked on by splinter bars. Russians are generally particular as to colors in horses, and assort them as to place in the tarantass; a bay or a roan takes the shafts, while the outsiders are black or dun. The middle horse trots, while his mates gallop. There is a high yoke over the horse in shafts, and to this a bell or series of bells is suspended, though sometimes both outside horses have collars with small bells. There is something exceedingly exhilarating in going at the full jump behind the three horses, one at a good trot, and the others at a rapid gallop. Strange to say, Russian gentlemen rarely handle the ribbons themselves. It is not the custom of the better classes to enjoy the great pleasure of driving.

The Kitai Gorod, or Chinese Town, is something like the St. Petersburg bazaar. The expanse covered by long rows of shops is immense. It is, as it were, a city devoted to trade, inside of another city. As you saunter along, you will notice that the merchants do not seem anxious to drive bargains, and are not, as in St. Petersburg, vociferous for a trade. One queer thing is that the game of draughts seems to occupy



GARDEN OF LAZIENKI,
WARSAW.

so much of their attention that they are quite indifferent to business.

After General Grant had spent several very pleasant and interesting days in Moscow, he decided to take the railroad for Warsaw in Russian Poland. Accordingly the party started on this long journey of six hundred miles, which was accomplished without much fatigue. The country between Moscow and Poland is uninteresting, being very like that south of St. Petersburg.

Warsaw is a gloomy old city, dating back to the twelfth century. It is in Warsaw that the memory of John Sobieski, who drove the Turk from the walls of Vienna, is ever kept fresh. There is a fine monument erected to him, where the Polish hero is seated on a horse, which rears over the body of a prostrate enemy. After resting for a few days, the General and party started for Vienna.



OUTSIDE THE BULL-RING.



VIENNA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUSTRIA AND FRANCE.

IT would be out of place in this necessarily brief outline of travel to enter into the political conditions of the countries we pass through. What can we say, however, of Poland and Warsaw? We are forced to declare that the impression left on our minds was a painful one, and that when passing from Poland into Austria, there was a feeling of positive relief. One could not help thinking that Poland was an oppressed country, that for almost a century and a quarter the world had resounded with her cries of grief. Sometimes it is touching to notice the turn conversation takes when our own happier home conditions are talked about. Liberty is, indeed, a precious boon, and we do not appreciate it at its worth. "We cannot speak the language our forefathers used." So the Polish gentleman will tell you. "Our children

are to be taught certain ideas which are revolting to us. It is a long-continued misery which has been entailed on our sires and grandsires, and which must press forever on our grandchildren. In our religion we are Catholic (for all the old Poles derive their religious belief from the French, in opposition to the Greek Church). We neither have peace at home nor in our churches."

It was the 18th of August when we reached Vienna, late in the evening. At the station we were met by the United States Minister, Mr. Kasson, and by all the secretaries and attachés of the American Legation. A large number of our fellow citizens were there also, and as the General left the cars, he was loudly cheered. On the 19th, General Grant went to the American Legation, as it was there Count Andrassy, the First Minister of the Council, was to receive him. It is quite well understood that, by diplomatic license, the legation of any Government is supposed to represent the soil of that country. Count Andrassy was attended by many of the leading statesmen. An acquaintance with the Count was soon made, and an hour or more passed in agreeable conversation. In the evening General Grant dined at the Countess Andrassy's, and Mrs. Grant was the guest of Mrs. Post. On the 20th there was an audience with his Imperial Highness Francis Joseph. This reception took place at the Palace of Schoenbrunn. On the 21st the General and Mrs. Grant were guests of the imperial family, and dined with them in the evening. Prior to the dinner Baron Steinburg accompanied the General to the Arsenal, where the fullest explanations were made of all the new Austrian improvements in artillery. A grand diplomatic dinner was given on the 22d, by the American Minister. At this banquet the guests included all the ambassadors of the foreign powers. In the evening a reception and ball took place, when the representatives of the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet were present, and the rooms were thronged by the most distinguished people in Vienna.

When we were journeying north, we were told that Hamburg was the most pleasant of cities, but as we were tending south-

erly, we heard on all sides "that Vienna was, indeed, the true Paris of Southern Europe." Certainly no place has the same traits as Paris, but in that open-air life, which does not exist save in the country, it quite surpasses the French capital. It is a most aristocratic city. You may, if you will, by working hard enough and having plenty of money at your disposal, get into the best society in Paris, the Faubourg St. Germain if you please; but it is quite a different thing in Vienna. The higher circles of the nobility are unapproachable. The old prestige of the Austrian noble still exercises its peculiar privileges, and recalls the exclusive times of Maria Louisa, and of



THE VILLAGE CROSS—POLAND.

Kaunitz. There are habits and customs which hedge around the Austrian higher classes, whose boast is to have genealogies dating from antediluvian times. Commercial aristocracy of course is to be found in Vienna, men of the present day, who have brought their brains to their aid; but still, as you will very soon discover, between such men enriched by trade, and the old *régime*, there is hardly any intercourse. Vienna is undergoing changes which have been very rapid, and which are partly due to the late International Exhibition. Forty years ago, when Austria had Metternich for its guiding spirit, to have made Vienna the center of an exhibition would have been, in that antiquated statesman's eyes, the same thing as if some one had offered to

introduce the plague, or invite a club of republicans to hold their sittings in the city.

As you enter Vienna from the station and cross the Ring-Strasse, or circular boulevard, you find a new city as fresh as an American town. Here are magnificent streets, crowded with superb shops, finer, indeed, than we have seen anywhere, Paris not excepted. Some controlling thought has apparently guided the architects, for the appearance of these new quarters is both harmonious and pleasing. All these immense ranges of buildings are due to joint-stock associations, who went mad just before the Exhibition, and the collapse of these enterprises brought ruin on many. Still, as we do not see the trouble which has ensued from these speculations, we only look at and admire the results. We are comfortably ensconced in a hotel which is quite sumptuous, and we regale ourselves with the delights of the Austrian *cuisine*. We are even inclined to think that there are no better cooks than those found in Vienna.

Our first visit was to the imperial summer residence, the Schönbrunn Palace, which is situated on the outskirts of the city, surrounded by elegant gardens and green woods. We wandered through the many handsome apartments of this "Palace of the Beautiful Fountain," recalling the remembrance of the Duc de Reichstadt, who, as a child, may have lived in some of these great rooms, and pondered there over the fall of his father. As we leave the palace we stroll through the gardens, and can only compare them with those of Versailles.

This morning we visited the Stephanplatz, where stands the famous Church of St. Stephans, and the Archbishop's Palace, and strolled across the Danube and into the Prater, the grand park of Vienna. This beautiful park has a superb avenue lined with trees, called the Prater Allee. It is about two and a half miles long, and is the great drive for the upper classes. At one side of this carriage-road are the coffee houses, restaurants, music halls, etc. This part of the Prater is chiefly frequented by the poorer people.

The military element is visible everywhere, and soldiers dressed in light-colored uniforms may be seen in every neigh-

borhood. Nothing can be more jaunty than an Austrian lieutenant or captain. Possibly, not excluding your swell English guardsman, the Austrian officer is the greatest military dandy in the world. Notwithstanding their rather exquisite appearance, we found them to be most courteous and obliging, and very thoroughly informed. Unfortunately for Austria she has had full need of her soldiers for the last thirty years. As far as the inventive military art goes the Austrian officer holds



RING-STRASSE (BOULEVARD).

a distinguished place, and the discoveries of General Uchatius, especially in artillery, are of the most remarkable kind. It is certainly within the memory of many when Austrian and Hungarian were at daggers drawn. Thanks to a wise and generous policy, one of forgiveness and forgetfulness, Austria is stronger by the love of her Hungarian population than she ever has been before. The early misfortunes which met the present emperor were not lessons lost on him. With her Italian provinces gone, Austria has gained new life, and she has to-day the respect and sympathy of all Europe. It

was pleasant to hear on all sides the love expressed for the Emperor, and to listen to the many stories told of his kindnesses. The Viennese have an intense love for music. Is not Vienna the city sacred to the waltz and to Strauss? You hear music on every side. In the streets, in the public places, military bands are performing in the most delightful manner. In fact, we float along on music. The Opera House is second to none, and from Vienna, as a hot-bed, spring forth all the year round crops of sopranos, contraltos, tenors, and bassos, who go hence for their tour around the musical world. Vienna was the home of the great Mozart. Beethoven, too, did the most of his work here.

In the Viennese population, the Jew forms a large proportion. The Israelite may be seen occupying very extensively the profession of street peddler. In Germany, generally, the social condition of the Jew, his place among his fellows, is not a flattering one. When he arrives at great wealth, the power which money brings is even then grudgingly accorded to him. There is a feeling of religious prejudice existing in the German mind which seems difficult to eradicate. Austria is devoutly Catholic, though of late years Unitarianism has made great progress. Education is making rapid strides, and to know how to read and write becomes a necessity, for there is a rather arbitrary law which prohibits any one from marrying who cannot read and write. Fancy how oppressive must be a dictum of this kind. Still it may have its touching side, for we can imagine some pretty Austrian peasant girl, well versed in her A, B, C's, teaching her swain all the mysteries of the spelling book so that he may gain her hand in wedlock.

Among the most delightful of our visits was one to Baden, fourteen miles from the city and about half way to Voslau. Baden, as its name designates, is a place for bathing. Springs abound, and the water is at a very high temperature.

For once the General was forced by many courtesies to extend his stay some days over the date fixed for our departure. None of us regretted this delay, for Vienna is a city fitted for those who feel like indulging in a little rest.

But our time has come, and we hear imperative commands

for departure. We shall take a direct route for Switzerland, visiting Munich on the way, and then go southerly through the wine country of La Belle France, and, touching at Bordeaux, go thence to Spain. If we have an Athens in America, so has Germany; and this Teutonic Athens, this center of art, is called Munich. Now the Bavarian has certain peculiar characteristics which are not in the least æsthetic. Old Munich struck us as being, at least in certain portions, more pervaded with



THE OPERA HOUSE—VIENNA.

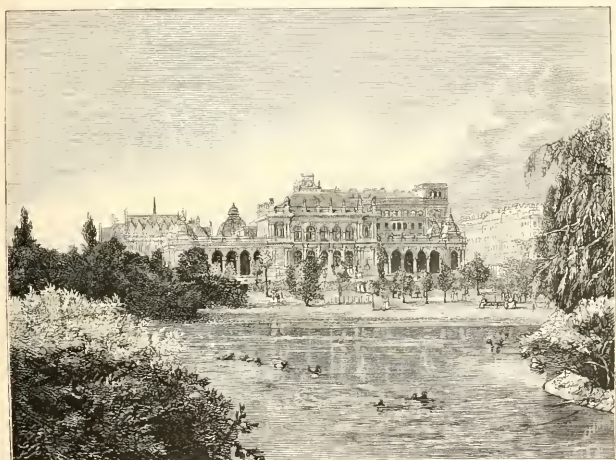
the Middle Age feeling than any other city we had visited. There are perched on old, venerable houses many of those peculiar turrets and quaintly shaped appendices which realistic painters introduce into medieval art. The Ludwigs-Strasse is the pride of Munich, and, in the estimation of the Bavarian, is the rival of the Unter den Linden, Berlin. It is a superb street, flanked on both sides by fine houses. The general appearance of the city, that is the newer portion, is quite composite. Stimulated by an artistic sovereign, the architects have constructed houses in all varieties of architecture, and this vari-

ety gives a very pleasing and picturesque character to the streets.

Munich is famous throughout the world for its sparkling beer, and it is certainly an excellent beverage, though the method of serving it in some of the leading places must entail an amount of labor to the thirsty man which only an enthusiastic beer-drinker would undergo. In the large brewery, the Royaline, you have to find your own glass, and then fight your way to the bar, in order to have it filled. Life in a beer house is of a peculiar kind. Before the same table may be found men of various degrees, the gentleman and the workman, the university professor and the student. Beer seems to flow like water. We have not, however, seen any one tipsy. It must, indeed, take a flood of beer to have the least effect on a citizen of Munich. Beer is so important a factor in the capital of Bavaria, that the augmentation of its price would quite likely lead to serious disturbances. To show the importance of this industry, in a population of not quite five millions, there are fully ten thousand persons engaged in its manufacture. Perhaps it is this great consumption that makes the men of Munich so round, fat, and jolly. Each nation has its peculiarities, and Bavaria is held in Germany as a country where the people are the least likely to change, and where materialism holds its sway. If a story is told in Germany, where a particular person is made the object of a jest, it is generally on a Bavarian that the joke is perpetrated. King Louis, with a great æsthetic purpose, has so shaped Munich that it is the art center of Germany.

Augsburg, the second town of Bavaria, has all the peculiarity of an antiquated city. Its many large dwelling-houses are evidences of the wealth, in former days, of its citizens, who were merchant princes, managing the exchanges of Europe. The old Episcopal Palace remains, in the hall of which the Protestant Declaration of Faith ("The Confession of Augsburg") was drawn up by Luther and Melancthon. The palace is now devoted to public business. Though the greatness of Augsburg has departed, the city still contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, and issues one of the most celebrated journals

in the world, the *Algemeine Zeitung*. From Augsburg the railroad takes us to Ulm, on the Danube, at its entrance into Bavaria. It was here, in 1805, that General Mack, with the entire Austrian army under his command, ingloriously surrendered to Napoleon, without striking a blow. The old cathedral, now devoted to Protestantism, which was founded in the fourteenth century, is still uncompleted. At Schaffhausen, one of the oldest towns in Switzerland, situated on the north bank of the



TOWN PARK—VIENNA.

Rhine, a short distance above the celebrated Schaffhausen Falls, we stopped long enough to note that it was a very picturesque old place, with its narrow streets, turreted gateways, and oriel windows. The feudal castle of Unnob, planned, it is said, by Albrecht Dürer, on a height commanding the town, is still capable of being used for purposes of defense.

Besançon, the first important French town on our route, is a thriving place, and its situation on the Daubs is surprisingly lovely. It has been Roman, Burgundian, Arlesian, Anglo-French, and even Spanish; all these different investitures can be

traced architecturally. Besançon is noted for its watches. This business came into France like silk-weaving into England. Some honest Swiss watchmakers were driven out of their country for their religion, just as the French were expelled under the Edict of Nantes. In time the Swiss built up a great industry, until to-day it is said that for every one hundred watches sold in France ninety are of Besançon make. Victor Hugo was born here in 1802. At the end of our third day's journey we reached Lyons, the great silk manufacturing city of France. This city bears but faintly the characteristics of a town whose wealth comes from the products of the loom. The factory system, as it is found with us in America, does not exist. There are no crowds of workmen going to and from their labors. The Lyons workmen tend their looms at home, the manufacturers furnishing them with the materials, so that all the weaving is done in their own rooms. On inquiry we find that business is by no means lively, and that something like stagnation exists among the thirty thousand workmen. The condition of affairs seems to be somewhat as follows, as far as the American market is concerned: We are making our silk goods at home. Now, Lyons could fight it out awhile with England; but, with America and England making their own silks, the major portion of the foreign trade is cut off. As to the taste and great judgment displayed in the designs and colors of the goods, fancy silks form but a small proportion of the business. It is plain black which is the staple article, and on which the trade is based. American machinery—the power of Yankee ingenuity—has told in the working of the looms, and processes of manufacture have been more rapid. As to the excellence of the designs, as brains always go to the places where they are best paid, undoubtedly many of the leading French artists, who made those exquisite patterns, have found remunerative positions in the United States.

Long trails of smoke from numerous tall chimneys, trains full of coal, and a general business-like appearance on the road, advise us that we are in the neighborhood of a great manufacturing town. Soon we reach St. Etienne, which is the Leeds

or the Sheffield of France, and at the same time something of a Coventry, for this city produces not only steelware, cutlery, and firearms, but in addition ribbons. A St. Etienne knife or razor has always a great reputation, and here the greater proportion of arms used in the French service are made, so that in some respects it resembles our Springfield. After Lyons, this was the first French manufacturing town of any importance we had visited. The greatest order and system were evident in the shops. The paternal care of the Government is quite apparent. France always steps in, when she can do anything toward advancing the education of her workmen. There are numerous schools for mechanics at St. Etienne, where metallurgy and the fine arts are acquired.



STREET IN AUGSBURG.

The great distinction which exists between French and other manufactures is evident in the taste displayed. To keep up this superiority, France exerts herself to the utmost, and attains her point, by giving an artistic training to her workmen.

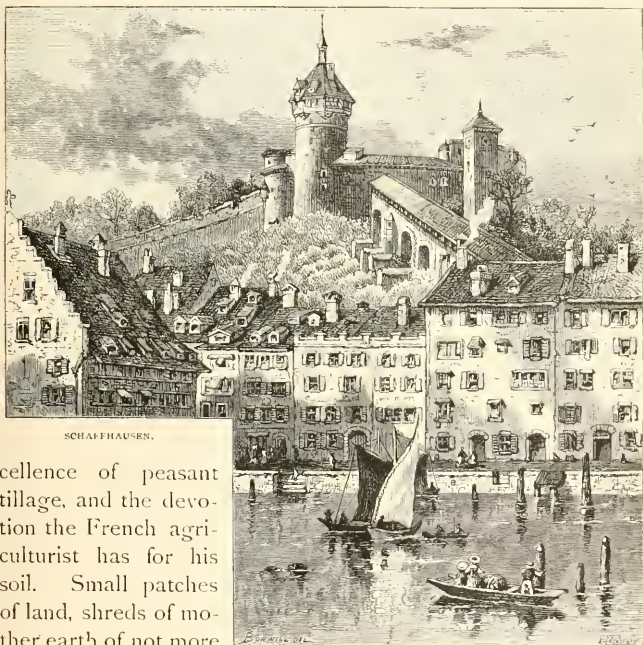
We are glad to have the opportunity of visiting Vichy, the thermal springs not only of France, but of all Europe. It is hardly like Baden-Baden, for though Vichy attracts many people, its gayety is less thought about than the curative quality of the water. The establishments around the springs are admirable, and the casino is one of the handsomest buildings we have seen. But time was short, and after a brief stay we were on our way once more. Taking the rail again, passing through

Gannat, and Montlucon, we arrived at Limoges. This is another manufacturing center, known to us as the place where enameled ware was first made. We pass through Limoges, and make a short halt at Périgueux, the chief town in the Department of Dordogne. We are interested in this old place, and see the monuments erected to the memory of the good Fénelon, and to that somewhat bitter essayist, Montaigne. It is not an easy task to describe the characteristics of these sleepy old French towns. Things are quite possibly done to-day as they were two or three hundred years ago. There never is much bustle save on a market day, or when a festival takes place. People live and die in peace and contentment, and, with but few wants, and free from excitements, far from the bewilderments and agitations of the feverish capital, their life is one of perfect repose. A French Rip Van Winkle might take his sleep here, and on awaking not receive a shock. France has an enormous population of what are called *petits rentiers*, or people who, having invested in the public securities, live on a very moderate income. In addition to this class, she has innumerable pensioners, who, having served the state all their lives, in their old age subsist on some small pension their country grants them. These two classes find in provincial life, which is inexpensive, exactly that haven of rest which they wish for. We thought, too, that for those who had seen the storms of existence and had been tired of them, these old, somnolescent towns would make delightful harbors of refuge. In some of these towns we heard of people who, having been born there, had gone early in life to America, where for years they had striven and toiled and put aside their money, until having acquired a sufficiency, they had returned to France, and sought once more their beloved old home, trusting to spend the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

On our way to Bordeaux, through the wine country, I can only group my impressions as follows :

Here is true, delightful happiness, the real poetry of travel. Pleasant little rivers glide quietly by. Long lines of trees designate the public roads, for they extend away across the

horizon in one straight course, and do not turn for hill or elevation. Here are broad fields, and beyond the woods starts the village church, an old building which has been devoted to God for the last five hundred years. Along the line of railroad are handsome villas, with extended fields all planted with the vine. It must be a wonderfully rich and thrifty country, and the culture must needs be very thorough. We have heard of the ex-



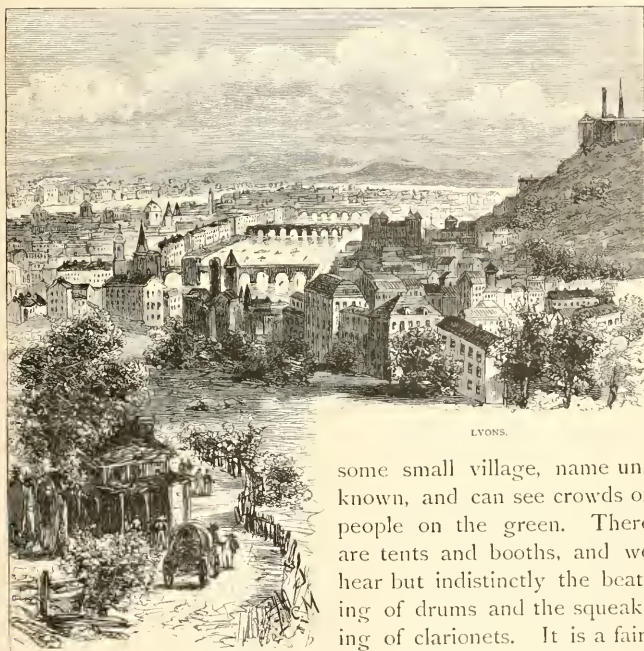
SCHAFFHAUSEN.

cellence of peasant tillage, and the devotion the French agriculturist has for his soil. Small patches of land, shreds of mother earth of not more than two or three

acres, are not as common in the southern as in the northern provinces. Most of these broad lands belong to single proprietors. On inquiring, however, we find that the division of the soil, this tendency to split up the land into small parcels, is commencing. Poverty seems to be rare, and as to class distinctions, although the

dress shows it in some small degree, that disposition to bow, cringe, and scrape that we have seen elsewhere we no longer notice. It is a rich country, and although the crops have been deficient for the last few years, still people have got along. The improvement in French agriculture has been rapid. When a famous English agriculturalist, before the first Revolution, described France as a country tilled by beggars, who starved on the wretched products they raised, he may have told the truth. Ever since 1830 science has done wonders for France and her soil. That education which has permeated all ranks has even reached the peasant class. The laborer has carried his newly acquired intelligence into the culture of the soil. The one great trait of the French peasant is his untiring industry, and perhaps never did men or women work so hard and continuously. Early and late they are in the fields. The very trees and orchards we pass evince the care bestowed on them. Pears are just ripening with the grapes, and the taste of the French woman is shown as she hands us a basket which is arranged with artistic skill. Here are apricots the like of which we have never seen before. As we pass rapidly along this finely cultivated country, a succession of beautiful prospects unfold themselves before our eyes. There is a rich hill, and on top is a ruin, an old castle, which has escaped becoming notorious in the guide book. Up to the very broken and crumbling walls, the hillside is cultivated, and in and out of the vines we see women and girls plucking the grapes. Alongside of the road are large wagons to which dun-colored oxen are attached. In other fields colza has been grown, and we see Indian corn, with its long green leaves suggesting home, and fields filled with withered plants, ugly thickets, attract our attention. We are told that they are poppies, and that the most beautiful of all things is to see a poppy field in its full blaze of color. The poppy is not grown for its narcotic principle, but for oil. Perhaps we use poppy oil in the United States on salads, and do not know its origin. All the hills, when steep, are terraced up to their crests, and covered with the vine. The hills shine in the sun, caused by the mica found in the soil. The wine from this broad region

goes both to Bordeaux and Marseilles, and some of the vineyards we pass are world-famous for their products. A love for flowers seems to belong to these people of Southern France, for all the plants that can possibly bloom exhale their fragrance. It is, however, farther south that flowers are grown as a source from whence commercial perfumes are derived. We pass by



some small village, name unknown, and can see crowds of people on the green. There are tents and booths, and we hear but indistinctly the beating of drums and the squeaking of clarionets. It is a fair, and all the villagers are flocking

to the neighborhood. There must be great wealth there of gay ribbons. It is a festival held just before the vintage, but the more important fairs take place earlier and later in the season. We notice farmers and their wives on horseback. There is a woman on a pillion, and a pair of contented people are riding on the same horse. The woman is seated on a kind of a chair

before, and the man, who is behind, has gallantly passed his hand around his companion's waist. The women wear white linen caps, but not of the Norman form. We are told that although manners are still unchanged, there have been some transformations in costumes within the last ten years, more especially among the women. This is quite natural, for although the female sex may be conservative in many things, they are sure to change in the fashion of their dress. At a station we have full opportunity of seeing a group of women and girls clad in true peasant costume which was certainly handsome. The bodice was of black stuff, the skirt of gray, with the arms encased in wide, bulging, snow-white sleeves, and they wore black velvet caps from which hung ribbons of various colors; around their necks were chains with old-fashioned crosses pendent to them. Laughing and chattering, they were making the place resound with their voices. They are bound to some vineyards off the line of the road, where they are engaged to pick grapes. We are informed that we are seeing this part of France at its best, for the time of vintage is one of pleasure. Americans and travelers in general rarely see anything in France save Paris, but outside of that feverish capital there is many an interesting page to be written on French country life. Many questions are asked regarding the California wine country, our methods of cultivation, and the quality of the wines. We are told that some of the people who had been bred as *vignerons* in these provinces were anxious to carry out their calling in the West, having had wonderful stories told them of the productiveness of our Pacific coast. The wages paid the grape-gatherers are from fifteen sous to one franc per day, and found. The women and girls are called *coupeurs* or cutters; they go through the vines and clip the bunches. Following them, and not far distant, are men and women with baskets on their backs, who pick up the severed bunches and carry them to the ox-carts. These *hotte* or basket carriers will take a tremendous load on their backs, and trot along rapidly. In the ox-carts the grapes are thrown into casks, and closely packed. To every twelve grape-cutters there are two basket-men, all of them under charge of a superintendent. About this

number of people will tend the vintage of two and a half acres. The pressing of the grapes is a very simple operation. As the grapes are brought to the press they are picked from the stems, cleared of leaves, and spread on a platform about twelve feet square, the sides of which can be built up to any desired height.



THE VINTAGE

The bottom of this movable box is perforated, and above it is a heavy block of wood which can be depressed by means of a wooden screw. The fluid, red as blood, spurts out, and is caught in tubs which are placed below. The whole ma-



chinery is very simple, and some of us thought that with less outlay of power much more satisfactory results might be obtained. If during this rapid trip we had been willing to taste only a fractional portion of the vintage of France which kind hospitality offered us, we would not have lived to tell the story of our travels. We remember that whenever wine was presented to us for approval we were invariably told "that it was milder

than mother's milk; and that as to a headache, such a thing could not be if we should drink *litres* of it."

Our destination is Bordeaux, and all along the route we hear of this great maritime city. With Havre and Marseilles Bordeaux shares French commerce. From this city there pour out floods of wine which quench human thirst in all quarters of the globe. Bordeaux to-day is one of the most picturesque and animated places in France. For nearly three miles, extending along the left bank of the Garonne in one long bend, are the quays. The Garonne is a deep river, so that vessels of over a thousand tons can be accommodated at all points along its quay. On the other side of the river there is a beautiful country adorned with wooded slopes, vineyards, and charming villas. Bordeaux, like many European cities, is double, that is, there is an old and a new town. The ancient city abounds in narrow streets flanked by strange old rookeries, while the newer portion rivals Paris in the beauty of its buildings. It is a rich city, and prosperity reigns. It is the center of large manufactures, and the products of Bordeaux and the South of France are shipped hence to all parts of the world. It was most pleasant for us to see a number of American ships in the river, all flying their colors in honor of General Grant. Among the great objects of interest in this city are its wine cellars. Into one of these cellars we were escorted by the members of a firm whose wines are known the world around. It was a vast wilderness of vaulted chambers, filled with hogsheads and casks, and endless shelves upon which bottles of wine were stored. We were told that there were placed here some twelve thousand hogsheads of fine wines, and that over three quarters of a million bottles were generally held in stock. Here was good liquor enough, Medoc, Château Margaux, La Tuer, La Fitte, with Sauterne and Yquem sufficient to float a man-of-war. We asked, "What kind of wine goes to America?" and were told that "up to 1860, America drank very good wines, that during the civil war our taste deteriorated, but that for the last six years we were buying the finer grades again." We ventured to advance the idea that French wines had to be better, because the pro-



GIBRALTAR.

ducts of the Garonne would now enter into competition with the California vintage. The reply was that "Bordeaux could only produce a certain quantity of really choice wines, and that the demand had been for the last quarter of a century always in advance of the supply." How, then, account for the oceans of so-called French wines, with elegant labels and fabulous prices, which are dispensed throughout the United States? We were told that there was a place in France called Cette, where wines with all possible and impossible names were manufactured to order, and that this is the fraudulent fountain from whence the majority of bad French wines flow. American wines, good natural juice of the California vine, is sent to Cette in quantity, there to be doctored up and converted into French wine. In addition to wine, Bordeaux is the world's *entrepôt* for brandy,



and we made to great store—nothing but Bordeaux fine public buildings—churches St. St. Michael's are of Gothic architecture—that peculiar



IN THE WINE COUNTRY.

special visits houses where brandy is kept, abounds with things. The Sternion's and fine examples tecture, with southern feel-

ing which edifices in Northern France and Europe do not show. The exchange, the archiepiscopal palace, and the theater, are admirable representations of modern style. The theater in Bordeaux is a famous one, and most exacting as to its performers. It is said that the Bordelaise will not always accept those stars whose meteoric flights have dazzled Parisian audiences. It might be worth while to mention what an important place the theatrical performers and theatrical writers occupy in



BORDEAUX.

France. If books in the United States are the media through which current ideas are inculcated, in France it is the theater. A Frenchman, as far as his theater goes, is a born critic. Discussions are carried on, judgments are given, in regard to the play or the method of a leading actor, which are wonderfully correct and often subtle.

A street in Bordeaux called the Chapeau Rouge is the pride of the city, and is always thronged. Relationship between Bordeaux and the United States is very close, and a knowledge of our country, its politics, its resources seemed quite familiar

to the Bordelaise. This was the more pleasing as Frenchmen generally, even in the larger cities, were lamentably ignorant not only of American geography but of our history. Bordeaux gave us the idea of being one of the most prosperous cities we had visited; as the center of a vast agricultural interest, controlling a product of great value, it has done its best to take advantage of the situation, and kept its commercial supremacy. We enjoy the hospitalities of the city, which are proffered with infinite courtesy. We might have prolonged our stay in Bordeaux had not General Grant received a message from his majesty the King of Spain, who was at that time directing the maneuvers of his troops at Vittoria. The king's message, couched in most courteous terms, conveyed an invitation requesting the General to honor him with a visit, and such an honor could hardly be declined. We therefore start for Biarritz, where we intend to rest one night, and next day cross the frontier.



THE ESCURIAL PALACE.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPAIN.

BIARRITZ was very beautiful. There was something joyous in the sunshine which lit up the old Biscayan town and streamed out over the sea. And the sea! how glorious it was after so much living among rivers and hedges, and to feel that the farthest waves washed the coasts of dear America! Biarritz is a small frontier town, where the French come in winter and the Spaniards in summer. It juts out into the sea, and has a peculiar rocky formation which breaks into ravines and caverns, and admits of quaint walks and drives. Biarritz might have lived on for a few centuries its drowsy existence, like hundreds of other towns which have a seacoast and sand over which bathers could paddle and splash, entirely unknown, had not the last Napoleon

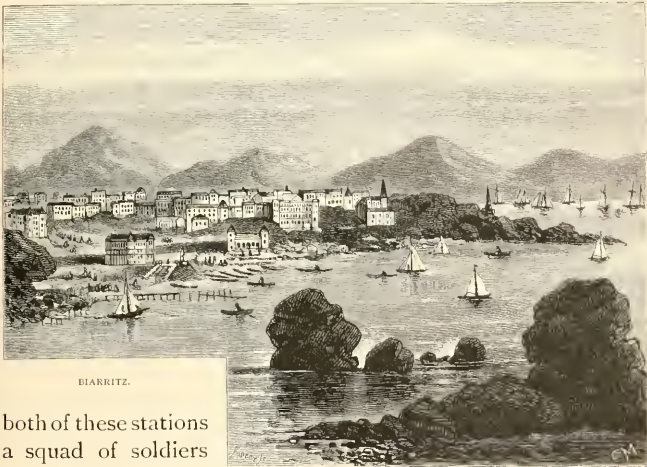
builded himself a seaside residence. His wife had fancied Biarritz in early Spanish days, and it is supposed the house was built to please her. But from that moment Biarritz became famous. Many of the most interesting events of the Third Empire happened on this beach. You will read about the time they had in the books of Prosper Mérimée. Biarritz seems to have been to the Empress Eugénie what the Trianon gardens in Versailles were to Marie Antoinette. It was here that she could do as she pleased, and it was so near Spain that old friends could drop in and talk about old times. It was here that Bismarck came before the German and Austrian war to find out what Napoleon would do. Napoleon was quite charmed by the young German statesman, and was talked into a neutrality which he afterward regarded as one of the grave errors of his reign. It was this bamboozling of Napoleon by Bismarck, this making the Emperor believe that if he would only keep his hands off during the Austrian war he might do as he pleased afterward, that began the career of Prussian triumph. Napoleon kept his hands off. Austria was thrown, and Napoleon found not only that it was impossible for him to do as he pleased, but that he was at last face to face with the ancient and hereditary foe of France.

These are among the thoughts that come as you stroll along the beach and look out upon the sea. It rolls as calmly as when Bismarck and Napoleon walked here, planning to govern the world. Bismarck has more serious problems before him, and sits perplexed and wondering over his united Germany, which somehow does not unite as harmoniously as was hoped, but engenders assassination, and standing armies, and deficiencies, and communism—sits a prematurely old man, bent and gray before his time. Napoleon has vanished into night. The fair Eugénie finds her home under the cold gray skies of Chiselhurst and no longer comes to her Biscayan summer resort. Her house is closed. It is a large, square, unpretending pile, that looks from a distance like a sugar refinery or a grain elevator, it is so big and plain. I am told it will not be open until the Emperor comes to his own again, which is a prospect not very appa-

rent. In the meantime, the little town, missing its Bonapartes and Bismarcks, Mornys and Mérimées, and all the following of the court, has fallen into quiet, old-fashioned ways. There is a casino where you may have cards and coffee; a singing saloon, where you may drink beer and hear a vivacious young woman not overclothed sing you the latest songs from Paris. If it happens that your knowledge of the French tongue is indefinite there will be no remorse of conscience in hearing the songs. There are several hotels—one of them among the finest in Europe. I have high authority for saying that in this hotel is the only cook in Europe who can broil a chicken in a manner satisfying to the American taste. There are stores where you can buy worsted commodities and all manner of knickknacks from Paris. The streets—I believe, however, there is only one—are picturesque. You see the Basque costumes, farmers who yoke their oxen by the head, and compel them to haul the heaviest loads. I think the General was much more interested in this than in anything else—much more than in the memories and remnants of the Third Empire—and tried to solve the problem. He had seen oxen handled in many ways, but never in this Pyrenean fashion. The more it was studied the more useless it appeared. I suppose it is some old Basque tradition, and has come down from the Carthaginians. There were gardens and aromatic plants that perfumed the air. There were walks on the sea and on the edge of cliffs that overlooked the sea. This is all of Biarritz, which lingers as a sunny spot in the memory, for here you have the ocean, and here also you have tokens of Spain.

We catch the first glimpse of Spanish life and character at the little town of Irun, which is just over the frontier. Its neat railway station was draped with flags and bunting. As the train drew up to the platform General Grant alighted from his carriage and was saluted by a general of the staff of Alfonso II., who welcomed him in the king's name to the Iberian Peninsula. He stated that he was directed by his majesty to place at the General's disposal the special railway carriage of the king, and to beg the acceptance of the same. The General expressed

his thanks and accepted the proffered courtesy. The train moved out of the village toward the war-begrimed city of San Sebastian, the last stronghold of the Carlists. On the arrival of the train at San Sebastian, the General was presented to the town officials and distinguished citizens. The contracted harbor reflected the green of the tree-covered hills that encircle it, and beyond the conelike isle at its mouth was the sheen of the noonday sun on the Bay of Biscay. Leaving San Sebastian, the road leads southward toward Tolosa and Vergara. At



both of these stations a squad of soldiers was stationed. The usual military guard had been doubled in honor of the American General. After winding about the hills beyond the station of Tolosa, the train suddenly leaves the defiles behind, and smoothly skirts the side of a great hill, giving the occupants of the carriage a grand view to the southward. Near at hand are seen the peaks of the Pyrenees—only the extreme western spur of the range, to be sure, but a formidable-looking barrier to railway engineering. Altogether the journey is a charming Swiss-like ride, creeping as the traveler does through the most dangerous mountain-paths, and where, even yet, the railway

coaches are alternately in the wildest forest of scraggy pine and long-leaved chestnut.

Passing the summit, the descent southward is soon marked by a radical change in the aspect of the country. Villages are met more frequently, until, winding through the Welsh-looking hills, the train dashes into Vittoria.



SAN SEBASTIAN.

We entered Spain about noon, passing many scenes of historical interest. I do not remember them all, the bewitching beauty of the coast and landscape usurping all mere historical reflections. I have among my books one written by an Englishman. It is the standard English book on Spain and is amusing reading. The author is named Ford, and the impres-

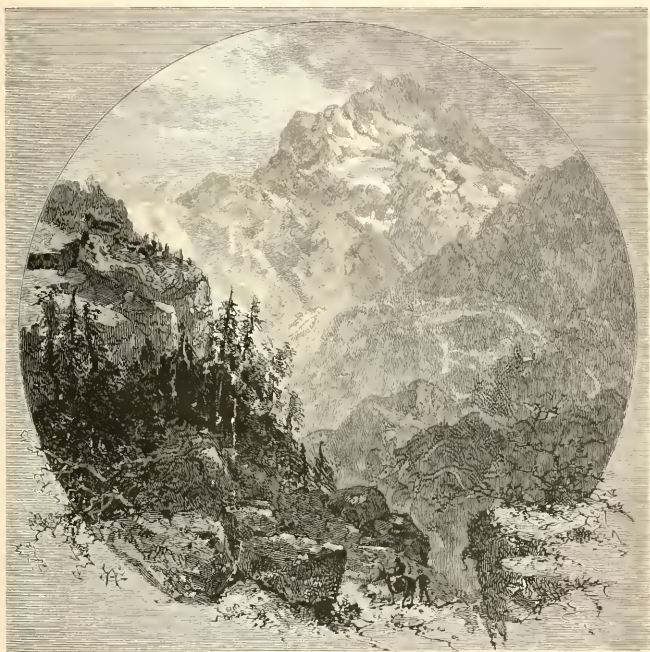
sion you gather as you run over the pages is one of bitter beer and Welsh rarebits. Ford seems to have wandered over Spain a good deal and to have acquired a multitude of facts. But he cannot finish a chapter without singing "God save the Queen" and blessing the memory of the Duke of Wellington. He generally speaks of Wellington as "The Duke," as though there were only one duke in the British peerage entitled to the definite article. He hates the French, who have always shown perfidy toward Spain—"sometimes the sword, sometimes the wedding ring." This is an allusion to the Spanish marriage which was a burning question in English politics thirty years ago when Ford was in his glory. England was angry because the Spanish queen would not marry to suit England. There was the old dread of French interference in Spain, which was so rife in the time of Louis XIV. and Napoleon. To allow one of Louis Philippe's sons to marry a Spanish princess was an extension of French influence which England would not tolerate. The son was married, and now lives in Seville as Duke de Montpensier, and one of the children of this marriage was the poor Queen Mercedes, who was married last January and died in June. The impression you gain from writers like Ford is that Spain would go to eternal perdition but for the intervention of some power like England. England is the fountain of wisdom, the type of justice, the source of power, the all-conquering and ever just, which hangs over the Peninsula like a Providence, and without which——?

There is this comfort in a book like Ford's, that the man believes what he writes. He sees the world from the English point of view, and every step in a new land is only a point of comparison with his own. I have read in novels and story books that the type of the American was his bragging, and that the true Yankee made it an hourly boast that he could whip all creation. This was before the war. Since then we have not been in a bragging humor, and talk only of corruptions and scandals. But for the true bragging traveler give me the Englishman. He is not offensive about it. He does not make it a question of argument. The subject is not one for argu-

ment. Of course the highest type of civilization is English, and of course there is no army that can stand for a moment in face of an English army, and no soldier lived who could compare with the Duke of Wellington. This is not to be discussed. Everybody knows it, and I question if there could be any offense graver than to intimate to our English friend that perhaps he was mistaken; that there were other countries where an army was valiant, and men were honest, and women were fair; that there were nations who were unselfish and brave. The English traveler, who comes to Spain with his standards fixed, looks on this country as a sad place. Nothing pleases him. The cooks put too much garlic in the food, the very vintners do not know how to flavor their sherry. The men you meet on the streets carry knives. They are bandits, most of them, or would be if you were to meet them on some lonely pass in the Guadarama hills. They are all priest-ridden. If the truth were known they divide with the priest the results of each adventure. They will not work. Life consists of the bull ring, the café, the mass, and the lottery. They smoke cigarettes—foolish little futile cigarettes—which are smoked before you can grasp them. What can you think of a people who smoke cigarettes, when they could buy the old-fashioned clay pipes of England and have a genuine smoke? They drink thin wine, or preparations of almond and orange. How can a nation be great which will fool its time on these insipid washes and never know the luxury of a swig of good old honest English ale? They eat beans and cakes, and rarely have roast beef. This is the ultimate sign of decadence.

God forbid that I should raise a standard of comparison disparaging to England. I only think these standards should not be raised against Spain, or France, or the United States—more especially Spain—as English writers are doing almost without an exception. Coming once more to Spain, on my third journey, the memory of old impressions gathered from English books, and more particularly from Ford, comes back to me, and I know how unjust they are, and how my own experiences were at variance with those I gleaned from the books.

As to the politics of Spain, I could never see that any invasion ever did her good, and I do not see much difference between the invasions of the English and the French. It does not occur to me that Wellington came here as the savior of Spain—



THE PYRENEES.

that he had any sentimental ideas on the subject. He came because England wanted to fight Napoleon, and because England always prefers to fight her battles in other countries than her own. A minister in Parliament can more easily explain the loss of ten thousand Spanish or Hessian allies in a battle than if they were ten thousand fellow countrymen and the nation throbbing over their loss. I hear that the French burned

some towns when they were in Spain. But England destroyed a Spanish fleet and sacked Badajoz, while we owe to France the saving of the Alhambra. To France we owe the opening of the Inquisition prisons, one of the most beneficent acts of modern times. I can see no interest that would be served by the destruction of French power in the Peninsula but the interests of England, and these only so far as it is believed that England only can be strong and free while other nations are weak and divided. I can see how, from a high political point of view, nothing would benefit Spain, Italy, and Portugal more than for them to form a close commercial alliance with France—a confederation if possible. They have many points of resemblance—in religion, the origin of language, and geographical relations. Such an alliance would infuse the whole mass with the wealth and the enterprise of France, and the Mediterranean might become once more the seat of empires as mighty as the empires of the past. But this might affect the route to India, the balance of power, the freedom of the seas, or some special British interest. Everything must be secondary to that. So long as British interests are safe it matters little what happens to Spain or how poor her people may be.

I look on Spain in a kindlier spirit, and although as you cross the frontier you see how all things change, and feel the instantaneous difference between Spain and France, I cannot help feeling that she was mighty in other days, and that within her borders lies the strength that may awake to the mastery of empires. On the one side of the boundary you leave the brisk, dapper French gendarme, all action and noise, the clean stations, trim with flowers, the eating tables where you can burden yourself with bonbons and champagne. On the other side you hear no noise. That everlasting French clatter has ceased. You do not see groups of gesticulating people all speaking at once. Things are not so clean. There is smoke everywhere—smoke in the saloons, in the eating rooms. You might find something to eat in the restaurant, but it would only be with your appetite in a normal condition. No one seems in a hurry. Groups in all conditions, some in cloaks, some in rags, stand

about smoking cigarettes and talking of politics and the bull fights. I wonder if this is a good sign, this talking politics. It is a new thing in Spain.

There were officers in high grade who awaited the coming of General Grant. They came directly from the king, who was



IN VITTORIA.

at Vittoria, some hours distant. Orders had been sent to receive our Ex-President as a captain general of the Spanish army. This question of how to receive an Ex-President of the United States has been the source of tribulation in most European cabinets, and its history may make an interesting chapter some day. Spain solved it by awarding the Ex-President the highest military honors. More interesting by far than this was

the meeting with Mr. Castelar, the Ex-President of Spain. Mr. Castelar was in our train and on his way to San Sabastian. As soon as General Grant learned that he was among the group that gathered on the platform he sent word that he would like to know him. Mr. Castelar was presented to the General, and there was a brief and rapid conversation. The General thanked Mr. Castelar for all that he had done for the United States, for the many eloquent and noble words he had spoken for the North, and said he would have been very much disappointed to have visited Spain and not met him ; that there was no man in Spain he was more anxious to meet. Castelar is still a young man. He has a large, domelike head, with an arching brow that recalls in its outline the brow of Shakespeare. He is under the average height, and his face has no covering but a thick, drooping mustache. You note the Andalusian type, swarthy, mobile, and glowing eyes that seem to burn with the sun of the Mediterranean. Castelar's Presidency was a tempest with Carlism in the north, and communism in the south, and the monarchy everywhere. How he held it was a marvel, for he had no friend in the family of nations but America, and that was a cold friendship. But he kept Spain free, and executed the laws and vindicated the national sovereignty, and set on foot by his incomparable eloquence the spirit which pervades Spain to-day, and which, sooner or later, will make itself an authority which even the cannon of General Pavis cannot challenge. It was a picture, not without instructive features, this of Castelar, the orator and Ex-President of Spain, conversing on the platform of the frontier railway station with Grant, the soldier and Ex-President of the United States. "When I reach Madrid," said the General, "I want to see you." "I will come at any time," said Castelar. The only man in Spain who received such a message from General Grant was Emilio Castelar.

A slight rain was falling as we entered Vittoria. The town seems in a glow, and the open space in front of our hotel is filled with booths and dealers in grain and other merchandise. The traders sit over their heaps of beans, peppers, melons, and

potatoes. They are mainly women, who wear a quaint Basque costume; the men in red and blue bonnets, with blue blouses, mostly faded, and red sashes swathed about the waist. These cavaliers spend most of their time smoking cigarettes, watching their wives at work. Now and then a swarthy citizen in a Spanish cloak saunters by, having been to mass or to coffee, and eager to breathe the morning air. A farmer drives over the primitive stony street. His cart is a box resting on two



BASQUE FARMERS.

clumsy wooden wheels. When you remember that it has taken two thousand years of Basque civilization—the most ancient, perhaps, in Europe—to produce this wheel, you may guess how far the people have advanced. The cart is drawn by two oxen with their horns locked together and their heads covered by a fleece. In the cart is a pig, ready for the last and highest office a pig can pay to humanity. Other carts come laden with hay drawn by the slow, shambling oxen, all seeking a market. You hear drums and trumpets and army calls. The town is a camp, and ladies are thronging the lattice windows and soldiers come

swarming out of the narrow streets into the market place. This is the season of the maneuvers. A crowd of citizens stand in the street about a hundred paces from our hotel, quiet, expectant, staring into an open gateway. This gateway leads into a long, irregular, low range of buildings of yellowish stone and red tiles. Over the gate clings the flag of Spain, its damp folds clustering the pole. A black streamer blends with the yellow and crimson folds, mourning the death of the Queen.



SPANISH GIRL.

Natty young officers trip about, their breasts blazoned with decorations, telling of victories in Carlist and Cuban wars, all wearing mourning on their arms for the poor young Mercedes. The sentinels present arms, a group of elderly officers come streaming out of the gateway. At their head is a stripling with a slight mustache and thin, dark side-whiskers. In this group are the first generals in Spain—Concha, Quesada—captains general, noblemen, helmeted, spurred, braided with gold lace, old men with gray hairs.

The stripling they follow, dressed in captain-general's uniform, and touching his cap to the crowd as it uncovers, is Alfonso XII., King of Spain.

When General Grant reached Vittoria there were all the authorities out to see him, and he was informed that in the morning the King would meet him. Ten o'clock was the hour, and the place was a small city-hall or palace, where the King

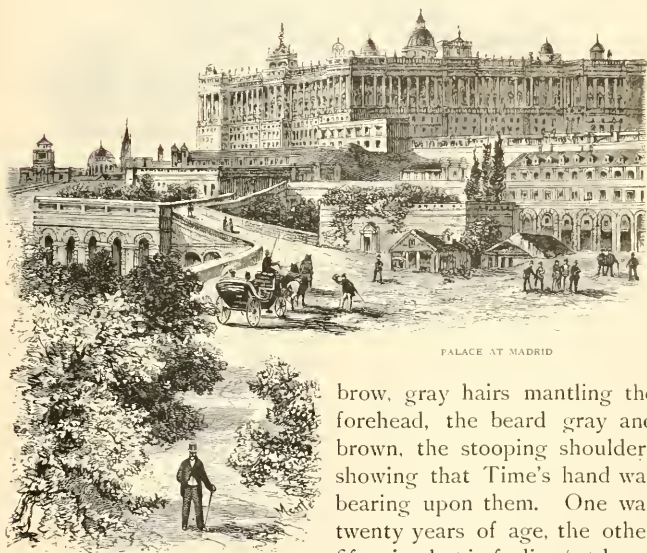
resides when he comes into his capital. At ten the General called, and was escorted into an anteroom where were several aides and generals in attendance. He passed into a small room, and was greeted by the King. The room was a library, with books and a writing table covered with papers, as though his majesty had been hard at work. His majesty is a young man, twenty past, with a frank, open face, side whiskers and a mustache like down. He was in the undress uniform of a captain general, and had a buoyant, boyish way about him which made one sorrow to think that on these young shoulders should rest the burdens of sovereignty. How much he would have given to have gone into the green fields for a romp and a ramble—those green fields that look so winsome from the window. It is only yesterday that he was among his toys and velocipedes, and here he is a real king, with a uniform, heavily braided with bullion, showing that he ranks with the great generals of the world. Alfonso speaks French as though it was his own tongue, German and Spanish fluently, but not so well, and English with good accent, but a limited vocabulary. When the General entered the King gave him a seat, and they entered into conversation. There was a little fencing as to whether the conversation should be in English or Spanish. The General said he knew Spanish in Mexico, but thirty-five years had passed since it was familiar to him, and he would not venture upon it now. The King was anxious to speak Spanish, but English and French were the only tongues used.

The King said he was honored by the visit of General Grant, and especially because the General had come to see him in Vittoria; otherwise he would have missed the visit, which would have been a regret to him. He was very curious to see the General, as he had read all about him, his campaigns and his presidency, and admired his genius and his character. To this the General answered that he would have been sorry to have visited Europe without seeing Spain. The two countries—Spain and the United States—were so near each other in America that their interests were those of neighbors. The General then spoke of the sympathy which was felt throughout

the United States for the King in the loss of his wife. The King said that he had learned this, had seen its evidence in many American newspapers, and it touched him very nearly. He then spoke of the Queen. His marriage had been one of love, not of policy. He had been engaged to his wife almost from childhood—for five years at least. He had made the marriage in spite of many difficulties, and their union, although brief, was happy. No one knew what a help she had been in combating the difficulties of the situation, for it was no pleasure to be an executive—no easy task. The General had seen something of it, and knew what it was. To this the General answered that he had had eight years of it, and they were the most difficult and burdensome of his life. The King continued to dwell on the burdens of his office. Spain was tranquil and prosperous, and he believed she was entering upon a career of greater prosperity; and from all parts of his kingdom came assurances of contentment and loyalty. There were no internecine wars like the Carlists' in the north, or the communists' in the south, and Cuba was pacified. All this was a pleasure to him. But there were difficulties inseparable from the royal office. While his wife lived, together they met them, and now she was gone. His only solace, he continued, was activity, incessant labor. He described his way of living—rising early in the morning, visiting barracks, reviewing troops, and going from town to town.

All this was said in the frankest manner—the young King leaning forward in his chair, pleased, apparently, at having some one to whom he could talk, some one who had been in the same path of perplexity, who could feel as he felt. The General entered into the spirit of the young man's responsibilities, and the talk ran upon what men gain and lose in exalted stations. There was such a contrast between the two men—Alfonso in his general's uniform, the President in plain black dress, fumbling an opera hat in his hand. In one face were all the joy and expectancy of youth—of beaming, fruitful youth—just touched by the shadow of a great duty and a heart-searing sorrow. Behind him the memory of his love, his dear love,

torn from his arms almost before he had crowned their lives with the nuptial sacrament—before him all the burdens of the throne of Spain. In the other face were the marks of battles won, and hardships endured, and triumphs achieved—and rest at last. One face was young and fair. The skin as soft as satin, youth and effort streaming from the dark, bounding eyes. The other showed labor. There were lines on the



PALACE AT MADRID

brow, gray hairs mantling the forehead, the beard gray and brown, the stooping shoulders showing that Time's hand was bearing upon them. One was twenty years of age, the other fifty-six; but in feeling, at least, it seemed that the younger of the two was the Ex-President. Care and sorrow had stamped themselves on the young King's face. The pomp, the parades, the dinners, the display of military and social attractions, have been repeated here, as in other European lands. You must add to this that Spanish courtesy is always stately and gracious. This air of sincerity adds to

the value of a courtesy. The American will tell you in a hurried, rolling fashion, "Glad to see you;" "Come again;" "Take a drink;" and straightway you vanish and are forgotten. If you meet a week later you will require an introduction. The Spaniard will tell you, "This is your house. You have taken possession of it." You must not suppose that this involves the right to move your furniture and set up housekeeping. He means what the American means, but says it in a more impressive manner. In the reception of General Grant there was the same difference. It was stately and grave. The General might have been a conqueror coming into his kingdom; he might have been the fifth Charles, risen out of his Escorial tomb, come back to see what had become of his vast dominion. He would have been received pretty much as our Ex-President was received. There would have been ceremonies, speeches, attentions. You would miss the crowds that surrounded him at Christiana and all through Sweden—friendly, eager crowds. You would miss the cheers that followed him through England. The Spaniard never goes in a crowd except to mass, and never cheers unless it may be at a bull fight. The moment of supreme enthusiasm only comes when Frascuelo drives the point of his sword into the neck of the panting and wounded bull.

From Vittoria the General and party went direct to Madrid, arriving on October 28th, and were most heartily welcomed. The situation of Madrid is singularly unfavorable, as it is built on a high barren plane where there is scarcely a tree or shrub. The river Manzanares, an unimportant affluent of the Tagus, skirts it on the west. This stream is crossed by five bridges whose great size forms a striking contrast with that of the river. We visited the Royal Palace, an immense square edifice, a combination of the Ionic and Doric in its architecture, but were not especially interested. Its great size was the only thing which astonished us. Opposite the Royal Palace, on the other side of the Manzanares is the Padro, the Hyde Park of Madrid. This is a long spacious walk, adorned on either side by rows of trees and several fountains. It is the



BULL-FIGHT—SPAIN.

evening resort for all classes of people. Here, on a sunny afternoon, we find the beauty and the valor and the grace of Madrid. Pleasant it was to see all Madrid out taking the air, and note the wonderful beauty of the skies, which have a beauty of their own in this captivating Spain. Pleasant it was, too, to see the maidens with veils and mantillas, grouped in couples, with demure, gazelle-like eyes, looking at you so shyly. Pleasant it was to see the nurses of Andalusia, in peasant costume, with brown faces, and ripe, bonny bosoms, which children were draining, ranged in chairs and watching the swaying world in innocent, unconscious wonder.

There was a visit to the Escorial, the Hon. J. Russell Lowell and his wife accompanying General Grant. The day was spent in wandering about its gigantic walls, which embody the genius and bigotry of the darkest age of Spain. The wonder that we felt, at a work so unique and so stupendous, gave place to gratitude that the age which had made its existence possible had passed away, that the power which it embodied has vanished, and that its only value now is as a monument of a cruel, dreary, and degraded age. The evening of our departure from Madrid was the occasion of the attempt to assassinate King Alphonso. This attempt took place a moment or two after the king, at the head of his troops, passed in front of the hotel, where General Grant and Mr. Lowell were standing on the balcony. His Majesty, in passing, waved to General Grant a gracious personal salute. A moment afterwards the shot was fired, which, happily, failed in its murderous aim.



LISBON

CHAPTER XX.

PORTUGAL.

LISBON is a city built as it were on billows. The view from the river is very beautiful, recalling in some degree the view of Constantinople from the Bosphorus. The skies were gracious to our coming, and the air was as warm as a Virginia spring. There are so many stories about the foundation of Lisbon that the reader may take his choice. Ulysses is said to have made this one of his wanderings, and to have, in the words of Camoens, bidden "the eternal walls of Lisbon rise." There is a legend to the effect that Lisus, friend of Bacchus, was the founder, while other authorities say that it was the great grandson of Noah, a person named Elisa, and the date they fix at two thousand one hundred and fifty years before Christ, or two hundred and seventy-eight years after the Deluge. The value of these

legends is that there is no way of contradicting them, and one is about as good as another. I find it easier to believe the narratives I hear, and to fancy, as I walk up and down the steep, descending streets, that I am really in classical society. It is due to Elisa's claim to say that the time is fixed, and that it was only four thousand and twenty-eight years ago. As we come into more attainable chronology we find that Lisbon was once a part of the Carthaginian dominions, and supported Hannibal. That astute commander had such hard luck in the world that I have always been disposed to take his part, and Lisbon has a friendlier look now that I know she stood by the Carthaginian captain against the power of Rome. It shows a lack of enterprise in the Lisbon people that they have not found out the house in which Hannibal lived or the trees under which he prayed, as all well-regulated towns in the United States do concerning Washington. There was no trace of Hannibal in Lisbon. The people seemed to be under the impression that the only great commanders who had ever been in Lisbon were Don Sebastian and the Duke of Wellington. They show the very quay from which Don Sebastian embarked on the journey from which he has not returned, and the lines of Torres Vedras are in the suburbs, where the duke began his sentimental errand of delivering Europe.

Julius Cæsar was kind to Lisbon, although the people—such is the ingratitude of modern times—seem to have forgotten it. Then came the Goths, who took it from the Romans and plundered it. The Goths, who seem to have been an uninteresting people, well deserving their fate, were driven out by the Moors more than eleven centuries ago. The Moors never had much peace in Lisbon, and the chronicles of their reign are chronicles of assaults and counter-assaults—now Christian ahead, and now the infidel—for centuries, so that real estate must have been as bad an investment during their day as in New York since the panic. But there came a prince of the House of Burgundy, about seven centuries ago, and he whipped the Moors in a pitched battle. The chief incident in this transaction was the appearance of our Saviour to the king on the morning of the

battle, with a bright halo around his head, who assured the prince of victory. This sovereign is called the founder of the present kingdom of Portugal. He was known as Affonso the Conqueror, and his remains are in a magnificent sepulcher at Coimbra. He flourished about the time of Henry II., who had the fatal quarrel with Becket. For two centuries Lisbon re-



FISH-GIRL OF LISBON.

mained under her kings, until a king of Castile came over and burned a greater part of the town. It seems that there was a woman in the case, for Camoens tells of the beautiful Leonore, who was torn from her husband's widowed arms against the law and commandments. In 1497, Vasco de Gama sailed from Lisbon on the expedition which was to result in the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope to the Indies. This was the beginning of a career of

commercial splendor. For two centuries the wealth of the Indies was poured into her coffers. In 1580, Philip II. of Spain took the town and annexed Portugal. During his reign the Spanish Armada was fitted out at Lisbon and sailed from here to conquer England. If Philip had made Lisbon his capital and transferred the government of the whole peninsula hither there is little doubt that Spain and Portugal would be one country still, with advantage to the two nations and the world. Lisbon is the natural site for such a capital. But Philip was infatuated with his monkish career at the Escorial, and his successors did

not think much of Portugal except as a good province to tax, and so in 1640 the people arose one December night and drove the Spaniards out, and from that time it has been in the hands of its own people.

The most memorable event in Lisbon history was the earthquake of 1755, traces of which you can see to-day, and about which people converse—as the people of Chicago do about their fire—as though it happened the other day. It was on the feast of All Saints, in the early morning, when Christians were at mass praying for the repose of the souls of the dear ones gone. A noise was heard as of thunder, the buildings tossed like a ship on the billows, darkness fell upon the earth, and, as all the churches were crowded, hundreds were crushed to death at the altar's foot by the falling timbers. Nearly every church in the town was destroyed. Then the people rushed to the water side and to the higher places of the town, mainly to a church called St. Catherine's. Surely there was safety on the high places and on the banks of the river. But a second shock came. St. Catherine's Church fell with a crash. The river became a sea, and there rolled over its banks a mountainous wave, sweeping the lower streets and all that lived on them; and the earth opened, and the ships went down, likewise a magnificent marble quay, on which people had assembled—all went down, down into the depths; and when the wave receded it was found that all had been swallowed up. The river rose and fell three fathoms in an instant. The ships' anchors were thrown up to the surface. A third shock came, and vessels that had been riding in seven fathoms of water were stranded. Then a fire broke out and raged for six days. Never since cities were founded was any one so sorely smitten as beautiful Lisbon.

The best authorities say that the loss to Lisbon was three hundred million dollars in money. Of twenty thousand houses only three thousand remained. Thirty thousand lives were lost. Then the robbers came and plundered the ruined town, and it was given over to plunder until the resolute Marquis Pombal, ancestor of the recently deceased Soldanba, came, and, building gallowses in various parts of Lisbon, hanged every one who could

not give a clear explanation of how he came by his property. In all three hundred and fifty were hanged. It seems that the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon was felt all over the world—as far north as the Orkney Islands and in Jamaica. The culmination was in Lisbon. But the people, under the lead of the brave Pombal and the king, Joseph I.—who is called “The Most Faithful”—rebuilt the town, and you see how well that work was done. You see rows of houses that remind you of Paris, fine squares and a newness in certain quarters, as though



STREET SCENE—LISBON.

it was the rebuilt section of Boston. One hundred and twenty-three years have passed since the earthquake, but no event is so well known. People show you where the quay stood which sank into the depths. I strolled over it this morning with General Grant and saw the barefooted fish women hawking fish. They point out the magnificent improvements

carried out by Pombal. They show you with pride the equestrian statue of Don José, erected by a grateful people in commemoration of his services in that awful time. And if you climb

up to the fort for a view of the lovely scenery which incloses Lisbon, the first object pointed out is the ruin of the Carmelite church destroyed in the earthquake.

The King of Portugal, Don Luis I., is a young man in the fortieth year of his age, second cousin to the Prince of Wales, who is three years his junior, and between whom there is a marked resemblance. The Queen is the youngest sister of the present King of Italy. The king's father is Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of the late Prince Consort of England. His first wife, the mother of the king, died many years since. His second wife, now living, is an American lady from Boston, named Henzler, and is called the Countess d'Edla. One of the king's sisters is wife to the second son of the King of Saxony; the other, wife to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, whose election to the throne of Spain by Prim was one of the causes of the war between Germany and France. In the way of revenue, the king is paid four hundred and five thousand dollars a year, and the queen sixty-six thousand six hundred dollars. The eldest son, heir apparent, is now fifteen years old, and twenty-two thousand two hundred dollars is his salary. The second son is only thirteen years old, and receives eleven thousand one hundred dollars. The king's father is paid one hundred and eleven thousand dollars annually, and his brother, a young man of thirty-one, is general in the army and has a salary of seventeen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum. When you add the king's great-aunt, an old lady of seventy-seven, who is paid twenty-two thousand two hundred dollars, you have the whole royal family, with their incomes, amounting in the aggregate to something over six hundred and fifty thousand a year.

The King, on learning that General Grant had arrived in Lisbon, came to the city to meet him. There was an audience at the palace, the General and his wife meeting the King and Queen. The King, after greeting the General in the splendid audience chamber, led him into an inner apartment, away from the ministers and courtiers who were in attendance on the ceremony. They had a long conversation relative to Portugal and

the United States, the resources of the two countries, and the means, if means were possible, to promote the commercial relations between Portugal and America. Portugal was, above all things, a commercial nation, and her history was a history of discovery and extending civilization. Lisbon, in a direct line, was the nearest port for ships leaving New York. It was on



SCENE IN PORTUGAL.

the line of latitude south of the icebergs, and a pleasanter part of the ocean than the routes to Liverpool. There was a harbor large enough to hold any fleet, and the King believed that when the new lines of railway through Portugal and Spain were built, the route would be seventeen miles shorter than over the present many-winding way of the Salamanca road. The advantages of such a port as Lisbon would be many for travelers, and the King had no doubt that markets for American pro-

duce and manufactures would be found in the countries around Lisbon.

The King had been a naval officer, and the conversation ran into ships of war and naval warfare. There were other meetings between the King and the General. The day after the palace reception was the King's birthday, and there was a gala night at the opera. The King and royal family came in state, and during the interludes the General had a long conversation with his majesty. The next evening there was a dinner at the palace in honor of the General, the ministry and the leading men of the court in attendance. The King conversed with the General about other themes—wanted him to go with him and shoot. It seems the King is a famous shot. But the General's arrangements left him no time to accept this courtesy.

It seems the King is a literary man, and having translated "Hamlet" into Portuguese, the conversation ran into literary themes. The King said he hoped to finish Shakespeare and make a complete translation into Portuguese. He had finished four of the plays—"Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and "Richard III." "Othello" was under way, and already he had finished the first act. The question was asked as to whether his majesty did not find it difficult to translate such scenes as that between Hamlet and the grave-diggers—almost dialect conversations—into Portuguese. The King said he thought this was, perhaps, the easiest part. It was more difficult to render into Portuguese the grander portions, where the poetry attained its highest flight. "The Merchant of Venice" he liked extremely, and "Richard III." was in some respects as fine as any of Shakespeare's plays. "What political insight," said the King; "what insight into motives and character this play contains!" The King asked the General to accept a copy of "Hamlet," which his majesty presented with an autograph inscription. As the time came to leave, the King asked the General to allow him to mark his appreciation of the honor the General had done Portugal by visiting it by giving him the grand cross of the Tower and Sword. The General said he was very much obliged, but that, having been

President of the United States, and there being a law against officials accepting decorations, he would rather, although no longer in office, respect a law which it had been his duty to administer. At the same time he appreciated the compliment



PALACE AT CINTRA.

implied in the king's offer and would always remember it with gratitude.

Don Fernando, the King Consort and father to the king, was also exceedingly courteous to the General. His majesty is sixty years of age, and is a tall, stately gentleman, resembling somewhat his relative, Leopold I. of Belgium. Don Fernando is one of the Coburg house of princes, who are spreading over Europe. He belongs to the Catholic wing of the family—these great houses having Catholic and Protestant wings, to suit the exigencies of royal alliances. He came to Portugal forty-two years ago as the husband of Doña Maria II.,

Queen of Portugal, and sister to Dom Pedro of Brazil. Doña Maria died in 1853, and Don Fernando became regent until his first son, Dom Pedro V., was of age. Dom Pedro reigned six years, and was succeeded by his brother, the present sovereign. Americans will be pleased to know that his majesty, on his second marriage, selected a Boston lady. The marriage is morganatic—that is to say, the Church blesses it, but the lady not being royal, the law will not recognize her as queen. Countess d'Edla, as she is called, is much respected in Lisbon. When the General called she escorted him through the various treasure rooms of the palace and seemed delighted to meet one of her countrymen, and especially one who had ruled her country. Countess d'Edla seems to have had a romantic career. She studied music, and came to sing in Lisbon. Here Don Fernando made an acquaintance which ripened into love, and in 1869 she became his wife. Don Fernando, like his son the king, is an accomplished man, skilled in languages and literature, with an especial interest in America. He talked to General Grant about California and the Pacific coast, and expressed a desire to visit it. His majesty has a curious and wonderful collection of pictures, bric-à-brac, old armor and old furniture—one of the most curious and interesting houses in Europe. He is fond of painting, and showed us with pride some of his painting on porcelain.

Finally Don Fernando gave us a pressing invitation to visit his palace at Cintra. A visit to Cintra was down in our programme, but the king's invitation put the palace at our disposal, a privilege rarely given. Cintra is about fifteen miles from Lisbon, and we were compelled to go early in the morning. Our party included the General and his wife, Mr. Dimon, our Consul; Viscount Pernes, and Mr. Cunha de Maier, formerly Portuguese Consul General in the United States, and author of a history of the United States in Portuguese. Mr. Moran, our Minister, was unable to join us on account of indisposition. The drive was attractive, through a rolling, picturesque country, with cool breezes coming in from the sea that made overcoats pleasant. Cintra is one of the famous spots in Europe, but

when one speaks of it he turns almost by instinct to "Childe Harold." You will find Byron's majestic stanzas describing Cintra in the first canto:

"The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must creep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

"Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at "Our Lady's House of Woe,"
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell;
Here impious men have punished been, and lo!
Deep in yon cave Honorias long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell."

Nearly seventy years have passed since Byron visited Cintra, and the picture is as perfect now as when drawn. There was some difficulty in finding the cork trees, and General Grant began to be skeptical as to their existence and was thinking of offering a reward to Mr. Dimon to find one. But the consul redeemed Byron's veracity as a painter of scenery by bringing us to a small cork grove on the side of the mountain. Many changes have taken place since Byron was here. The "toppling convent" was seized by the Government, and in time became the property of Don Fernando, and at a vast expense he has rebuilt it into a château or palace, one of the most beautiful in the world. The "horrid crags" are traversed by good roads, and we ride upon our donkeys as easily as we could ride up Fifth Avenue. The mountain moss and the sunken glens have all been covered with a rich vegetation, notably of the camellia, which is rarely seen in this latitude, but which his majesty has made to grow in profusion. Our Lady's House of Woe is the

palace of a prince, and as we ride under the overarching doorway attendants in royal livery are waiting. The house is in Norman-Gothic style, and the rooms are what you might see in other palaces. There is a small chapel of rare beauty, with exquisite carvings in marble and jasper illustrating the passion of our Lord. The beauty of Cintra is seen in its fullness as you stand on the lofty turrets. It is built on the summit of a rocky hill three thousand feet high. The descent on one side to the village is a triumph of exquisite gardening. On the other side the descent is almost precipitous. You look from the giddy height at the trees and the tumbled masses of rock, tossed and heaped in some volcanic age. You see the landscape rise and swell in undulating beauty, and the lengthening shadows rippling over it. Far off are the lines of Torres Vedras, built by Wellington's armies to defend Lisbon from the French. Beyond is the sea, gleaming like amber and pearl. It was over that sea that Vasco de Gama sailed, and from this lofty summit King Manuel watched his coming, and in time saw him come, bringing tribute and empire from the Indies. You can see, if you look carefully, the outlines of Mafra palace, built to rival the Escorial. You see the Tagus spreading out to the sea, forcing its way through forests and hills and valleys until it falls into the ocean's arms. Lisbon lies under the Monsanto hills, but the view sweeps far beyond Lisbon until it is lost in



TOWER OF BELEM—LISBON.

French. Beyond is the sea, gleaming like amber and pearl. It was over that sea that Vasco de Gama sailed, and from this lofty summit King Manuel watched his coming, and in time saw him come, bringing tribute and empire from the Indies. You can see, if you look carefully, the outlines of Mafra palace, built to rival the Escorial. You see the Tagus spreading out to the sea, forcing its way through forests and hills and valleys until it falls into the ocean's arms. Lisbon lies under the Monsanto hills, but the view sweeps far beyond Lisbon until it is lost in

the ocean. There was a fascination in this view that made us loath to leave it, and for a long time we lingered, watching every tint and shadow of the picture under the changing sunlight. It is indeed "the glorious Eden" of Byron's verse.



CHATEAU OF MONTSERRAT.

There was a long ride through the gardens and the woods on our donkeys until we came to Montserrat. It was here that Beckford, author of "Vathek," whom Byron calls "England's wealthiest son," built a chateau. The view is almost as beautiful as that from the towers of Don Fernando's palace. Beckford's house came into the possession of a wealthy English merchant named Cook, but upon whom the king has lately conferred the

title of Viscount of Montserrat. Mr. Cook has spent a vast sum of money upon the house and grounds. The house is in the Oriental style—a long parallelogram in the center, with two oval wings, and all surrounded with columns and balconies, from which you can look out upon the valley, the plains that sweep toward the sea, the sea alone breaking the horizon. The grounds, however, are among the finest in Europe for the value and rarity of the plants and the care with which all is preserved. Notwithstanding its beauty, Mr. Cook only spends two months of the year at Montserrat. His other months are spent in England managing his affairs. There is an old royal palace to be seen, which was the Alhambra of the Moors in their day of triumph. The kings of Portugal lived here before the discovery of America, and one of the legends goes back to a century before that time. The palace is a large straggling building, with many chambers, and as it is no longer used as a royal residence, the General was curious to know why it could not be rented as a summer boarding-house and made to contribute to the revenues of the king. In its day it was, no doubt, a pleasant home; but with the three or four vast palaces in Lisbon and its suburbs, palaces with modern comforts, the old Moorish castle can well be kept as one of the monuments of the nation.

We walked and drove around Cintra village. General Grant was so charmed with the place that he regretted he could not remain longer. There was a royal engagement bidding him to Lisbon, so we dined at Victor's Hotel, and as the night shadows came down bundled into our carriages for the long drive home.

The air was clear, the sky was bright, and it was pleasant to bound over the stony roads and watch the brown fields; to pass the taverns, where peasants were laughing and chatting over their wine; to roll into the city, and feel the breezes from the river as we came to our hotel. We had made a long journey, and the hills we climbed made it fatiguing. But no one spoke of fatigue, only of the rapturous beauty which we had seen. Cintra itself is worth a long journey to see, and to be remembered when seen as a dream of Paradise.



CORDOVA.

CHAPTER XXI.

SPAIN.

IT was late in the evening and a heavy rain was falling when General Grant and his party reached Cordova. The governor of the city and the authorities were waiting at the station. After a long ride it was pleasant to rest, even in the indifferent condition of comfort provided in a Spanish inn. There was a visit to the theater, a ramble about the streets, which is General Grant's modern fashion of taking possession of a town; there was a stroll up the Roman bridge, the arches of which are as stout and fresh as if the workmen had just laid down their tools. There was a visit to a Moorish mill in which the millers were grinding wheat. There was the casino and the ascent of a tower from which Andalusia is seen spreading out before us green and smiling. And this sums up Cordova. What you read of its ancient

Roman and Moorish splendor, all traces of it have vanished, and you feel as you wind and unwind yourself through the tortuous streets that you are in a forgotten remnant of Spain; that civilization has changed its course, as rivers at home sometimes do, and run into a new channel, leaving Cordova to one side. The only evidence of modern life is the railway station.

I have been reading an account of Cordova as it flourished long before Columbus discovered America. I read that it was built by the Phœnicians, and that when Hannibal invaded Italy Cordova followed his standard. Here are the very words from the Latin historian relating that adventure; "*Nec decus auriferæ—cessavit Corduba terræ.*" Seneca and Lucan were born at Cordova. The Romans founded a celebrated university here. After Roman and Goth had had their empire it became a Moorish town, and under the Moors attained the height of its splendor. If you can believe the Moorish chronicles you could travel ten miles from the center of Cordova, the lights from the dwellings illuminating the way. Buildings ran twenty-six miles in one direction and six in another. The country dependent on it supported three thousand towns and villages. The people in those days were proud of their dress, the university, the wine shops, and especially gloried in their mosque. It is all that remains of their forgotten splendor. There were pleasure gardens with all kinds of fruits, among them the luscious peach, the very taste of which has gone from memory. There was a palace of which not a stone can be discovered, which, according to the chronicles, must have surpassed any achievement of modern royalty. In this palace were more than four thousand columns, and doors of varied decorations to the number of fifteen thousand. The Romans came and razed it to the ground, and there is no remnant of its glory nor any vestige of its ancient or medieval splendor but the stone bridges across the river built by the Romans, and the famous mosque, now called a cathedral, built by the Moors.

It was pleasant while at Cordova to meet Mr. Hett, the American Secretary of Legation at Paris, and his wife, who were returning to France from a holiday in the Peninsula. In

the morning the mosque was visited. We had thought that it might be better to visit the mosque alone, without state or ceremony, but the authorities of Cordova were in an advanced stage of courtesy, and our visit was in state. It seemed almost like a desecration—this dress and parade within these unique and venerable walls. The mosque is even now among the wonders of Europe. It stands on the site of an ancient temple of Janus. Eleven centuries ago the Moors resolved to build a temple to the worship of God and Mohammed his prophet, which should surpass



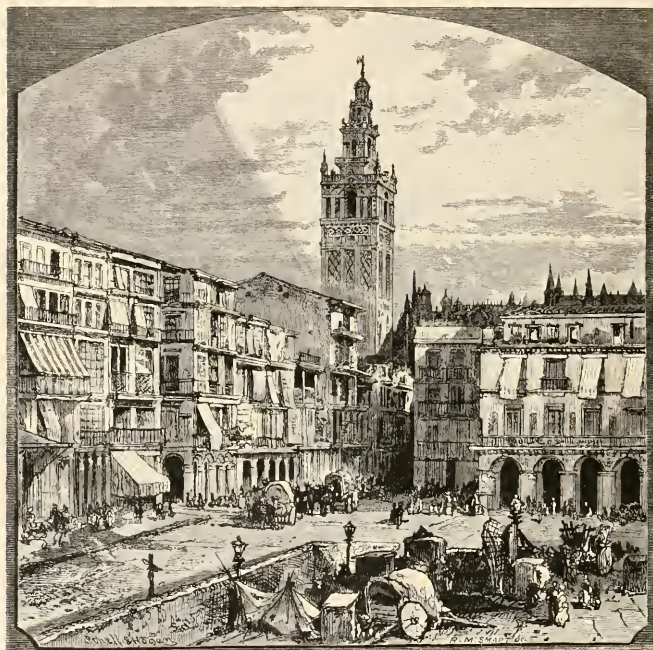
MOSQUE—CORDOVA.

all other temples in the world. Out of this resolution came this building. You can see even now the mosque in its day justified the extravagant commendations of the Arabian historians. There was an inclosed court-yard, in which orange trees were growing and priests walking up and down, taking the morning air. This inclosure seemed to be a bit out of Islam, and it looked almost like a profanation of Moslem rites to see men in attendance wearing the garb of Rome—so cool, so quiet, so retired, so sheltered from the outer world that one could well imagine it to have been the place of refuge and rest which Mohammed intended as the special purpose of every mosque. As you enter, the first impression is as of a wilderness of low

columns that run in all directions. These columns were formerly whitewashed by the Christians after the taking of Cordova, but under Isabella's government the whitewash was removed, and you now see the ancient red and white brick walls and precious stones of which they are made. There is a tradition that most of these columns were made out of the materials of the ancient Roman temple which stood on this site, and that some were sent from the temples of Carthage. It was easy to see that they were not the work of any one mind, but rather represent the enterprise of the builders in rummaging among other ruins, or the generosity of priests and rulers who showed their desire to stand well with the governor of Cordova by sending a quantity of columns for the mosque. In this way it happens that some of the columns are of jasper, others of porphyry, others of choice marbles. Some you notice are short, and have had to be supplemented by mechanical contrivances. But although a close examination of the mosque shows these differences, and really adds to its interest, the general effect is unique and imposing. You note with impatience that the governors under Charles V. had a large part of this incomparable series of arches removed to build a modern chapel, and, although the chapel was not without interest in respect to woodwork and tapestry, its presence here seems a violence to all the laws of art, and one can understand the chagrin of Charles V., who, when he examined the mosque for the first time in 1526 and saw what had been done in the building of this chapel, said: "You have built here what any one might have built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in the world."

It is difficult to give an exact description of the mosque. Its value lies in the impression it makes on you, and in the fact that it is an almost perfect monument of Moslem civilization in Spain. There is the ever-recurring Oriental arch, the inventor of which you sometimes think must have found his type in the orange. There are elaborate and gorgeous decorations of the sacred places of the mosque, where the Koran was kept, where the guilty ones sought refuge and unfortunate ones succor, where justice was administered and the laws of the

Koran expounded. It all seems as clear and fresh—so genial is this Andalusian atmosphere—as it came from the hand of the faithful kings who built it. As one strolls through the arches, studying each varying phase of Oriental taste, the voices of the priests chanting the morning service and the odor of incense



PLACE SAN FRANCISCO—CORDOVA.

are borne upon the air. It is startling to find Christians in the performance of their sacred office within the walls of a building consecrated by the patience and devotion of the unfortunate Moors. The lesson you always learn in Spain is what you see to-day, and what you admire as the work of destiny are only phases of changing and vanishing civilizations. The Moor may have mused over the ruins of Roman splendor even as we are

musings over the monuments of the Moor's pride; and even after we are gone, others may look with wondering eyes upon that monument of Christian art and fanaticism, the Escorial.

From Cordova we journeyed south to the quaint and beautiful city of Seville, where we arrived on the morning of December 4th.

Our stay in Seville was marked by one incident of a personal character worthy of veneration—the visit of General Grant to the Duke of Montpensier. The day after General Grant arrived in Seville the Duke called on him, and the next day was spent by the General and his party in the hospitable halls and gardens of St. Telmo. The Duke regretted that, his house being in mourning on account of the death of his daughter, Queen Mercedes, he could not give General Grant a more formal welcome than a quiet luncheon party. The Duke, the Duchess and their daughter were present, and after luncheon the General and Duke spent an hour or two strolling through the gardens, which are among the most beautiful in Europe. The Duke spoke a great deal of his relations with America, and especially of the part which his nephews had played in the war against the South.

In no part of the peninsula does a traveler returning to Spain see so many changes as in Seville. You are reminded of the transformation that has been wrought over Washington—dear, dirty, drowsy old Washington, as it was before the war—a sprawling village of mud and marble, and what it is now, among the most beautiful cities. In the olden days Seville was a beggars' opera. The streets seemed to have been neglected since the Moorish surrender. The principal occupation was dozing in the sun. You could not walk to the church without going through a swarm of beggars. It was beggary militant, almost brigandage. The beggars held the town, and there was nothing but surrender or flight. If you came from the outside world you were their lawful prey, and sight-seeing was, as a general thing, leading a procession of men, women, and children in all conditions of misery—cripples, dwarfs, blind. A shrewd friend of mine then resident in Seville told me that

his plan was to hire a beggar and pay him three or four francs a week, on condition that the others did not disturb him. His plan was a success. The moment it was known that he had capitulated and made himself a subject and tribute-payer he was unmolested. That is changed. There are a few beggars in Seville, but not one-half as many as in Dublin.

In those days Seville seemed a city in which to dream. It was so Spanish—I mean in the sense in which the world



A SPANISH TAVERN.

understands Spanish. It was Spanish as we see the type in comedies. The whole town was so quaint, so unlike anything in our own world. The streets ran in all directions. There were no sidewalks. Men, women, donkeys, water-carriers, all streamed along in friendly fashion over narrow, winding ways paved in stone. You saw the warm tints and the glowing color of the South, the beauty of Andalusia. The men wore costumes appertaining to the province, and had not fallen into French ways. The damsels wore the veil and mantilla. They had not learned the vanity of bonnets. It was like stepping

back two centuries—back to the world of Cervantes—to walk along the street called Sierpes. This was the Broadway of Seville, or, to be more exact, the Broadway and Fifth avenue combined, for here people came to shop as well as stroll. It was the oldest street, only a few feet wide, with the strangest mingling of costumes and decorations. Soldiers in their jaunty uniforms, bull-fighters with their queues of hair and jackets trimmed with braid, peasants with pork-pie hats a century old, faded woolen jackets and breeches; peasant lasses with gaudy, jaunty costumes; bakers serving bread from donkeys, the donkey decorated in the Alhambra style, the hair on his hide carved into shapes as curious as the dome in the Alcazar; singing girls with guitars, the hair falling over the shoulders and no adornment beyond a rose or a ribbon; shovel-hatted priests with long black robes, an important feature of the society. There were the religious processions, some imaged saint or virgin held aloft, with a swarm of priests and attendants; incense bearers, canopy bearers, priests chanting their offices, and all the world hurrying to its knees as it elbowed its way along.

Something of this you may still see on the street called Sierpes, but it is only memory. The priests are there, but not so many of them. The beggars have gone, let us hope into better employments. The donkeys hold their place, but the decorated donkey is not so familiar. There are fewer stores in which you can buy scapula and rosary. The sewing machine has come, and the walls are covered with placards telling how each machine has won more medals than the other—puzzling, no doubt, to the credulous Spanish mind. The hotel has assumed continental airs, especially in charges for coffee in the morning and candles. The narrow streets along which you could stroll and dream, and feel the drowsy *insouciance* of the place, and summon up the legends and poems of Seville—the wandering, tortuous streets in which you went around and about, sure to lose your way and never to regain it until you found the cathedral tower, and worked your way back as though you were working out an observation in navigation—

are now given over to hurried business people and groups talking politics. Down by the river it was pleasant to stroll and see the beggars loll in the sun, watching their fellow beings pack oranges. If one person were really at work over his oranges there were a dozen standing by and looking on, smoking cigarettes, telling him about the bulls that came in the evening, what fun it was sitting up all night that they might see the bulls and poke them with sticks, idling and talking politics. Seville was a republican town in those days. But the republican sentiment has chilled since it has been discovered that even republicans must work. An illusion of this kind was fatal to a missionary enterprise. A clergyman came to Spain and organized a church upon good Presbyterian ideas, the people to rule the church and the pastor be a servant. The church succeeded at first, because the socialists joined it under the impression that this principle of church government, so unlike the absolute, imperial sway of Rome, was socialism in a new form. But when they found they had to abandon the Virgin and purgatory, and the saints, and the other comforts of faith, and come down to the dry head of Presbyterianism, with eternal damnation thrown in, the church vanished. The Spaniard is a gambler. Even in his religion he does not want a lottery in which there are no prizes.

As I was saying, you stroll down by the river and see ships in Seville—steamships and sailing vessels—some of them, as you note with quickening heart-throb, under the American flag. And the bridge over which the beggars used to crouch and watch the Guadalquivir is now a stream of industry—such as it is—not a New York stream, mad, furious, dangerous, rushing, but wonderful for Seville. Chimneys adorn the horizon—chimneys with smoke from furnaces, where men work, and which were not here five years ago. Avenues and gardens are laid out, and the trees are young. The new town is inclosing the old one, and Seville—no longer the dreamy Seville of Figaro and Don Juan—is an old town surrounded by a new one—the fourteenth century encompassed by the nineteenth. It seems like losing a familiar friend or the passing away of early asso-

ciations, the change that has come upon Seville. It is a violation of all poesy to see a real smoking chimney and people at work. It was almost with a pang that I heard of an express train between Madrid and Seville—one a week, and soon to be two a week. Why could it not live on forever in this humming, droning fashion—a picturesque, inviting town for idle men to visit and dream the hours away in wandering through the naves of St. Griselda and the gardens of the Alcazar? But the clock moves on and on, and you cannot turn back the hands, and the clock of



GATEWAY—SEVILLE.

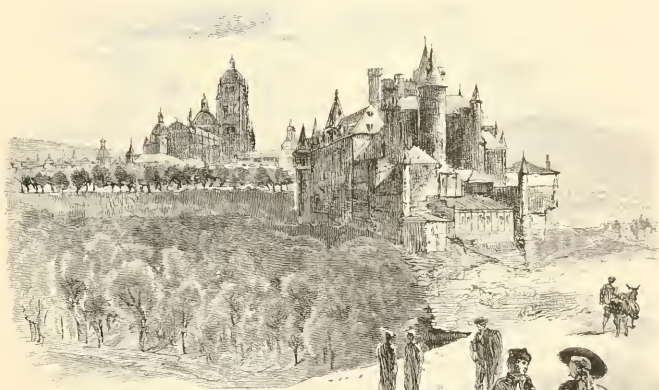
nineteenth-century civilization is striking every hour in Spain.

And yet Seville even now, notwithstanding steam and railways and French cloths—Seville is very beautiful, and if you want to dream there are cozy spots still left. You can see what it must have been in happy days, when people existed with no care of living—drank in the sunshine and ate the fruits of the ground—and cared only for the mass and the bull-fight, and knew nothing of the outside soaring world of Bonapartes and Wellingtons that blazed and burned. But the fire came to

Seville, and from thence we date the new order of things which makes such manifest progress every day. When the Bastille fell old Seville fell with it, like so many other ancient forms; and since Frenchmen came and broke down the Inquisition and robbed the churches and put their bayonets through the roots of so many august growths, it has only been a question of time, this coming of steam and electricity and newspapers and the other attributes of our cold, exacting, debt-paying generation. Over Seville how many waves of civilization have rolled—rolled and washed and swept and tossed and left so little behind! That is the puzzle in these beautiful Spanish lands. What has become of it all? The gold of the Americas, for instance, that once drenched this land, that comes in even now in a feebler stream from poor buried Cuba—what has become of it all? Has it vanished like the water which washes over the sand and straightway leaves the beach as hard and as dry as before? For ages these tides have swept over Seville, over all of Andalusia, laden with the prizes of a prolific civilization. First came the Phœnician, and no shadow of Phœnicia remains. Then the Romans were here, even Julius Cæsar, who took a pride in Seville and proposed making it a new Rome. But, beyond some coins and masonry, what trace of Rome remains? The Goths came and vanished, and were succeeded by the Moors. These two civilizations blend in Seville, and the interest of the town dates from their dominion. For five centuries the Moors were masters, and nothing is so attractive to the traveler as the remains of their art and industry. Then came the Austrian Charles, with his faculty of spoiling and patching, of trying to engraft his fierce, stern forms upon the gentle, winning civilization of the Moor.

While the waves have washed and flowed, leaving no result—I mean no accumulated result as one would expect from so much wealth—while Seville has been steadily falling from a population that in the eleventh century was three hundred thousand, in the sixteenth eighty-six thousand, and now, even with brighter times, is only one hundred and twenty thousand, her beauty remains. That Time has not destroyed. It is blended

beauty. Roman, Gothic, Moorish, Christian, you will find them all here, in faded fashion, without the ancient splendor, but blended, interwoven. What must it have been in the days of commercial prosperity, when the enterprise and arms of Spain were encircling the world! One can fancy these narrow streets thrilling with the last news from Peru, or wondering what untoward storm detains the mail from Mexico. Dolores looks in tears from her lattice window, or is prostrate before the Virgin, thinking of Fernando, who is under Cortes or Luis who found his fate under Pizarro. Or go back another age and fancy all Seville fluttering with this strange news from over the



THE ALCAZAR—SEVILLE.

seas—that even the dark ocean has been forced, that the cross has been planted on a new continent. And this grave, seafaring Italian, who passes on in modest state to the palace of his king and queen—this man has done the marvel, and the cost of it to the treasury not more than the decorations of the palace audience chamber. Behold, all Seville

is out to see the strange procession—gold and silver and precious woods and strange fruits and spices—such wonderful things as were never known even in this land, where the ancients placed the Elysian fields. It is the last arrival from the Indies, the Indies of America, where God and the Virgin have planted the cross. Those were the glorious, golden days, and we can well imagine, with so much wealth pouring into Seville, and so much enterprise for her sons, fame and fortune for whoever carried a sword—even for swineherds, from Estremadura, like Pizarro and Cortes—that it must have been the seat of luxury and power.

One wonders, however, if true wealth comes in this fashion. What the sea washes toward us it washes from us—the sand, perhaps, excepted. How much better for Seville if she had found wealth in her own soil, in the industry of her people—gold in her cornfields and silver in her vineyards! What came from America did no good to any one but the Church, and, as a result, even the Church, robbed as it has been by Frenchmen and revolutionists, is the richest in Europe. The money that came from America is not in monuments or in works of utility. The Escorial seems to be the only exception, and as an illustration of how money can be wasted I suppose there is no more striking monument in the world. America did Spain more harm than good, so long as these mines across the sea only trouble the mines at home. Long enjoyment of money never earned and luxuries that come without the seeking enervated the people. Then there was the gambling sentiment which pervades Spain. There was the delicious uncertainty of what could be found in America—a mine or a morass, a general's sword or a grave in the swamps. It was chance, always chance, and as every galleon came with new cargoes and new achievements—Peru, Cuba, Mexico, St. Domingo, Florida, Louisiana—dream succeeding dream, more and more ravishing—you can well see how the world whirled about them, corruscating, flashing, deceptive; how the mind abandoned humble home duties to look out over the seas; how the modest, sure ways of life—a penny earned and a penny saved—lost their hold; how char-

acter was unstrung, undisciplined. The gambling spirit flourished. It reigns still in powerful, but, I hope, diminishing influence. It even affects religion. The worship of the Virgin, as you see it in Spain, is only the gambling spirit in religion. It is not the devotion which takes the penitent to pray pardon for sin and strength to do right; but all hopes, all wishes, all fears are thrown at her altar, and prayer becomes an invocation of

chance. Instead of doing, the Spaniard waits in the sun to see what the Virgin will do for him. To the general Spanish mind the Virgin is not the type of chastity, the fountain of virtue, the immaculate conception, the Mother of God, beautiful, comforting, a pattern to the good, a consolation to those in sorrow, a radiant example of all that is highest and noblest in womanhood. She has it in her power to give something—a husband, a child, harvest rain, a donkey, or a prize in

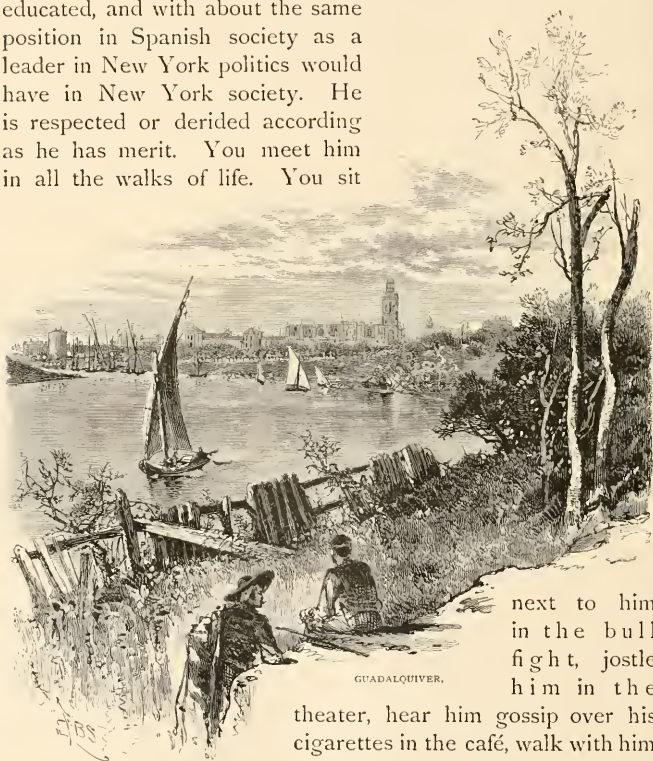


SPANISH MULETEER.

the lottery. She is the Divinity of Chance, and as such is worshiped.

O Virgin, well beloved, with those rapt, seraphic eyes, ever hovering over us; coming so close to one's life, to the maiden in her dreams, the warrior in his bivouac, the husbandman over his vines—lady of consolation and of hope, who hast been so much in all those ages to millions who have suffered and believed, is it not a degradation to find thee here, even in Catholic Spain, the land of saints, of Laurence and Theresa, merely a goddess of chance, patron of the spirit of gambling? And this is to what the faith of Spain is rapidly falling. What to me is most striking is the materialization that seems to have

fallen on religion in Spain. Its spiritual side is deadened. The Church is not a monitor or a pattern as at home, but an influence to be propitiated, a political influence, a source of money and power. The priest is not what he is at home—a teacher and father to his flock. He is simply a leading influential citizen, educated, and with about the same position in Spanish society as a leader in New York politics would have in New York society. He is respected or derided according as he has merit. You meet him in all the walks of life. You sit



GUADALQUIVER.

next to him in the bull fight, jostle him in the theater, hear him gossip over his cigarettes in the café, walk with him on the Prado. You have no more respect for his shovel hat than for a dapper young officer's feathered chapeau. The religion which he preaches is not a religion in our sense—something exalted, which all men respect, even if they do not worship, but a custom of the country. In-

stead of educating the people to a higher standard, instead of taking men up into the mountains and showing them the promised land, the Church here brings itself down to the wishes and habits of the people. It is a political party, not a power above all parties. The Spaniard attends his church because it is respectable, because he would rather than otherwise be on good terms with the Church. Then, as to him, the greatest power the Church possesses is the power of giving, of working miracles. There is the hope that some day the Virgin may hear his prayer and see that his appeal for promotion moves the heart of the king, or that the first number that comes from the wheel is the number that assures him fortune.

I suppose that a country falling under the unchallenged dominion of any one church would discover the same falling off from the higher forms of faith. Absolute power has its own inherent weakness. There is no standard of emulation. In Spain the Church is absolute. In England, America, and other countries the churches are on their trial before the people. There is an emulation in godliness. Each species of priest is anxious to commend and sustain his own faith. Their martyrdoms and persecutions are refining influences, and wherever churches are in rivalry there is always some persecuting agency at work, no matter in how slight a degree. England is a Protestant country, but she has never given the world such Protestantism as was shown by the Waldensians or the Huguenots. Spain is a Catholic country, but her Catholicism is feeble and worldly compared with the Catholic spirit you see in England or America. Where there are too many worshipers there are not apt to be many saints. The Church becomes worldly and careless, following the world, and not leading and ennobling it.

After leaving Seville our route is along the banks of the Guadalquivir, sixty-seven miles south to the seaport town of Cadiz, where we arrive on the beautiful evening of December 6th.

You find here in Andalusia what seems to be something like the remnant of a Moorish custom in the care taken of the

maidens of Spain. The maiden spends her days in a home which is a cloister, or on the Prado, where she is a prisoner. In some coast towns—Tarifa among them—she adopts the Moslem fashion enough to cover a part of her face with a veil. In Cairo the face is wholly covered, the nose is bridged with a machine that looks like a rifle cartridge, and you only see two curious glowing eyes. They have removed the veil in Cadiz. But so dormant is Spain that you find now the same social con-



CADIZ.

ditions which you read in the novels of Cervantes and the plays of Calderon. The maiden is always under protection. She is not to receive company. She cannot go forth unless with a companion, generally a wise lady advanced in years. This is the *duenna*, or the dragon who sits in watch over the maidenly virtue. The burden of Spanish comedy is how to bribe the dragon or have some daring confederate woo her, as Mephistopheles wooed in "Faust," or climb in the window. I never thoroughly understood the philosophy of Romeo's courtship until I came to Spain. Why should he have climbed the wall,

or why should Mercutio make love to the nurse? Why, in the end, should he seek the intervention of the friar? One thinks of his own happy prosaic home, where there are valentines, and cheap postage, and Philharmonic concerts, and newspapers—where, in a pinch, you may have reasonable rates for advertising. One remembers how in that advanced land it is the duty of the maidens to sit in their various draperies until the young men come, and that the signal of their coming is the signal for papa to go to his books and billiards and mamma to go to bed. Why should Romeo, then, climb over a fence and make love from under the silver-tipped fruit trees to a lady on the balcony? Why should such a proceeding endanger his life? In this Mediterranean land there is no other way for an enterprising young man to make love, and nothing would be more natural than for a Spanish father or brother to put a sword through any amorous Romeo he found mooning under his balconies.

But men and women will love one another even in suspicious Spain. In real life there is little climbing balconies, just as in real life there is little comedy or tragedy, only the humdrum day following the day. The secluded maiden wins her triumphs on the street or in the church. Forbidden to conquer in the seclusion of home, she carries her beauty into the sunshine, and under the stars, and conquers under the all-canopying universe. All her treasure she bears with her. That is one reason why there is such a contrast in personal decorations between the maidens you meet in the Prado, and those you see on the Champs Elysées, or on Broadway. She comes forth arrayed with all her taste and finery. The veil is seized in the braided hair with jeweled clasp, and falls in graceful folds over the shoulder. Frail, floating lacework festoons the rich stuffs which enfold her form, and the light of the diamond or the pearl flashes out upon you from under the braided hair or the waving dimple of her chin. Around her wrist many-gemmed bracelets are bound, and a rosary falls from her fingers, which hold the prayer book. I am writing about what I saw the other morning more especially, when, as I came back from a stroll through the market place, the air suddenly awakened with

the church bells and I remembered that it was Sunday, and along the narrow streets came my lady on her way to church. This is the hour of her glory, this is the hour she gives to



A SPANISH WINDOW.

prayer and conquest. Now, if there be blessings in those eyes, or temptations, or entreaty, or conquest, let them speak; for this hour is alone given. Other hours are doomed to the latticed windows, or the vague, distant balcony; so my lady moves along with that stately grace which you mark so well in Spain. At her side is the duenna, a stiff, elderly lady in

black, with eyes partly closed, twirling her beads with her thumbs and mumbling her lips in prayer. She is thinking of the Virgin; or, perhaps, she recalls her own days of hope and entreaty, when, with conquering eyes and graceful footsteps, she walked these very streets to church. But they have gone, and she is now a dragon herself, and there are no more conquests for her in this world, and nothing remains but Our Lady of Sorrow. Here, too, are the Romeos of Cadiz—listening, watching, waiting. They have arrayed themselves for the encounter. The

black cloak folds over the breast and hangs over the shoulder. You observe that it so falls as to show the silk lining of orange or purple or crimson. I suppose these colors have a meaning, and I fancied that when a young man is very much in love he would show it by the color of the silken lining. A man, for instance, on the threshold of love, seeing the mystery just looming over his horizon, might express his bewildering hopes in orange. An accepted or triumphant lover could give way to his emotions in crimson, while the rejected, unhappy soul could proclaim his grief in purple.

But my lady moves on to church, her bended eyes looking from under the drooped eyelashes, looking conquest and entreaty. If she also prays as she fumbles her rosary, it is to Our Lady of Consolation. She moves on to the church and kneels before the altar. If she has made a conquest—if, as is most probable, the conquest has long been made, you will observe a decent young man pace slowly after and kneel as near as the dragon will permit. Of course they cannot speak. But there are so many delicious opportunities during the solemn hours of the mass when he can catch a glance of her eyes, or see the heaving of the bosom or the mantling cheek—when, as she bends her head and strikes her breast, he can know her very thoughts and send the same petition to our Lady of Hope. Perhaps, if he is daring, or has made interest with one of the church attendants—for I have been told that such things have happened in Spain—he may have a prayer book slipped into her hand, and within the leaves there will be found a sonnet or a rhapsody. Here, for instance, is one that I read the other day in one of the almost forgotten novels of Cervantes, a rhyme which a lover slipped into the hands of the lady of his love. It is in the form of a dialogue :

SYLVANDER. Who renders love subordinate ?

THYRSIS. He who knows how to be silent.

SYLV. Who subjects love to his laws ?

THYRSIS. He who has constancy and faith.

SYLV. And what arrests him in his flight ?

THYRSIS. Persevering constancy.

SYLV. Then the sweet fruit which may arise
From your fond passion he may prize.
And though my smothered tongue be mute,
With love, faith, soul, I'll gain my suit.

—But what substantiates love?

THYRSIS. Perpetual return.

SYLV. What instantly extinguishes it?

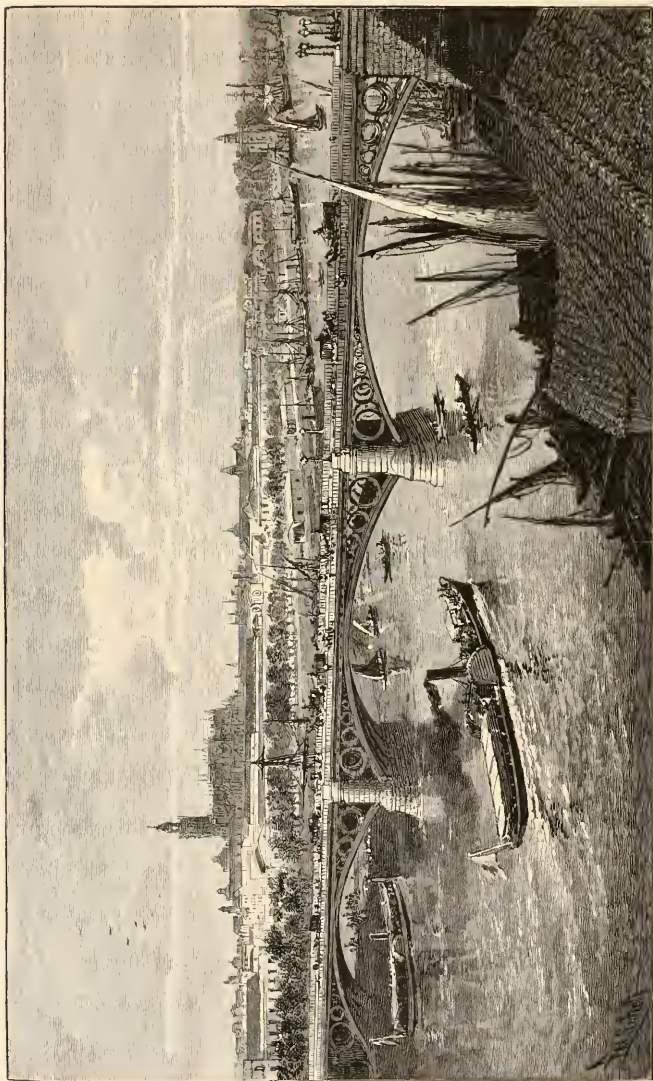
THYRSIS. Contempt and disdain.

SYLV. And these two feelings banished?

THYRSIS. His flames are everlasting.

This is the hour of conquest, the consummate hour in the maiden's life. There are the evening walks on the Prado, when glances may come and go; but then all the world is by, and there are music, and dresses, and gossip. The night falls, and if the lover feels that he has not been unwelcome he goes to his lady's home. Instead of sending in his card, and hanging his overcoat on the rack, and waiting in the parlor until the idol of his dreams comes down, he knocks at the barred window. If there is no response he will play a serenade on the guitar. I am led to make this latter observation more by what I have seen in operas than from what I have observed in Spain. Most of the lovers that I have seen at their barred windows have been without musical instruments. I take it, therefore, that the guitar comes in as overture perhaps, in the beginning, before Romeo has made any headway, and when he thinks an air from "Rigoletto" or "Don Pasquale" may develop the situation or entice a glove or a ribbon. If Romeo is known to the family of his Juliet as a serious, proper person, who has no day of dissipation but the bull fights or Corpus Christi, then he is allowed to come to the barred window, and Juliet may talk to him through the raised edge of the curtain. Perhaps he may be allowed to touch her lips with his fingers; but his presence at the window indicates that he is a favored lover. He never enters the home of his love until he comes to take her to church. Perhaps in special cases the evening before the ceremony he may come, with a few friends.

It is as you saunter along the streets that you see the outside life of Spain. As the afternoon lengthens and the white

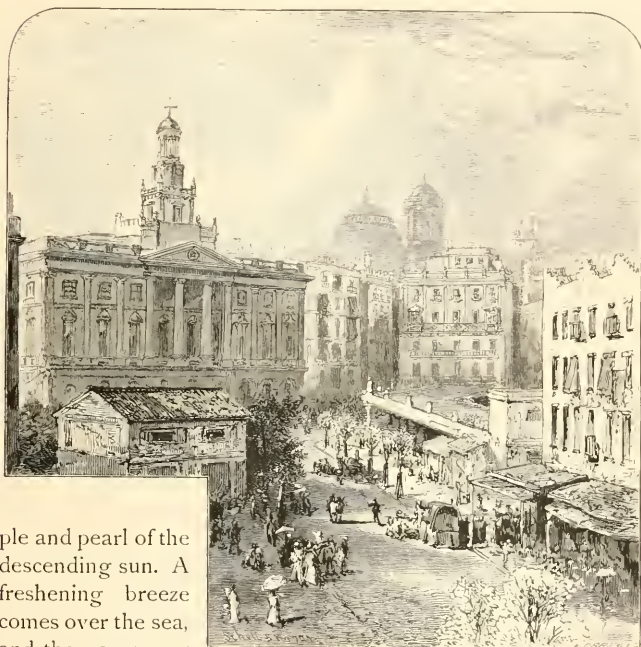


SEVILLE.

houses become tawny in the shadows of the descending sun it is pleasant to stroll out to the Battery. You have no care as to your road, for in this mazy town the first corner into any road will lead to the Battery. All the world is going with you—grave, stately señors to smoke their cigarettes in the cooling, wholesome air, and gracious señoras in their bewitching Spanish costumes, who glance at you with their deep, black, Oriental eyes and float along. My best authority on the ladies of Cadiz is that of Lord Byron. But his lordship pays tribute to this beauty at the expense of higher qualities when he pays Cadiz a "sweeter though ignoble praise" and tells how Aphrodite made her shrine within these white walls. Lord Byron was more of a poet than an historian in these criticisms. You can trust his lordship in his descriptions of scenery, but not in historical or moral reflections. And as you float on this ripple of beauty that wafts on toward the Battery and the sea, you feel that so much beauty must have a higher purpose than revelry and crime, and that the sweeping lines in "*Childe Harold*" were applied to Cadiz because they happened to fit, and might as well have been written about Cowes or Hamburg. In the evening every one goes to the Battery. The air is warm with the sunshine, with airs that come from Africa, yet tempered with the ever-soothing influence of the sea. The gardens are in bloom—the orange, the pomegranate, the banana, and the palm. You stroll along the Battery wall and look out on the sea. The waves ripple on the shore with the faintest murmur. A fleet of fishing boats are at anchor, and their graceful bending masts recall the lateen masts of the Nile. A couple of boats have just come in and are beached above the receding tide, and the fishermen, up to their knees in water, are scrubbing the sides and the keel. The work is pleasant, and the sea has been good, I hope, in its offerings, for they sing a graceful song to lighten their labors. The tinkling bells denote the patient, heavy-laden donkeys, who pace their slow way along the beach, laden with fish or fruit, water or wine. The city is on your right, the white walls rising on the terraced hills, glowing with white as they are seen against this deep blue sky. There are

Moorish domes and Arabian turrets, that show all the meaning of their graceful outlines as you see them now massed into a picture, warmed with the rich hues of the descending sun. How beautiful is Cadiz, seen as you see her now, looking out like a sentinel upon the sea! And thus she has stood, a sentinel between contending civilizations, for ages. I am almost afraid to say how many ages; but the books will tell you that Hercules founded Cadiz more than three centuries before Rome was born, eleven centuries before our Saviour died. Here where the oceans meet, the southernmost point of Continental Europe, teeming Africa only a step beyond—here for ages, and through so many civilizations, the city whose glowing towers grow pink and purple in the sun's passing rays has stood guard. You think of the tides that have rolled and receded over the Mediterranean world, of cities that once ruled the world with their enterprise and splendor; of envious Babylon and forgotten Tyre, and remember that modest Cadiz, who never sought empire, never challenged the cupidity of the bandit, has passed through the storms that destroyed her splendid rivals, and seems good for centuries more. Just over this smooth sea, where you might run in a few hours with one of these fishing boats, is a sandy seaside plain where Arabs grow corn and dates and loll in the noonday sun. This was Carthage; and how she looked down upon poor little Cadiz in her day, with her fleets proudly sweeping around these shores and promontories, with her armies striding over mountain and valley, with her captains resolved to conquer the world! Yet of Carthage only the name remains, only a shadow, and modest Cadiz keeps her guard here, watching the splendors of London and New York and Paris, seeing all the world carry them tribute, seeing the flags of the Englishman sweep past her shores as proudly as the fleets of Hannibal and Cæsar in other days. I wonder if beautiful Cadiz has patience in recalling this, and is content with her modest work, and feels that she will keep guard perhaps when the glory that now environs her has passed like that which once came from Carthage and Rome, and the scepter of a world's supremacy will have passed to other hands.

You think of these things as you lean over this battery wall and look at the beautiful city, growing more beautiful in the pur-



PLAZA DE ISABELLA II.—CADIZ.

ple and pearl of the descending sun. A freshening breeze comes over the sea, and the waves purr and play as they gambol on the rough, stony beach. A ship comes hurrying in, hugging the coast, scudding on at full sail. How beautiful she looks! Every sail set, her flag sending signals to the shore, her prow bent forward like a strong man running his race, anxious for the goal. In a few minutes the evening gun will fire and the port will close. So she flies along, firm in her purpose, eager diving, laden with the purposes and achievements of another world, minister and messenger of peace. I remember an idle discussion—perhaps I read it in some for-

gotten book, perhaps I heard it in some foolish dinner debate—as to which was the most beautiful object in the world, a maiden in the fullness of her years, a racehorse at his highest speed, or a ship in full sail. I have forgotten what my own views may have been; perhaps it was a subject on which I had not taken definite sides. But, looking over this sea wall at the ship that, with every sail bent, is wooing the winds and striving for the haven, I can well see that the beauty it implies is of the highest and noblest type. There is the beauty of form, the snugly set keel breasting the waves, the lines that bend and curve, the lines that tower into the air. There is the beauty of purpose—which really is the soul of all beauty—the purpose being to win the race, to carry her treasure, to make a true and good voyage, to do something, to defy wind and waves and relentless seas, and come into this harbor and strew the wharf with corn, cotton, or oil. There is the beauty of nature, for the sea is before us, and long lines of hills crest the horizon; and just over the crisp and curling blue a light tint of silver falls, and you look into the heavens, and there, coming out of the skies, you see the outlines of a full-orbed moon that soon will throw a new radiance over these towers and hills and waves. You watch yon ship as she moves in, and feel that, for this moment at least, there is nothing more beautiful, and you are content to see that fortune favors her, and that she comes into her refuge before the port is closed.

As we stand leaning over this sea wall and follow every tint of the changing scene, we note the long bronze cannon that look through the embrasures, pointing to the sea. They seem out of place in Cadiz. Surely she has lived all these ages, triumphant over so many civilizations, who would still be living if cannon could assure life. They are poor, foolish cannon, too—long, narrow bronze affairs, that look puny beside those mighty engines which now secure the prowess of England and Germany. But even Cadiz has human nature, and if other people wear cannon, she must needs have cannon. I suppose the instinct which prompts these expenses and performances is like the instinct which prompts those we love, protect, and cherish to run into crinoline in one season and into the reverse in another.

Cadiz wears her cannon like crinoline. It is the custom, and her sons and daughters look proudly upon these lean, lank, crouching guns, and feel that they bar out the opposing world, when, as a matter of fact, the opposing world, if it came behind the guns of England, would fear those cannon no more than if they were bamboo tissues.



SCENE IN SPAIN.

But we cannot quarrel with the vanities of the beautiful city, and hope she deems her cannon becoming. The light starts up from various points—a light here and there, giving token of the coming night. The ringing of bells falls on the ear—of many bells—that ring as though it were a summons or an admonition. They come from all parts of the city, and their jangling is tempered into a kind of music by the distance and the clearness of the air. This is the Angelus. In this Catholic

country it is the custom when the sun goes down for the priest to go to his prayers, and for all Christian souls to cease whatever calling may employ them and for a few moments to join him in his prayer, thanking the Virgin for having given them the blessing of another day, thanking the saints for having watched over them, praying our Saviour to be with them always, and give them at the end the grace of a happy death. As the bells ring out you know that all Cadiz turns by instinct and for a few moments joins the praying priest in his supplications. I am afraid I am not as devout as many of my friends who belong to the Young Men's Christian Association, and I feel whenever I touch a religious theme a sense of great unworthiness, of coming into a foreign atmosphere, and that, after all, I am a mere worldly being, animated with selfish ideas, concerned over politics, and revenues, and dinners, and clothes, the yellow fever and the Eastern question, and that you are brought into a holy presence, into relations with men and women who have lived in the face of God. This feeling, this consciousness of all that I am, and of how much more I could be were I to walk in the humble, believing way, has given me a profound respect for any form of religion, for any doctrine or teaching that brings consolation to the harried soul of man that wins him, even if for a moment, into the presence of his Creator. I can respect the Indian who worships fire, and the Egyptian who deified the bull, or Mumbo Jumbo in his morass who adores the ebony fragment he calls a god. It is all an expression of reverence, and human nature depends upon reverence as the sea upon the salt that gives it savor. So far, then, as religion teaches men to revere, to see above them a higher wisdom, to look for better ways, and to chasten their lives by the performance of nobler deeds, so far as it teaches them restraint, energy, courage, resignation—whatever expresses its offices—is a sacred thing. From this point of view what a beauty you find in those Angelus bells as you lean over the sea wall—the cool breezes fanning your cheek—and hear them jangle in the evening air! Stately Spanish gentlemen pause, and their cloaks fall from their shoulder—for the Spanish gentleman

always uncloaks himself when he greets you—and now he is greeting supremacy, and looks out toward the sea, and follows the distant priest in his prayer. My lady with the glowing eyes pauses, and the head drops a moment, and making the sign of the cross, she passes on. For a few minutes the jangling bells ring out and all the world is at prayer. He would be a poor Spaniard, whatever his creed or ways, who could allow those bells to pass without answering their invocation. They ring for him now as they did for his infancy, as they rang for his ancestors, as they ring every day of his life. Whatever the world may do in the way of temptation or duty, for one moment the Church comes and absorbs his soul, and he is one with the thousands around him, and his heart goes in reverence to its Maker; and as you hear these jangling bells you feel how fond, and vast, and supreme is this religion, whose command falls upon a people from a hundred turret bells.



LONDONDERRY.

CHAPTER XXII.

IRELAND.

IT was with no little regret that General Grant left the bright and picturesque scenes of sunny Spain and journeyed north to Paris. From Paris the party went direct to England, Mrs. Grant intending to spend a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, while the General made a short trip into Ireland.

General Grant left London on the evening of July 2d by the regular mail route, via Holyhead and Kingstown, and arrived at Dublin the next morning, accompanied by General Noyes, General Badeau, Mr. Russell Teney, and Mr. Fitzgerald. On arriving at Westland Row he was received by the Lord Mayor (Sir J. Barrington), and conveyed in his carriage to the Shelburne Hotel, where a suite of rooms had been prepared for the General and his companions. The American Consul in Dub-

lin, Mr. Barrow, called at an early hour to pay his respects, and at eleven o'clock the Lord Mayor, accompanied by his chaplain, Rev. Canon Bogart, attended with his carriage to conduct the visitors through the city and through the principal buildings. They drove first to the Royal Irish Academy in Dawson Street, and were received by Rev. Maxwell Close, Captain McEwing, Mr. McSweeney, and Mr. Cilbbon, by whom General Grant was conducted through the library and museum. This museum contains a very large and rare collection of antiquities, which were examined with great interest. The Bank of Ireland in College Green was next visited, and the General was greatly impressed with the system on which the business of the bank is conducted, and he made many inquiries as to the workings of the institution. After leaving the bank the party visited the Chamber of Commerce, where they were met by Alderman Tarpey, the High Sheriff. Here the General read the latest telegrams and signed his name in the visitor's book. He was then driven to the Stock Exchange in Dame Street, and thence to Trinity College, where the party arrived shortly after twelve o'clock, and were received by the Faculty and shown through the building. Again entering the Lord Mayor's carriage they were driven through Sackville Street, which is justly esteemed one of the finest avenues in the kingdom, being very broad and a little more than a third of a mile in length, lined on either side by very fine and costly buildings. At its northern end, in Rutland Square, stands the Nelson column. Shortly after one o'clock the party arrived at the City Hall. As the General alighted from the carriage he was received with demonstrations of respect by the spectators, who raised their hats and cheered. At the entrance to the City Hall he was met by the Sheriff, Mr. Burke, and several members of the council chamber, where the members in their robes were waiting to receive him. A number of prominent citizens were also present to witness the presentation of the freedom of the city. The resolution that such an honor should be conferred upon him having been read by the Lord Mayor amid cheers, the General was presented with the certificate, which was handsomely illu-

minated and contained in a very elaborately carved bog-oak casket. The Lord Mayor then delivered a very complimentary address, in which he welcomed General Grant to the green



DUBLIN.

shores of Ireland in the name of its citizens. In response the General said :

“ MY LORD MAYOR, GENTLEMEN OF THE TOWN COUNCIL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : I feel very proud to be made a citizen of the great city which you represent, and to be a fellow citizen with those I see around me to-day. Since my arrival on this side of the Atlantic I have had the pleasure of being made a citizen of quite a number of towns and cities, but nothing has given me

more pleasure than to be made a citizen of the principal city of Ireland. I am by birth a citizen of a country where there are more Irishmen, either native born or the descendants of Irishmen, than there are in all Ireland. I have therefore had the honor and pleasure of representing more Irishmen and their descendants when in office than the Queen of England does. Not being possessed of the eloquence of your Lord Mayor, I shall say no more than simply thank you."

After an address by Dr. Isaac Butt, the General was escorted by the Lord Mayor to the carriage, in which he then drove to the Viceregal Lodge, where he was entertained at luncheon by the Duke of Marlborough, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

During the afternoon several members of the Irish Rifle Team (who were at Creedmoor) and British army officers called at the hotel and paid their respects to the General.

In the evening there was a banquet at the Mayor's. Among those present were General Sir John Michael, Sir George Ribton, General Noyes, General Badeau, and the leading citizens of the city. This proved to be a very interesting and entertaining evening, and the festivities were kept up until a late (or early) hour.

On Saturday the General and party strolled about the city, noting its many attractions. Sunday was spent in a very quiet way at the Shelburne Hotel, and was indeed a day of perfect rest.

At eight o'clock on Monday morning the party left Dublin, Lord-Mayor Barrington taking leave of the General at the railway station. The morning was cold, and, as the train progressed northward, ice, snow, cold winds, and finally rain were encountered. The train first stopped at the town of Dundalk, where, around the depot, notwithstanding the storm, were assembled a very large crowd, who were most enthusiastic in their demonstrations of welcome. At Omagh, Strabane, and other stations, large crowds were assembled, the people cheering the General and America, and whenever possible pressing forward to shake him by the hand through the car window. At two o'clock the train reached Londonderry. A heavy rain, followed

by frost, had covered the ground with ice, rendering the view of the city and surroundings most charming, as seen through the mists and gossamer falling snow. At the station an immense crowd, apparently the whole town and neighborhood, had assembled. The multitude was held in check by the police. The General was cordially welcomed to Londonderry by the Mayor, in a complimentary address, to which he responded briefly, and left the station amid the heartiest greetings of the people. The crowd followed the General's carriage and cheered madly as he was driven to the hotel. The ships in the harbor were decorated with flags and streamers—in fact, the whole town was in gala dress and out for a holiday. A remarkably cold, driving rain set in at three o'clock, just as the party drove in state to the ancient Town Hall. The crowd was so dense that progress through it was made with difficulty. At the entrance of the building the Mayor and Council in their robes of office received the Ex-President, amid many expressions of enthusiasm from the people. An address was read extolling the military and civil career of the General.

General Grant signed the roll, thus making himself an Ulster Irishman. He then made a brief address. He said that no incident of his trip was more pleasant than accepting citizenship at the hands of the representatives of this ancient and honored city, with whose history the people of America were so familiar. He regretted that his stay in Ireland would be so brief. He had originally intended embarking from Queenstown direct to the United States, in which case he would have remained a much longer time on the snug little island; but having resolved to visit India, he was compelled to make his stay short. He could not, however, he said in conclusion, return home without seeing Ireland and a people in whose welfare the citizens of the United States took so deep an interest.

After this ceremony at the Town Hall the party made a visit to the house of Mr. Livermoore, the Consul, where a very pleasant and social hour was spent. Leaving the consul's, they returned to the hotel and rested till evening, when they were

entertained at a banquet tendered by the Mayor. This banquet proved to be a very brilliant affair, and was attended by many of the leading citizens of the Province of Ulster. The dinner was remarkably good, well served, and greatly enjoyed by the guests. The reception of the General was enthusiastic and cordial in the extreme. The General, in response to a toast, made a brief speech, saying that he should have felt that his tour in Europe was incomplete had he not seen the ancient and illustrious city of Londonderry, whose history was so well known throughout America. Indeed, the people of Derry and all about there had had a remarkable influence upon the development of American character.

The next morning the party strolled about looking at the historic walls which were left standing at the destruction of old Derry by native chiefs, during the reign of James I. The city was rebuilt by the London companies, who were granted the site and six thousand acres adjoining. Since then it has been known as London-Derry. As a fastness of Protestantism it was again assailed in 1689 by James II., and had nearly succumbed to famine when relieving ships broke through the booms which had been placed by the besiegers across the mouth of the river, and brought provisions to the starving inhabitants. An aged clergyman named Walker, whose memory is still honored, contributed to their desperate resistance. "Five generations," says Macaulay, "have passed away, and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians." A lofty pillar rising from a bastion, which bore many weeks of the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and down the Foyle, on the summit of which is the statue of Walker.

"Roaring Meg" and the other curiosities of the town were visited, and on the next morning the General left Londonderry for Belfast, accompanied by Sir Harvey Bruce, lieutenant of the county, Mr. Taylor, M.P., and other local magnates.

A cold rain and mists coming from the Northern Ocean obscured the wonderful view of the northern Irish coast. The

General studied the country closely, remarking on the sparseness of population, and saying he could see no evidence of the presence of seven millions of people in Ireland.

At every station there were crowds assembled, and when the



BELFAST.

cars stopped the people rushed forward to shake hands with the General. Some were old soldiers who had

been in the American army. One remarked that General Grant had captured him at Paducah. The people were all kindly, cheering for Grant and America. At Coleraine there was an immense crowd. General Grant, accompanied by the member of Parliament, Mr. Taylor, left the cars, entered the waiting-room at the depot, and received an address. In reply, General Grant repeated the hope and belief expressed in his Dublin speech that the period of depression was ended, and that American

prosperity was aiding Irish prosperity. At Ballymoney there was another crowd. As the train neared Belfast a heavy rain began to fall.

The train reached Belfast station at half-past two o'clock. The reception accorded General Grant was imposing and extraordinary. The linen and other mills had stopped work, and the workmen stood out in the rain in thousands. Looking from the train window there was a perfect sea of heads. The platform of the station was covered with scarlet carpet. The Mayor and members of the City Council welcomed the General, who descended from the car amid tremendous cheers. Crowds ran after the carriages containing the city authorities and their illustrious guest, and afterward surrounded the hotel where the General was entertained. All the public buildings were draped with English and American colors.

Luncheon was served at four o'clock, and, notwithstanding the heavy snow-storm, the crowd remained outside, and cheered at intervals. The feature of the luncheon was the presence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, who was given the post of honor. The Belfast speakers made cordial allusions to many prominent people in the United States, and were very complimentary to their guest. General Noyes in his speech alluded to the fact that General Grant had shown his appreciation of Belfast men by appointing A. T. Stewart Secretary of the Treasury, and offering George H. Stuart, a Belfast boy, the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy.

After the luncheon was over General Grant remained quietly in his apartments, receiving many calls, some from old soldiers who served under him during the war.

On Wednesday morning a number of the leading citizens of Belfast and several clergymen, among whom were Bishop Ryan, the Catholic Bishop of Buffalo, and Mr. Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union*, called upon the General, and had a very pleasant interview. At eleven o'clock General Grant, accompanied by Major Brown, visited the warehouses of several merchants in the linen trade, and also the factories and ship-yards of the city. At the immense ship-yard where the "White

Star" steamers were built, the workmen, numbering two thousand, gathered around General Grant's carriage, and cheered as they ran alongside. The public buildings and many of the shops were decorated.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the General left for Dublin. Immense crowds had gathered at the hotel and at the railway station. The Mayor, with Sir John Preston and the American Consul, James M. Doonan, accompanied the General to the depot. As the train moved off the crowd gave tremendous cheers, the Mayor taking the initiative.

At Portadown, Dundalk, Drogheda, and other stations, there were immense crowds, the population apparently turning out *en masse*. General Grant was loudly cheered, and thousands surrounded the car with the hope of being able to shake the General by the hand, all wishing him a safe journey. One little girl created considerable merriment by asking the General to give her love to her aunt in America.

On the arrival of the train at Belfast, the party were met by Lord-Mayor Barrington and a large number of people, and were cordially welcomed. As soon as all the party had descended, the Lord Mayor invited the General into his carriage and drove him to Westland Row, where the Irish mail train was ready to depart, having been detained eight minutes for the Ex-President.

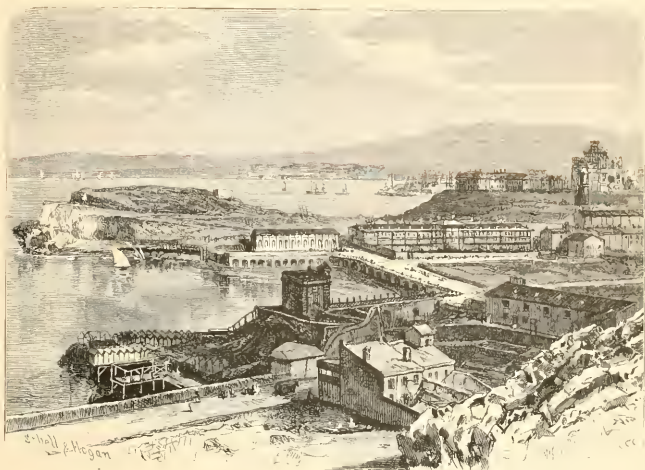
There was a most cordial farewell and a great shaking of hands. The Mayor and his friends begged General Grant to return soon and make a longer stay. Soon Kingstown was reached, and in a few minutes the party were in the special cabin which had been provided for them on board the mail steamer.

The party arrived at London on Thursday morning, and the General spent the day and evening with the American Minister, Mr. Welsh.

On Monday we are to start for Paris, where we expect to meet Mr. Borie and others, who are to make up the party for the trip to India.



LAKES OF KILLARNEY.



MARSEILLES

CHAPTER XXIII.

RED SEA AND INDIA.

ON the 24th of January, at noon, our party embarked on the "Labourdonnais" at Marseilles. There were several American friends to wish us a pleasant journey, and as we turned from the land-locked bay suddenly into a high rolling sea, we saw their handkerchiefs waving us a last farewell. Our party, as made up for the Indian trip, is composed of General Grant, Mrs. Grant, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, Mr. A. E. Borie, formerly Secretary of the Navy; Dr. Keating, of Philadelphia, a nephew of Mr. Borie, and the writer. It was remarked that a year ago we had visited Thebes, those of us who remained as members of the Grant party. Even in so small a company time has made changes. The officers of the "Vandalia," three of whom were the General's guests on the Nile, have gone home. Jesse

Grant is in California. Hartog, the courier, does not go to India. Colonel Grant takes his brother's place. Mr. Borie came rather suddenly. His health had not been good, and the sea was recommended as a restorative, and the General was delighted with the idea that one whom he held in so high honor would accompany him around the world.

Our life on the "Labourdonnais" may be briefly told. The "Labourdonnais" is an old-fashioned ship, not in the best of order, and not very comfortable. The table was fair and the attendance middling. We were told that it was unfortunate that we had not taken some other ship on the line, which would have made all the difference in the world. However, I will not complain of the "Labourdonnais," which carried us safely through, and thereby earned our gratitude. I have noticed in my seafaring experiences that the difference between a good ship and a bad one in their degrees of comfort is not essential. If you like the sea, and have no terror for its tribulations, you will not be critical about the ship that bears you. If you do not like the sea, damask and sandalwood and spices from Ceylon, with M. Bignon as your cook, would not make it welcome. Our first hours on the Mediterranean were on a high sea, but on the second day the sea went down, and we had charming yachting weather. On Friday, the 24th of January, we passed between Corsica and Sardinia, having a good view of the sombre coasts of the former island. On the 25th, about noon, Ischia came in sight, and through the hazy atmosphere we could trace the faintest outline of Vesuvius. The sea was so calm that we were enabled to sail so near the shores of Ischia as to note the minutest form of geological strata and distinguish minor objects on the shore. Ischia is a beautiful island, and we noted smiling villages and inviting bits of sunshine and greenery as we sailed along. Then, as the afternoon shadows lengthened, we passed the island, and leaving Capri to our right, nestling under a cloudy canopy of azure and pearl, we sailed into the Bay of Naples. A year had almost passed since we left Naples. But the glorious beauty of the bay was as fresh as ever, and as we noted spot after spot in the landscape

—the king's palace, the place where Brutus found refuge after Cæsar's death, the scene where Pliny witnessed the destruction of the cities of Sorrento and Pompeii, the range of shining hills, the convent looking down from a beetling crag, which we climbed one December day; the anchorage of the "Vandalia," and above all the towering volcano from which came smoke and flame—it was as if we were meeting old friends. We came into the harbor, and old friends came on board in the person of



SUEZ.

Mr. Maynard, our Minister to Turkey, and Mr. Duncan, our Consul to Naples. The Doctor and I went ashore to make sure of a telegraphic message that it was my duty to send; but it was so late in the afternoon that none of the party followed our example, and as the sun went down we steamed out to sea. The last we saw of the city was Vesuvius, the smoke resting above it in a dense wavy cloud, and the flames flashing like a beacon in the calm summer air.

On the morning of the 26th, the Sabbath, Mr. Borie, who has earned the first prize for early rising, came to my berth and

said that Stromboli was in sight. Last year when we sailed through these islands Stromboli was drenched in showers and mist, and when Lieutenant Strong pointed out the volcano from the quarterdeck of the "Vandalia," all I could see was a mass of rain and fog. But here we were, sailing under the shadow of this ancient and famous island. What we saw was a volcano throwing out ashes and smoke in a feeble, fretful manner, as though jealous of its flashing rival in Naples Bay, and a cluster of houses at the base, evidently a village. I can understand a good many puzzling things the older I grow—why Brooklyn will remain an independent city, why New Jersey does not become annexed to Pennsylvania and New York, why an Ohio man may resign office—but I cannot conceive any reason for human beings living in Stromboli. They are at the absolute mercy of the sea and the furnace; they are far away from neighbors and refuge and rescue. It must be to gratify some poetic instinct, for Stromboli is poetic enough. And now we are coming, with every turn of our screw, into the land of classic and religious fame. These islands through which we are sailing are the islands visited by the wandering Ulysses. This rock that we study through our glasses in the gray morning light is the rock of Scylla, and we sail over Charybdis. This town that looks very modern, on whose white roofs the sun shines with a dazzling glare, is Reggio, which in holy days was called Rhegium. It was here that Paul landed after Syracuse and Malta adventures, carrying with him the message of Christ, going from this spot to preach the Gospel to all mankind.

We pass Etna on the left, but the mighty mountain is wrapped in mist and cloud and snow. We sail through the Messina Straits, the sea scarcely rippling, and we are soon again in the open sea, the land fading from view. On the second morning we pass close to Crete and see the snowy mountain ranges on that glorious and unhappy island. At noon they fade, the line of snow becoming a line of haze, and as we bid Crete farewell we say farewell to Europe, for we head directly toward Egypt and the Red Sea and India, and who

knows what beyond. Farewell to Europe, and farewell to many a bright and happy hour spent on its shores, of which all that now remains is the memory.

On the evening of the 29th of January—this being the evening of the seventh day of our journey from Marseilles—we came to an anchor outside of the harbor of Alexandria. There was some disappointment that we did not enter that evening, but we were an hour or so late, and so we swung at anchor and found what consolation we could in the enrapturing glory of an Egyptian night. In the morning when the sun arose we picked our way into the harbor, and when we came on deck we found ourselves at anchor, with Alexandria before us—her minarets looking almost gay in the fresh light of the morning sun.

Pleasant it was to see Egypt again, although we only saw it through the windows of a hurrying train. Pleasant, too, it was to land in quiet, unostentatious fashion, without pomp and ceremony and pachas in waiting and troops in line, the blare of trumpets and the thunder of guns. The escape from a salute and a reception was a great comfort to the General, who seemed to enjoy having no one's hands to shake, to enjoy a snug corner in an ordinary railway car, talking with General Stone and Mr. Borie and the consul general. The train waited a half-hour for us, and would have been detained longer but for the energy and genius shown by Hassan—our old friend Hassan, who accompanied us on the Nile. Hassan came down to meet the General in his full consular uniform, and when he found that a train was waiting, and that we were behind, he took command at once. There was not an idle Arab on the quays who was not pressed into the service by Hassan, and shortly after we reached the station our bags and bundles came after us in a kind of procession, Hassan, in high words, stick in hand, calling out—let us hope—words of sympathy and encouragement. Hassan, as the official guard of the legation, wearing a sword, is an authority in Egypt, and I am afraid he used his authority to the utmost in having our traps and parcels carried from the wharf to the train. Our ride to Suez was without incident, and

Egypt as seen from the car windows was the same Egypt about which so much has been written. The fields were green. The air was clear and generous. The train people were civil. When Arabs gathered at our doors to call for baksheesh in the name of the prophet, Hassan made himself, not without noise and effect, a beneficent influence. The General chatted with Stone about school times at West Point, about friends, about the new days—and one fears the evil days—that have fallen upon his highness the Khedive. Mr. Borie made various attempts to see the Pyramids from the cars, and talked over excursions that some of us had made, and we came near remaining in Cairo for another steamer to enable him to visit the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and the Serapeum at Memphis. But we are late for India, and Mr. Borie would not consent to the sacrifice of time on the General's part, and so we keep on to Suez.

The sun is down, and the lingering shadows of an Egyptian sunset light up the desert and the Red Sea with a variety of tints, and the sky is a dome of glowing light—so intense and clear and vast that it affects you like music—as we come into Suez. There are our friends the dusky boys and Arabs in muslin, and a tall Arab with a turban, carrying a lantern, who leads the way to the hotel. The dogs are out in chorus, and Hassan, having conscripted all the Arabs in sight and made them burden-bearers, puts them in march and gives us his company. We enter Suez walking in the middle of a sandy lane, Hassan, with a stick, in the advance, loudly making his authority known to all. Mrs. Grant and General Stone and the rest of us bring up the rear. As the road is through sand and is rather a long one, Mr. Borie casts reflections upon a civilization which, although boasting of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, does not have hotel omnibuses and coaches like Philadelphia. I mention to my honored friend that this was the place where Moses crossed the Red Sea and Pharaoh was drowned, and that from our hotel you could see the well where the Israelites halted while Miriam sang her song of triumph and joy. But my honored friend does not see why that should keep a people

from having comfortable coaches, and not make visitors tramp and tramp through narrow, sandy lanes. I do not attempt to parry my friend's criticism. I have my own opinions of a civilization which, although it built Karnak, has no omnibuses; and it is not pleasant to tramp and drag through the sand, not ex-



DECK OF "VENETIA."

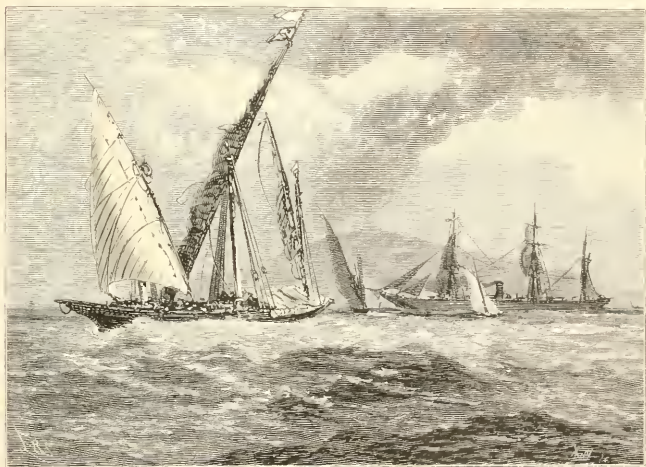
actly sure where you are going. In time, however, we came to our hotel—to welcome and supper.

The hotel of Suez was, I am told, formerly a harem of one of the Egyptian princes. You can sit on your balcony and look out on the Red Sea—on the narrow line of water which has changed the commerce of the world, and which is the Suez

Canal. Suez is a small, clean town—clean from an Oriental standard. We drove around it next morning on donkeys, and went through the bazaars. We drove into the suburbs and saw a Bedouin camp, and, having driven all over the town in half an hour, and having nothing else to do, we drove all over it two or three times. The boat which was to carry us to India had not arrived. She was blocked in the canal. We might have to remain all night and the next day. Everybody begins to regret that we had not gone to Cairo and come to Suez on the morrow. But about five in the afternoon the masts of the Peninsular and Oriental steamer "*Venetia*" began to loom up above the sands. Everything was hurried on the tender. As the sun went down we went on board the steamer, Mr. Farman and General Stone remaining until the last moment to say farewell. About eight in the evening of January 31st the last farewell is spoken, we feel the throbbing of the vessel beneath us, and know that at last we are off for India.

We are the only Americans of the company sailing on the good ship "*Venetia*," and we form a colony of our own. We have preëmpted a small claim just behind the wheel, in the stern of the vessel. There is a grating about six foot square a foot above the deck. Here you can lounge and look out at the tumbling waves that come leaping after, or look into the deep ultramarine and learn what the waves have to say. Here, if you come at any hour of the day, and at a good many hours of the night, you will find the members of our expedition. Mrs. Grant sits back in a sea chair, wearing a wide-brimmed Indian hat, swathed in a blue silk veil. There is the sun to fight, and our ladies make themselves veiled prophetesses, and shrink from his presence. The General has fallen into Indian ways enough to wear a helmet, which shields the face. The helmet is girded with a white silk scarf, which falls over the neck. We all have helmets which we bought in Suez, but only wear them as fancy seizes us. Mr. Borie has one which cost him eight shillings, an imposing affair, but no persuasion has as yet induced him to put it on. Dr. Keating wears his so constantly that an impression is abroad that he sleeps in it. This, I fear, arises from

envy of the Doctor, who takes care of himself, and comes out of his cabin every morning neat enough to stroll down Chestnut Street, and not, like the rest of us, abandoned to flannel shirts and old clothes and frayed cuffs and cracked, shiny shoes. The ship goes on in a lazy, lounging motion. Mrs. Grant looks out of her cloud of blue silk. She has brought up the interesting, never-failing question of mails. That is the theme which never dies, for you see there are boys at home, and if only boys



THE RED SEA.

knew the interest felt in their writings what an addition it would be to our postal revenues. Colonel Grant, curled up in a corner, is deep in *Vanity Fair*. The Colonel is assuming a fine bronzed mahogany tint, and it is suggested that he will soon be as brown as Sitting Bull. You see it is the all-conquering sun who is having his will upon us. I am afraid the General's complexion failed him years ago, in the war days, and I do not see that the sun can touch him further. But the rest of us begin to look like meerschaum in various degrees of hue. What shall we be when we reach India?

The beardless members of the expedition have resolved not to trouble their beards until we reach home. He who touches razor is to pay the others a penalty. This is one of the ways in which people at sea kill time. The Doctor looks as if he regrets the compact, for the truth is that the beardless ones begin to look like hair brushes in various processes of manufacture, and there are several young ladies on board, and a handsome young man like the Doctor would rather not have to depend upon his eyes alone in making his way into the deck society. We try to read. I came on board laden with information—cyclopedias, almanacs, guide books, old numbers of New York newspapers. I had laid out for myself a plan of study between Suez and Aden, between Aden and Bombay. I meant, for instance, to tell my readers all about India, about tigers and maharajahs and rupees and pagodas. Somehow one always makes resolutions of this serious kind when beginning long journeys. I am ashamed to say all my useful books are down in my cabin. I looked at them this morning as I was dressing in a ruminatory mood, and thought of readers at home hungering about India, and resolved to begin and cram myself with knowledge. But I looked out the open window, and there was the sea, flushed with feathery tufts of waves; a fresh, cool breeze coming from the shores of Arabia—so cool, so green, so winsome that I could not deny its solicitings, and when breakfast was over I came to our American encampment, and coddled myself around this wooden grating, not to write useful facts about India, but to kill time.

Mr. Borie has fished up a recent copy of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and is reading the financial column, and wishes, among other things, that he had some Darlington butter. Somehow, when talk runs low on the question of mails it is apt to drift into butter. The ship butter is not very good, and it is served in jars, out of which you dig it with a knife. Can you imagine anything more distressing to a well-ordered, conservative Philadelphia mind than to have his butter put before him in a jar, and scooped out with a knife or the useless end of a spoon? He knows how much better it is at home—the butter cold and

hard and sweet, molded into dainty shapes, decorated with green leaves, and as you eat it suggesting meadows and sunshine and new-mown hay. If you have lived in Philadelphia, and know how large a part butter performs in the civilization of that city of comforts and homes, you will appreciate the exact feelings of one of her honored citizens, as, sitting here and looking out upon the blue sea and the Sinai desert beyond, he thinks of Chester County and of what Mr. Darlington has done to smoothe the path of existence.



ADEN.

The Colonel is deep in *Vanity Fair*. I envy him his first knowledge of that profound and noble book. He is adding to his list of feminine acquaintances Rebecca, wife of Rawdon Crawley, better known as Becky Sharp. Some one asks him how he gets on with Becky. "Famously," he answers. "I know her like a book. She used to live in Washington," and so on, giving us a bit of history. Somehow, everybody who reads *Vanity Fair* knows Becky Sharp. I knew her myself years and years ago, and do remember how I was on the point

of falling madly in love with her, and how her face comes back to me with her wonderful green eyes—olive green—which she used to call *olivaster*, and how she kept her friendships as she did her gloves in a box with perfumes, putting the old ones at the bottom and the new ones at the top. But she married and went West, and has had chills and fever and children, and the last time I met her was in the capital with a paper which she wanted senators to sign—a paper asking for an office. And although time and chills and fever and maternity had deepened the lines, her eyes were as green as ever—olive green—and she was cheerful and friendly, and called one by a wrong name, and recalled our pleasant acquaintances in a city where I had never resided, and, no doubt, would have bewitched me again if a famous senator had not passed, and she hopped off from the green to the riper fruit, and left me to go my way. Yes, I knew Becky—knew her well, and I see her green eyes now as I sit dawdling on this Indian vessel, looking into the waves.

The shining line of sand and the mountain range upon which Mr. Borie was gazing when his thoughts wandered back to Darlington butter and old Philadelphia, is called Sinai—so some one tells us—and how suddenly the whole scene assumes a new color and lights up with a sacred beauty, as all our childhood memories of the mount where God appeared to Moses flashes over it. The captain tells us, in a quiet, business-like, matter-of-course tone, that the mountain to the right, the lesser of the peaks, is Sinai. All glasses are directed toward the memorable summit. It was here that the Lord gave the Ten Commandments. "And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking; and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off." What we see is an irregular, jagged peak, the outlines dimmed by the long distance from the sea-shore. The wilderness upon which the children of Israel encamped, and through which they wandered, seems, as far as we can see it through our glasses, to be a wide, barren, sandy plain—a fragment of the desert which has been appearing and reappearing

ever since we left Alexandria. I am told that near Sinai there is vegetation, that monasteries flourish at the base of the mount, and that a pilgrimage is not difficult and is interesting. This leads to a Bible talk, which helps to kill time, and one of the encampment, after a patient search, finds out the chapters in Exodus which tell the majestic story, and reads it aloud, all but the commandments, which we are supposed to know. It is noticeable in these journeyings, and in comparing passages of the Bible with what we see, that the geography is perfect—as accurate as though it described the scenes of every-day life. You observe this throughout the Holy Land; and no matter how much you may question the action of the sacred story—and God forbid that I should intrude upon the awful mystery, for I came into these lands believing, humbly believing, what has been consecrated by generations of devout and pious men—no matter what your own commentaries may be upon Sacred Writ, you see that those who wrote the holy pages saw the very scenes upon which we are gazing—the shining sands, the primrose and golden skies, the brown, empurpled hills, the rolling, deep, dark blue sea.

While we keep our encampment on the grating in the stern, and have our life circling from hour to hour in easy, idle fashion, there is another world about us with which we slowly establish relations. The companions of our voyage are mainly English, bound for India. The other morning there was a muster, and the ship's company fell into line, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Chinese, Egyptians, Nubians—it seemed as if all the nations of the Oriental world had been put under contribution in order that the good ship "*Venetia*" should make her way from Suez to Bombay. The "*Venetia*" is commanded by Englishmen and served by Orientals. To those unaccustomed to the Oriental it is strange at first to see those quaint forms floating around you. They have as a general thing clear, well-cut faces, thin, lithe limbs, and move about like cats. We have no type in America that resembles the Hindoo. They have not the strength or vigor of our Indians, but have kinder faces and a higher intelligence. They have more character than the

African types, and I can well understand the development of the race to a high point of civilization. They seem to be good servants, doing their work with celerity and silence. A group will move around the decks, sweeping, swabbing, hauling ropes, or what not, all silent and all busy. A party of laborers in our country would chatter and chirp and sing, and find some means of throwing life and harmony into their labors. The Indians are like so many machines. At night they cuddle up in all corners, and as you pass between decks you step over



HEAVING THE LOG.

blanketed forms. They have the simplest raiment—blue cotton gowns for work, white cotton gowns for ceremony. I saw them in their gala dress on inspection, and the trim, well-cut forms, in flowing white gowns, with brown bare feet, scarlet and yellow turbans, scarlet and blue handkerchiefs around the waist, were picturesque and odd, and, on first glimpses, of Indian color. The good ship "Venetia," on which we are sailing, is one of the Peninsular and Oriental line—a famous line—which connects England with her Asiatic possessions. The "Venetia" is a clean, bright ship, built to fight the sun. The builders

were thinking of the sea and the air. Our Atlantic vessels are meant for stormy seas, are strong and clumsy compared with these light, graceful vessels of the tropics. These staterooms are pierced with crannies, as many as will let in the air and keep out the sea. The decorations are in wood, varnished and oiled woods. The cabin is high, and over the dining table swing long fans or punkas, which are kept in motion when we are at table. The table is good, with a predominance of curry and poultry. At nine we have breakfast, at one o'clock luncheon. We dine at six, and if we care to have tea it will be given at eight. The food is good and the wines fair. But what impresses you about the ship is the discipline. I have seen nothing so perfect since I left our man-of-war "*Vandalia*," and you feel so admirable in discipline, as if your ship was in the hands of a strong, brave man, and that you could fight and conquer any wind or any sea.

The process of becoming acquainted among the deck people goes on slowly. Englishmen are shy, and we Americans who hold camp in the corner find society among ourselves and are not tempted to stray. There are several children on board, and Mrs. Grant has captured them by various attentions in the peppermint and chocolate line. But beyond this we have only a skirmishing acquaintance with our fellow travelers. We begin to know them in a kind of Indian fashion; not by their Christian names, but by attributes. One of them is a peer, and it was a day or two before we pinned him down, and for this day or two we did not know but that any man whom we passed on deck might be a noble lord. The Doctor discovered him, and we now know his lordship by his gray hat. Another is an officer with a lame leg. This officer tried to kill a tiger, but the tiger in its agony clawed him so that he limps until this day. This gentleman becomes an object of interest to us, especially to Colonel Grant. The Colonel has laid out a campaign of tiger shooting, and has compiled a list of friends, including General Sheridan and most of the commissioned officers in the Military Division of the Missouri, to whom on his return he purposes presenting his tiger skins. So the specta-

cle of an officer who really had killed a tiger interests the Colonel. But for the rest of us the effect is depressing. The Doctor prefers to attack his tiger with strychnine. The General says he has no interest in sport of any kind and never had, while Mr. Borie remarks that he does not know that he has any grudge against tigers. My own resolution is unalterable. I shall earn my laurels as a tiger slayer in Fairmount Park, where the tiger and I will be on more equal terms than in the jungle. We have a clergyman who reads the service with emphasis and feeling, and who floats about in airy summer costume. We have a famous traveler who has been all over America, all over the world, and with whom we have been comparing notes. We have the Englishman who knows a great deal about America, and is curious to know more. Imparting information under these circumstances is really a process of elementary instruction. I am interested in the foreign friend who knows our country well. His facts become so entangled that you find yourself constantly informing him that Pennsylvania did not secede, that Stonewall Jackson is dead, that General Lee was in the Southern, not the Northern army, that Washington is not the capital of New York, that there are no Indians in Massachusetts, and that American statesmen do not find a short term of imprisonment essential to success in public life. To-morrow we hope to see Aden. Aden is at the mouth of the Red Sea. Every hour we move into a warmer atmosphere, and killing time becomes really a contest with the sun. The General looks at the tropical prospect with composure, and tells of his own experience in the regions of the equator, when with a company of infantry he found himself in Panama in July, and the cholera came among his people. The rest of us are planning what to do when the weather becomes really warm. My own private opinion is that the Hindoos have solved the problem, and that if we only could array ourselves in loose cotton robes and go about in bare feet it would be comfort. Our English friends blossom out in various tints of gray and white, and the deck assumes the aspect of a June yachting party on Long Island Sound. But the Englishman is

a comfort-seeking animal. Our cabins are as good as can be, and all over the ship there are contrivances for bringing air, fans for moving the air, space and cleanliness. In the matter of cleanliness nothing could be better than the "Venetia." Twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four seem devoted to scrubbing, and from bow to stern she is as bright and clean as a model housewife's dairy. I observed that one of the passengers who had been in India and knew the ways of the Red



BOMBAY.

Sea, had his bed carried up on deck and slept under the stars. The example seemed a good one, and the second night of our voyage my bed was made on the skylight. I preferred camping on our grating, but one of the officers told me that if I slept on the grating the moon would shine in my face with appalling results; that in India to sleep with the moon shining in one's face was a fearful thing. This question of what the moon would do became an interesting theme. The lady of the American encampment quite confirmed the evil reports about the moon. The General recalled the many, many nights

when, with no pillow but the base of a tree and no covering but the universe, he slept under a full and beaming moon. However, I move myself under the awning and sleep. It would be much better than the cabin but for the scrubbing, the heaving the lead, and the constant movement around you. If I open my eyes I am sure to find a purring, creeping Indian with a broom or a brush cleaning something. But in time you become used to this, and you sleep with soft breezes from Arabia blowing upon you; and if you awake from your dreams, around you is the sea and above you the heavens in all their glory.

Before the sun rises you are awakened. The decks must be cleaned. Your servant comes and tells you that your bath is ready. The bathing arrangements are perfect. After the bath you come on the deck and find the early birds of the voyage hopping around in bare feet and the faintest raiment. For this hour the ship is given over to passengers walking around in bare feet, trying to kill time. Your servant comes again with a pint of coffee, and you sip it in a kind of sheeted ghostly company—friends coming from the bath and going to the bath. At nine breakfast and woman come on the scene, and our friends reappear in cool white linen garments to get through the day.

There were lazy head winds in the Red Sea which kept the "Venetia" lagging on her way. We should have reached Aden on the 5th of February, and many plans were arranged for excursions. But when the sun went down the report was that we should reach Aden and be on our way into the Indian Ocean almost before it rose again.

Aden is a rock, thrown up in volcanic times, in area five square miles, with a population of twenty-two thousand. There is a garrison, and the forts are manned with heavy guns. The government is martial law, tempered with bribery. The British pay the native chiefs annual tribute money to behave themselves. Aden is a sort of gateway to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, and the regulations of the British Government in reference to commerce are stringent and would scarcely be tole-

rated on the coasts of a stronger power than Arabia. Every vessel carrying more than a certain number of passengers must stop at Aden. The nominal reason is to obtain a clean bill of health. The real reason is that it enables the Government to keep a close scrutiny upon all that is doing in the Indian waters. It also adds to the revenues of Aden, for every vessel that stops



LANDING PLACE—BOMBAY.

sends money on shore, and thus the fort, while securing a most important position, while commanding the Red Sea and making it almost a British lake, supports itself.

I have observed in study-

ing the growth of the British Empire that the self-supporting principle is always encouraged. The British give good government and make the governed ones pay the bills, with a little over for home revenues when possible. About three in the morning of February 6th the engines stopped, and we knew by the unearthly noises attending the taking in of coal that we

were at Aden. The iron pipe for conveying the coal ran through the cabin of Colonel Grant and myself, and the noise made sleep impossible. I went on deck and found Mr. Borie ready to go on shore as soon as the sun rose. None of the others had appeared, and but for the noise we might as well have remained in our berths; for there was a rolling, splashing, uncomfortable sea, and all we could see of the shore were the moving lights of sentinel posts and the shadow of the hill. Those of us who had improved our time on the journey, and had written letters, sent them on shore, and not without a feeling of sentiment at seeing them go, for it seemed a farewell to our own world, that we were leaving Europe and America and passing into the opening door of Indian civilization. As the morning came over the sea and the darkness turned into gray the passengers came on deck, the General appearing about sunrise. The proposal to go ashore was vetoed on account of the sea, the early hour, and the fact that we were to sail at eight. The inhabitants of the island were hospitable and came out to see us, paddling little cigar-shaped, feather-like canoes, which danced about on the waves. There were several races among them, and the quaint blending of character and costume interested us, especially as it was our first glimpse of the strange contrasts and developments of the Indian world.

At Aden we touched on our world long enough to hear of the resignation of Marshal MacMahon and the change in the French Republic. It was just a touch of news, but it gave us a theme for talk, and when you have a week of sea life before you any theme is a welcome one. On the morning of February 6th, about eight, the last Somali swimmer was tossed over the side of the vessel into the water; the last peddler in feathers was hustled down the gangway; the Parsees took a sad leave of their friend, who looked a dismal farewell, the engines moved, and we turned our course toward India. It was an hour or two before we lost sight of Aden, and all the afternoon there were bits of the Arabian coast coming and going on the horizon. To our north was Arabia, and our course was north-east. If you look at the map you will see that the journey from

Suez to Bombay is like going down one side of a triangle and up the other side. Aden is about the twelfth of a parallel north, and Bombay about the eighteenth, consequently in passing Aden we touch the southernmost station of our Indian trip. We had been told to expect something severe in the way of weather at Aden; that we would bake, or burn, or broil in the Indian Ocean; that it would be so warm that the vessel would have to reverse her engines and go backward to make a current of air. All of these prophecies failed. Our whole journey from Aden to Bombay was over a calm sea, the ship as a general thing scarcely rolling. We spent most of our time on deck in conversation with our English friends, with whom we became closely acquainted, and among whom we found high intelligence and courtesy. It was a good opportunity of studying the character of the men whom England sends out to rule India. They seem to have something of the American. There was less of the reserve of the insular quality which marks the Englishman generally—more of our American shrewdness and energy and knowledge of the world.

At noon on Friday, 12th, our position was latitude $18^{\circ} 05'$ north, longitude $69^{\circ} 22'$ east. We were scudding along at eleven knots an hour, and in the morning would see Bombay. The sea became a dead calm, and the morning brought with it a purple haze, which flushed the horizon, and it was after a time and by shading the eyes from the sun that we could manage to trace the line of the hills and knew that this was the coast of India. Our departure from Europe had been so sudden that we had no idea that even our consul at Bombay knew of our coming. All arrangements were made to go to a hotel and from thence make our journey; but the "*Venetia*" had scarcely entered the harbor before we saw evidences that the General was expected. Ships in the harbor were dressed with flags, and at the wharf was a large crowd—soldiers, natives, Europeans. As we passed the English flagship a boat came alongside with an officer representing Admiral Corbett, welcoming the General to India. In a few minutes came another boat bearing Captain Frith, the military aide to Sir Richard Temple, Gover-

nor of the Presidency of Bombay. Captain Frith bore a letter from the Governor welcoming the General to Bombay, and offering him the use of the Government House at Malabar Point. Captain Frith expressed the regret of Sir Richard that he could not be in Bombay to meet General Grant, but duties connected with the Afghan war kept him in Sind. The Consul, Mr. Farnham, also came with a delegation of American residents, and welcomed the General and party.

At nine o'clock in the morning the last farewells were spoken, we took our leave of the many kind and pleasant friends we had made on the "Venetia," and went on board the Govern-

ment yacht. Our landing was at the Apollo Bunder — the spot where the Prince of Wales landed. The tides in the harbor are high, and there were stone steps over which



GOVERNMENT HOUSE—BOMBAY.

the sea had been washing. As we drew near the shore there was an immense crowd lining the wharf and a company of Bombay Volunteers in line. As the General ascended the steps he was met by Brigadier-General Aitcheson, commanding the forces; Sir Francis Souter, Commissioner of Police; Mr. Grant, the Municipal Commissioner, and Colonel Sexton, commanding the Bombay Volunteers; all of whom gave him a hearty welcome to India. The volunteers presented arms, the band played our national air, and the General, amid loud cheers from the Europeans present, walked slowly with uncovered head to the state carriage. Accompanied by Captain Frith, who repre-

sented the Governor, and attended by an escort of native cavalry, the General and party made off to Malabar Point.

Our home in Bombay is at the Government House, on Malabar Point, in the suburbs of the city. Malabar Point was in other days a holy place of the Hindoos. Here was a temple, and it was also believed that if those who sinned made a pilgrimage to the rocks there would be expiation or regeneration of soul. The Portuguese who came to India were breakers of images, who believed that the religion of Christ was best served by the destruction of the pagan temples. Among the temples which were subjected to their pious zeal was one on Malabar Point. There are only the ruins remaining, and masses of rock, bearing curious inscriptions, lie on the hillside. Malabar Point is an edge of the island of Bombay jutting out into the Indian Ocean. Where the bluff overlooks the waters it is one hundred feet high. This remnant of the rock has been rescued from the sea and storm and decorated with trees and shrubbery, the mango and the palm. Overlooking the sea is a battery with five large guns, shining and black, looking out upon the ocean and keeping watch over the Empire of England. It is difficult to describe a residence like Government House on Malabar Point. Architecture is simply a battle with the sun. The house is a group of houses. As you drive in the grounds through stone gates that remind you of the porters' lodges at some stately English mansion, you pass through an avenue of mango trees, past beds of flowers throwing out their delicate fragrance on the warm morning air. You come to a one-storied house surrounded with spacious verandas. There is a wide state entrance covered with red cloth. A guard is at the foot, a native guard wearing the English scarlet, on his shoulders the number indicating the regiment. You pass up the stairs, a line of servants on either side. The servants are all Mohammedans; they wear long scarlet gowns, with white turbans; on the breast is a belt with an imperial crown for an escutcheon. They salute you with the grave, submissive grace of the East, touching the forehead and bending low the head, in token of welcome and duty.

You enter a hall and pass between two rooms—large, high, decorated in blue and white, and look out upon the gardens below, the sea beyond, and the towers of Bombay. One of these rooms is the state dining-room, large enough to dine fifty people. The other is the state drawing-room. This house is only used for ceremonies, for meals and receptions.

You pass for one hundred paces under a covered way over a path made of cement and stone, through flower beds and palm trees, and come to another house. Here are the principal bedrooms and private chambers. This also is one story high, and runs down to the sea, so that you can stand on a balcony and throw a biscuit into the white surf as it combs the shore. These are the apartments assigned to General Grant and his wife. There are drawing rooms, anterooms, chambers, the walls high, the floors covered with rugs and cool matting. As you pass in, servants, who are sitting crouched around on the floors, rise up and bend the head. You note a little group of shoes at the door, and learn that in the East custom requires those in service to unslipper themselves before entering the house of a master. Another hundred paces and you come to another house, with wide verandas, somewhat larger than the General's. These are the guest chambers, and here a part of our party reside. Still farther on is another house, and here the writer finds a home, and as he sits at the table writing these lines he looks out of the open door, shaded by a palm tree, and sees the white surf as it breaks over the rocks, and hears its drowsy, moaning, unending roar.

I look out of the window and see a tall flagstaff with a stone base. From this staff the flag of England floats when the governor is home. My house is a series of rooms arched over with light walls. The chamber in which I write is a comfortable working room, with many windows and easy-chairs. The room adjoining is a bedchamber. Other rooms complete the suite, and from my chamber window I can look out on the sea, on the embrasured guns, and watch the coming and going of the tides. You note that the builders of this house had only one idea—to fight the sun. It is now the coolest winter weather,

remarkably cool for Bombay. Every window and every door is open, and even my summer garments are warm, and when weary with the heat I throw down the pen and walk out under the palm trees, and look at the surf and woo the breezes that come over the seas from Persia, and throw myself upon the lounge and dip into one of the books piled about—books about Indian history, religion, caste—which I have found in the library, and in which I am trying to know something of this ancient and wonderful land.



STREET IN BOMBAY.

So far as beauty is concerned—beauty of an Indian character, with as much comfort as is possible in Hindostan—nothing could be more attractive than our home on Malabar Point. We are the guests of the Governor, and the honors of his house are done by Captain Frith and Captain Radcliffe, of the army, two accomplished young officers, the last representatives of the last type of the English soldier and gentleman. We take our meals in the state dining-room, and when dinner is over we stroll over to the General's bungalow, and sit with him on the veranda looking out on the sea—sit late into the night, talking

about India, and home, and all the strange phases of this civilization. Mrs. Grant seems to enjoy every moment of the visit, more especially as we are to have a week's mail on Wednesday, and the steamer never breaks its word. Mr. Borie is in fine spirits and health, all things considered, and has surprised us in the virtue of early rising. All manner of plans are proposed to induce Mr. Borie to throw luster upon the expedition by destroying a tiger and carrying home a trophy of his prowess to Philadelphia, but he steadily declines these importunities, taking the high-minded ground that he has never had a misunderstanding with a tiger in his life, and does not propose now to cultivate the resentments of the race.

The attentions paid to the General and his party by the people of Bombay have been so marked and continuous that most of our time has been taken up in receiving and acknowledging them. What most interests us, coming fresh from Europe, is the entire novelty of the scene, the way of living, the strange manners and customs. All your impressions of India, gathered from the scattered reading of busy days at home, are vague. Somehow you associate India with your ideas of pageantry. The history of the country has been written in such glowing colors, you have read Oriental poems, you have fallen under the captivating rhetoric of Macaulay, you look for nature in a luxuriant form, for splendor and ornament, for bazaars laden with gems and gold, for crowded highways, with elephants slowly plodding their way along. My first thought was to inquire for the Car of Juggernaut, which occupies some such place in your mind as a Barnum show. Therefore, when you look upon India—India as seen in this her greatest city—you are surprised to find it all so hard and baked and brown. You miss the greenness of field and hill-side. You see a people who have nothing in common with any race you know. There are so many types, curious and varying, that your impressions are bewildered and indefinite. I suppose in time, as we go into the country, and know it, we shall see that this civilization has lines of harmony like what we left behind us, that there are reasons for all the odd things we see, just as there are

reasons for many odd things in America, and that Indian civilization even now, when its glory has departed—its mightiest States are mere appendages of the British Empire—when day after day it bends and crumbles under the stern hand and cold brain of the Saxon, is rich in the lessons and qualities which have for ages excited the ambition and the wonder of the world.

Indian life, however, as far as I can see it, is simply a life at Government House on Malabar Point. What you note in the arrangement of a house like this is the number of servants necessary to its order. There is a minute division of labor and a profusion of laborers. When I began this paragraph it was my intention to say how many servants waited on me, for instance, in my own modest bungalow. But the calculation is beyond me. At my door there is always one in waiting, a comely, olive-tinted fellow, with a melting dark eye. If I move across the room he follows with noiseless step to anticipate my wishes. If I sit down to read or write, I am conscious of a presence as of a shadow, and I look up and see him at my shoulder or looking in at the window awaiting a summons. If I look out of my bedchamber window toward the ocean, I see below another native in a blue gown with a yellow turban. He wears a badge with a number. He is a policeman and guards the rear of the bungalow. If I venture across the road to look in upon some of my friends, a servant comes out of the shade of a tree with an umbrella. His duty is to keep off the sun. You cannot pass from house to house without a procession forming around you.

The General strolled over a few minutes ago with some letters for the post, and as I saw him coming it was a small procession—a scarlet servant running ahead to announce him, other scarlet servants in train. If you go out at night toward the Government House for dinner, one in scarlet stands up from under a tree, with a lantern, and pilots you over a road as clearly marked as your own door-sill. In the early morning, as you float from the land of dreams into a land of deeds, your first consciousness is of a presence leaning over your couch, with coffee or fruit or some intimation of morning. If you go

driving, servants in scarlet cluster about your carriage, and in the General's case there is always a guard of native horsemen. If you could talk with your natives you might gain some curious information. But they know no English, and your only method is pantomime. This constant attention, curious at first, be-



ON THE VERANDA AT MALABAR POINT.

comes, especially to eager Americans taught to help themselves in most of the offices of life, oppressive. But there is no help for it. I went into Mr. Borie's room last evening, and found him quite disconsolate over a native who was creeping about him, tearing his buttons and trying to put him in order. Mr. Borie in every key and intonation was trying to tell the native

that he did not want him, that he could manage his buttons unaided. I tried to help him out, but my knowledge of the dialect was scarcely comprehensive enough to help a friend in an emergency. There was no resource but to bow to fate. In the evening, thanks to the offices of Captain Frith, Mr. Borie added to his knowledge of tongues the Hindostan phrase for "Let me alone." Since then there has been comparative peace in "Tiger Hall."

"Tiger Hall" is the name we have given to Mr. Borie's bungalow. You see that, forty years ago, this Malabar Point was a jungle, and sportsmen came here and shot tigers among these very rocks, where we stroll about in the cool of the evening, smoking our cigars and looking down upon the tumbling surf.

My own bungalow is called Cobra Castle. I cannot imagine what gruesome fancy led to that name. I am afraid it was the Colonel, fertile in epithet. After the tiger, the cobra is the common enemy of man in India. The cobra is a snake, from whose bite no human being has ever recovered. The Government has taken steps to extinguish the cobra. It has offered a large reward to any one who will discover a remedy for the bite. The most gifted doctors in England, men as eminent as Sir Joseph Fayror and Dr. Lasedar Brunton, have been at work for years to discover some remedy for the poison. Bounties are paid to the natives for every snake killed. But here comes in an old superstition, as in the case of the tiger, the superstition that the snake also is a sacred animal. One of the strange fancies of the Hindoo is that gods should be worshiped not alone because of the good they can do, but of the evil. Worship, therefore, is often a means of propitiation, and the tiger and cobra, as the most deadly of animals, the representatives of the most fatal influences, are protected and revered. The result of this is that the native does not sustain the Government in its efforts to extirpate animals, who, according to statistics, take nearly twenty thousand lives a year. If a cordial support were given by the people there would not be in ten years a tiger or a cobra in India. They would be as scarce as wolves in France.

The fact that my bungalow is apart by itself, near the sea, overlooking the rocks, and open to any invasion, led to its being called Cobra Castle. But I am bound to say that I have seen no animal within its walls but a harmless lizard, about six inches long, which curled itself under one of the arches and clung there in a torpid condition.

There is some comfort in knowing that the winter is not the season for the active participation of the cobra in the duties of life. He comes out under the influence of summer suns and the rain. As it is, I suppose there is as much danger in our bungalows from wild and poisonous animals as in the New York house of Mr. Delmonico. We live in sumptuous fashion. There is the ever present sea, the shading trees, the walks, the perfume of the flowers scenting the air—the beautiful bay, which reminds you of Naples. In the early morning and the evening you are permitted to go out and ride or stroll. When the sun is up you must remain in-doors. We have had our own experiences of the sun at home, and you cannot understand the terror which he inspires in India. An hour or two ago the Colonel came into my bungalow, and as he passed to his own I strolled with him, perhaps a hundred paces, without putting on my helmet. One of our friends of the staff, who happened to be at the door, admonished me in the gravest manner of the danger that I had incurred. "I would not," he said, "have done that for a thousand rupees. You have no idea how treacherous the sun is here. Even when the breeze is blowing you must not even for an instant allow your head to be uncovered. The consequences may attend you through life." This morning the General went out on horseback for a spin through the country, accompanied by Sir Francis Souter, Captain Frith, and Colonel Grant. Seven was the hour named—"because," said Sir Francis, "we must be home before nine. In India we dare not trifle with the sun."

Life in Bombay grew to be almost home-life under the genial hospitality of our hosts. Although we had been a week in Bombay, there was so much of Europe about us that we could not make up our minds that we were in India. We had

not seen a tiger or a cobra, and all our associations were with Europeans. There was a club where you could read the English and New York newspapers. There was a racing club, where you could sit at your window and see the horses gallop over the course. There were two or three English newspapers published in Bombay, two in English—the *Gazette* and *The Times in India*—well printed and well written. It is wonderful how speedily you go through a paper that has no roots in your own country,



TOWER OF SILENCE, MALABAR POINT—BOMBAY.

and how even as sad an article as a minute on the famine has no interest to you. Bombay is more European than Indian, and I suppose will always be so while the sea throws the commerce of the world upon her wharves. Much of the prosperity of Bombay—which you see in large, majestic stores, in colleges, esplanades, and wharves—came from our American war. “It is odd,” said an Englishman, “that Bombay and General Grant should be face to face, for the General ruined Bombay.”

Then came the story of the cotton mania which raged during the American war. The cessation of the cotton supply of

the United States threw England back upon India and Egypt. The year before our war Bombay exported about \$26,000,000 worth of cotton. During the war the average yearly export was over \$100,000,000. Here was a gain to Bombay in four years of \$350,000,000, and this sudden addition to the wealth of the city engendered every form of speculation. If people had reasoned they would have known that, whatever way the war ended—whether the North or South won—the close would have been the revival of the cotton crop and an end of these false values. But the gambler never reasons, and Bombay, according to one of the historians of the panic, believed that “the genius of Lee” and “the stubborn valor of the soldiers” would make the war last for a longer time. A good deal of this confidence was due to the tone of the London press on the American war, which, when read now in the cold light of logical and veritable events, represents the lowest point ever reached in the degradation of journalism. The Bombay merchant read his English newspaper and believed it, and continued to gamble. Banks were established—shipping and iron companies, financial associations, land companies, reclamation schemes, railway companies, spinning and weaving, companies in gas, coffee, cotton, oil, and brick. Six hundred per cent. was a fair return for one’s investments in those days, and I suppose no city in the world was so prosperous as Bombay in 1865. If Lee and Grant had fought a twenty years campaign this might have continued. But in the spring of 1865 a telegram came announcing that Lee had surrendered, and Bombay collapsed. The companies went to the wall. A firm of Parsee merchants failed for \$15,000,000, and before the end of the year there was not one company remaining of the hundred which had arisen during the war. And all coming from a telegram which, in the afternoon of April, 9, 1865, General Grant, sitting on a stone by the wayside of Appomatox, wrote in pencil in his memorandum book—“The army of Northern Virginia surrendered to me this afternoon.” The year 1865 is known as the year of panic, insanity, and bankruptcy. I have heard stories of that mad time from many who were here and saw it.

Those days of mania were days of splendor for Bombay in many ways, and it was pointed out that all the magnificent buildings which strike your eye on landing came from the men who were mad with the cotton mania.

There was a visit to the English man-of-war "Euryolus," the flagship of the English squadron in India. Admiral Corbett received the General, and on his leaving the vessel fired twenty-one guns. There was a visit to the Elephanta Caves, one of the sights in India. We left the wharf and steamed across the bay in a small launch belonging to the Government. The afternoon was beautiful, the islands in the bay break-



THE ELEPHANTA CAVES.

ing up the horizon into various forms of beauty that reminded you of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. Elephanta Caves belong to Hindoo theology. Here in the rocks the Brahmins built their temples, and now, on holy days, the people come and worship their gods according to the ritual of their ancestors. What the temple might have been in its best days you cannot imagine from the ruins. After seeing the stupendous remnants of ancient monuments in Egypt, Karnak and Abydos and Memphis, you cannot enter into the enthusiasm with which rocks like these at Elephanta are regarded. In Egypt you see that religion was the supreme expression of the people's life, and there is nothing else in her monuments. The same might be said of India, but the men

who dug out the Elephanta Caves and fashioned the rocks into temples and the forms of gods, had not the earnest spirit of those who built the mighty monuments whose ruins strew the banks of the Nile.

Our visit to Elephanta was a kind of picnic. Everything we have seen in India thus far has a Prince of Wales value, if I may use the expression. You are taken to see things because the Prince of Wales saw them on his tour. It is remembered that the Prince came to the caves and dined in the halls consecrated in the Hindoo eyes to sacred memories. There were illuminations and fireworks, and the night was so warm that no one enjoyed the dinner. We have a cooling breeze coming in from the Indian Ocean, and as we slowly climb easy flights of steps we have an almost naked retinue of Hindoos, in various stages of squalor, asking alms and offering to sell us gold beetles. The temples are reached in time, and we stroll about studying out the figures, noting the columns and the curious architecture, full, rude, massive, unlike any forms of architectural art familiar to us. The main temple is one hundred and twenty-five feet long and the same in width. The idols are hewn out of the rock. The faces of some are comely, and there is a European expression in the features that startles you. The type is a higher one than those we saw in Egypt. One of the idols is supposed to be the Hindoo Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. There is matter for thought in the fact that the idea of the Trinity, of the holiest of holy mysteries, was somehow grasped by these pagan worlds long before our blessed Lord came among men. There is a figure of a woman with a single breast—the wife of Siva—and you note in these pagan faiths that woman, who holds so sad a place in their domestic economy, was worshiped as fervently as some of us worship the Virgin. It is the tribute which even the heathen pays, as if by instinct, to the supreme blessing of maternity. But when the Portuguese came with the sword and the cross little mercy was shown to the homes of the pagan gods. It is believed that these temples were cut out of the rocks in the tenth century, and that for eight hundred years these stony em-

blems, which we finger and poke with canes, were worshiped. General Grant observes that his memories of Karnak make it difficult for him to appreciate the caves at their true value. So we saunter about and look out on the waters and watch the descending sun throw its purple golden shadows over Bombay. The night is falling as our launch pushes into the bay. In this land there is no twilight, and a few minutes after the sun goes down darkness reigns, darkness over everything, only the lights of the distant town and the stars looking down from a cloudless sky.

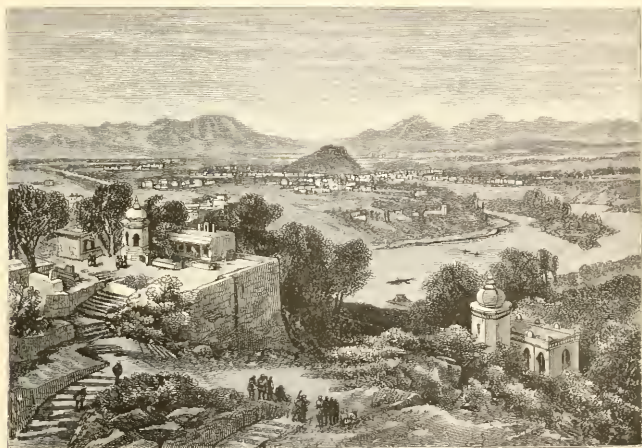
There were visits to be made, and Monday was a busy day. Letters were written. Mail day does not come as often in India as at home, and throughout the dominion it is a day dedicated to home. I am afraid we caught the infection, for Sunday was given to zealous correspondence, and the steamer that went out on Monday caused an addition to her majesty's postal revenues. There was a visit to the school of a Parsee gentleman, whose hobby is education. Our Parsee friend had spent a good deal of money on his school; and as the education of woman is something new and startling to the Indian mind, it was interesting to see the progress of the experiment. We visited the school in the afternoon of February 17, and were received by the scholars and teachers rising and singing the English national anthem. One of the scholars, a young lady of fifteen, recited one of Macaulay's lays; another, the advice of Polonius to his son. The accent was peculiar, and it was difficult to adjust the Oriental twisting of the syllables to an American ear. The first impression was that the scholars were speaking a foreign tongue; but in a moment or two we became accustomed to it. The recitations were well done, especially Polonius to Laertes, a speech more apt to impress the Oriental mind, given to proverbs and metaphors, than the fiery, clanging verses of Macaulay. There was music, and an exposition of needlework and embroidery. The students looked graceful in their embroidered jackets and caps, and although it was very warm and the room in which the school was gathered was oppressive and inconvenient, our visit was interesting.

The future of India lies in the advancement and education of her people, and whatever looks toward that is a hopeful sign.

On Monday the General was entertained in state at the Government House at Malabar Point. Hon. James Gibbs, the member of the Council who acted as Governor in the absence of Sir Richard Temple, presided, and at the close of the dinner the company drank the health of the General. In response the General referred to the kindness he had received in India, which was only renewing the kindness shown him all over Europe, and which he accepted as an evidence of the good will which really existed between Englishmen and Americans, and which was to his mind the best assurance of peace for all nations. After the dinner the General received a large number of the native merchants and gentlemen of Bombay. It seemed odd to our American eyes that merchants and gentlemen should be asked to come in at the end of a feast and not to take part. But this exclusion is their own wish. Many of these merchants and gentlemen belong to castes who look on the food of the Europeans as unclean, who believe in the sacredness of life, and will not eat animal food, and who could not sit at the table with the General without losing caste. These men will meet you in business, will serve you in various ways, but their religion prevents their sharing your table. So the invitation to the natives to meet the General was fixed at an hour when dinner was over.

They came in groups—Hindoos, Arabs, Parsees, native officers in uniforms, in quaint flowing costumes. The General stood at the head of the hallway, with Mr. Gibbs and Major Rivett-Carnac, the Governor's military secretary. As each native advanced he was presented to the General with some word of history or compliment from Mr. Gibbs. "This is So-and-So, an eminent Brahmin scholar, who stands high among our barristers;" or, "This is So-and-So, a Parsee merchant, who has done a great deal of good to Bombay, and has been knighted for his services by the Queen;" or, "This is the oldest Arab merchant;" or, "This is a gallant officer in our native cavalry;" or, "This is the leading diamond merchant in

Bombay, a Hindoo gentleman, one of the richest in India." As each of them advanced it was with folded hands, as in prayer, or saluting by touching the breast and brow in the submissive, graceful, bending way, so strange to our eyes. Here were men of many races—the Parsee from Persia, the Arab from Cairo, whose ancestors may have ridden with Omar; the Brahmin of a holy caste, in whose veins runs the stainless blood of Indian nobility, descendant of men who were priests and



POONA, NEAR BOMBAY.

rulers ages before England had risen from her clouds of barbarism. Between these races there is no love. If they do not like England, they hate one another. Religious differences, tradition, memories of war and conquest, the unaccountable antipathies of race which we have not eliminated from our civilization—all generate a fierce animosity which would break into flames once the restraining hand were lifted. What welds them together is the power of England, and as you look at this picturesque group—their heads, full eyes, their fine Asiatic type of face, clear and well cut—here assembled peacefully,

you see the extent of the empire to which they all owe allegiance, and you admire the genius and courage which has brought them to submit to a rule, which, whatever it may have been in the past, grows more and more beneficent.

This dinner at Malabar Point closed our visit to Bombay. After the reception of the native gentlemen and merchants the General strolled over to his bungalow, and, sitting on the veranda looking out upon the ocean, he conversed for a long time with Mr. Gibbs, Major Carnac, Mr. Borie, and the gentlemen of the household. It was our last night in Bombay, and so many things were to be talked about—the English in India, and the strange romance of their governing India. It is in conversations such as these, where you meet gifted men, charged with great trusts, full of their work, and familiar with it, that travel has its advantages, and especially to one in the position of General Grant. Himself a commander of men and ruler of a nation, it is instructive to compare notes with men like those he meets in India, who are charged with the rule of an empire. The interesting fact in India as a political question is this: Here the Englishman is solving the problem of how to govern an ancient and vast civilization, or rather, varieties of civilization, to govern it by prestige and the sword. In America the Englishman is trying to create a new nation, based on a democracy. The two problems are full of interest, and, fresh from English-speaking America, we see something new every hour in English-governed India. The governments are as far apart as the Poles, for there is no despotism more absolute than the government of India. Mighty, irresponsible, cruel, but with justice, and, after safety, mercy. This is what you see in India.

On Tuesday we left Bombay. The day was very warm—oppressively warm. We had an idea of what might be felt in an Indian summer. The General drove into town and made some farewell calls. At five he left Government House in a state carriage, accompanied by Major Carnac, who represented Governor Temple, and escorted by a squadron of cavalry. On arriving at the station there was a guard of honor of native

infantry drawn up, which presented arms and lowered colors. All the leading men of the Bombay government—Parsee and native merchants; our consul, Mr. Farnham, whose kindness to us was untiring; Mr. Gibbs, and all the members of the Government household—were present. Among those who came to say good-by was Colonel H. S. Olcott of New York. Colonel Olcott had just arrived in India, where he proposes to study Indian philosophy. He was accompanied by some Brahmins of high caste, whom he presented to the General. In a few minutes the signal for leaving was made, and the General, thanking his good friends of Malabar Point, the train pushed off amid cheers and the salutes of the military.

Two comfortable cars, something like our parlor cars, had been placed at the disposal of the party, and a well provided larder had been secretly stowed away by our ever thoughtful friends to console us on our long journey to the north. Bidding farewell as the train pushed onward from the station, crowded with officers in full uniform and their ladies, we caught the familiar sound of three hearty cheers given by the residents of the little American colony. Unfortunately the night had set in before we had reached the top of the Ghauts, where the cool breeze and the charming view made the attraction for a summer residence to the citizen of Bombay. One little station at which we took tea was decorated with entwined English and American flags. The next morning at daybreak we found ourselves flying through the country at about thirty miles an hour, stopping occasionally at a picturesque little station or bungalow, tastefully decorated with flowing vines and shading bamboo screens, and situated either in a barren jungle or shaded by a group of mango trees and surrounded by well-cultivated fields of rice or cotton. The distant hills on either side, rocky and wild, indicated the well-known home of tigers and cobras, but the valleys studded with groups of mango trees, looking much like oak, reminded us of many a home scene, and really looked familiar. The ride was a dusty one, for rain had not fallen since September, and the few occasional showers which usually attend the blossoming of the mango, which had not appeared,

were now the dread of the people, who feared their coming to ruin the ripening crops. At half-past nine P.M. our guide book notified us that we were nearing Icbulpur, at which place we intended spending the night in order to see the far-famed marble rocks on the following day. We were met by the Deputy Commissioner, and were driven to the hotel. The hotel is like all the houses here, situated apart, like our country houses, and is a most imposing structure. It is said to have been built by a native of considerable wealth, in anticipation of his marriage,



NATIVE VILLAGE.

but the young lady, unlike others of her race, was permitted to change her mind, and the disappointed lover sold the house. The house—a type of those in this part of the country—is built of brick, coated with lime, and the frequent whitewashing which seems to be a part of the religious morning ceremonies of the natives, gives the appearance of marble to all the structures seen in the native town. A narrow winding staircase on either side brings us to the top of the portico. A balcony from which a very fine view of the surrounding country is seen, opens into a large hall, for the house has two stories, with a very high

ceiling of Moorish architecture, and with its bedrooms open on either side. The little room at the end of the bedroom, with a stone floor, is the bath room, a large tub in the center, which is soon filled by a waiter who empties into it the contents of a goat's skin water-sack.



ON THE NEIRHEDDA RIVER.

Early the next morning we took our places in carriages, accompanied by Judge Berry, for a picnic to the rocks. It was a twelve mile trip, ten of which were along an avenue shaded by mango trees, as good a road as I ever saw. Changing horses at a village about half way, we saw the native houses, clustered together, which were whitewashed, and presented an exceedingly attractive appearance. Each has a little portico of the purest

white, with a little stoop. The walls are low, and the roof is tiled with a covering of long, dried, native grass. A little circle, surrounded by a long brick wall, resembling a fountain cistern, is in front of each house, and in these the natives sit and do their work, weaving or pottery, both of which seem their favorite avocation. What a curious picture these people present! Tall, fine-looking, muscular fellows, many with winsome faces, but scant in clothing, lounge around. The women, with their one garment covering their head and then wrapped gracefully over the chest, are worthy studies for an artist. Scarlet is their favorite color, and their graceful figures, which are rendered so by the burdens they carry upon their heads, made a group exceedingly attractive. The women are the workers. They are seen in the fields; they do a full share in the very hard work of building; they seem less idle, but at the same time their slavery does not seem to oppress them, for their gayety, as they file along in rows with water jugs, proves them to be happy in their ignorance of anything better. The children are very bright; one little fellow became a great favorite with the party, his bright black eyes and smiling face were very attractive. We left our carriage after ten miles' ride, and continued the journey over a bad road through the jungle on elephants. The first elephant, at a word from the mahout, knelt for his party to mount. He was a handsome fellow, covered with scarlet cloth, and carried a platform that accommodated four. Upon him were seated General Grant and Mrs. Grant, Mr. Borie, and Judge Berry. The rest of the party mounted the ladder that led to the back of the next.

The river Neirhedda came into sight—a sacred river which washes away the sins of the Hindoo, and which from a prophecy of hundreds of years, becomes this year more sacred than the Ganges. Its dark green water, running at a rapid rate over numerous stony beds, then in narrow, deep channels that it has cut through the limestone rock, now out of sight, then again in view, makes a very pretty picture from our high position on the elephant. The scenery is wild, rocky in many places to the water's edge. There at a distance is a large Hindoo temple, and

from it down the steep bank a long flight of steps. Two large orange pennants float from long poles into the water's edge, and numerous dark figures dot the shore; they are pilgrims who come to bathe and are from a great distance, Hindoos of all kinds, men, women and children. The bungalow, where our lunch awaits us, is situated on a high rocky point overlooking the river. It is a beautiful day, clear, though rather warm, but a pith helmet, and a large sunshade affords us some protection from the hot sun's rays.

A small row-boat takes us up the gorge where the river has cut through a marble hill. The steep sides of pure white marble, some sixty feet high, at times with almost polished surface, then again rugged and cracked, with enormous crevasses, the home of the wild pigeon, makes the scene a grand one. But its chief beauty is upon a moonlight night, when the shining marble and the tall, dark shadows are said to remind one of hobgoblins and ghosts—particularly, I presume, when the white glistening eyes and teeth of the native bargemen reflect their rays of moonlight also. We spent an interesting, novel, and pleasing day, but a thunder shower came on before we started that delayed our return trip; and at last, when once more upon our old friends the elephants, we returned to meet the carriages, the dust of five months had been turned into a superficial breeze, the atmosphere was cool and pleasant, and we found the return trip even pleasanter than the one before. In the evening, after we reached the hotel, we all put on winter clothing. Icbulpur is a clean town, and at the same time not without picturesqueness and beauty. A cactus hedge about five feet high surrounds most of the bungalows, and a wide-spreading mango tree gives shade during the heat of the day. In the workhouse about three hundred Thugs, with their families, are confined, weaving carpets, rugs, etc., but they are not any longer dangerous; the railroad has run away with their occupation, and they now work off the sins of their ancestors.

Before leaving Bombay the servant question gave us much concern, and when presented to the General, did not meet with enthusiasm. But there was a burden of evidence in its favor

that could not be resisted, and when it was suggested that without native servants we might find ourselves in the middle of an Indian wilderness, with no possible means of advancing until we had acquired the Hindostan language, there was no other argument required. So our servants were hired. The business is a good deal like buying tickets in a lottery. The candidates look alike, and speak the same pinched and barren English, confined to the few phrases necessary to personal attendance. There are varieties of labor which require varieties

of servants. Such a thing as a handy man of all work, who can go through the whole range of professional requirements, from the boots to the beard, is not known in



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India. The Mussulman will wait upon you at table. The Hindoo would regard such an office as against his faith, the food you touch being impure. The Hindoo's main office is about the person. I suppose if we had encouraged the Indian idea of division of labor we should have had a dozen servants for each of the party; but the General, who looked with alarm at the prospect of any at all, suggested four. His drawing from the lottery was a cadaverous brown creature, named Chandy-Loll. I think this was his real name. Anyhow, it is near enough to be right, for we were always forgetting his name and calling him something else.

Chandy-Loll was engaged upon a recommendation signed by Mr. Cadwalader, the ex-Assistant Secretary of State, writ-

ten when Mr. Cadwalader was in an amiable mood. I am sorry to say that Chandy-Loll did not develop all of the virtues which charmed Mr. Cadwalader. Mr. Borie fell into the hands of an imposing person named Peter Marian. Peter is a Christian, descended from a Portuguese family, and looks like General Burnside. Peter is much handsomer, and shows more intellect than several of the rajahs we have met. When Mr. Borie first brought him into our society we thought that he had found a native prince, and was about to open a new avenue of intercourse with the native nobility. Colonel Grant's servant has been called Genghis Khan. He is a boy with all the brightness and movement of youth, but without much sense. His English is mainly pantomime, and a conversation between the Colonel and Genghis looks like a rehearsal for a circus. Genghis has the gaze of an intelligent poodle, looking this way and that to anticipate his master's wishes, ready to jump the moment he knows which way to jump. My own servant, Kassim—we call him Kassim, because although not being his name, it is the nearest thing to it—is a character. Kassim is a serious, middle-aged Hindoo, who speaks English. He had letters from English officers with whom he had traveled, and so I took him. My experiences with a Hindoo servant were novel. As soon as Kassim was engaged he took possession of me. I passed into obscurity. I had no care about myself. Kassim floats around, always talking in a chattering, heedless fashion, and is a nervous, anxious being who should have studied astronomy. There is nothing vivid in Kassim's conversational powers, but after patient listening you sometimes discern an idea. One of his principal themes is the worthlessness of Hindoo servants in general, and his gratitude that he is an exception to the rule. He would always, he said, see that his master had the best that was in circulation—the best tent, the best orange in the basket, the best seat in the car. All this was kindly meant in Kassim, but he lacked enterprise, and suffered from the imperturbability of Peter and the enterprise of Genghis Khan.

We pay our servants a rupee a day, about forty cents in

American money. We allow them a half rupee a day for subsistence. They travel third class. You have no trouble about them beyond this. The few things they can do they do well. They are attentive, patient, and, I hope, honest. They have no enterprise. You can never depend upon a general direction. If you want a thing done every day, you must give the order every day for a month at least. They have no idea of time or promptitude. You cannot hurry them. Their mind



MY HINDOO SERVANT, KASSIM.

is not capable of taking in two ideas at once. They do a great deal of unnecessary work, especially if it is work at which they can sit down. The Hindoo's idea of happiness is to be able to sit on his haunches, his legs crossed under him, and chatter or meditate. Kassim's favorite occupation is the packing and unpacking of my portmanteau. It is not much of a portmanteau, but the amount of packing it has undergone would try the patience of the stoutest-hearted trunk. Whenever I come into my room or tent, I am apt to find Kassim crouched over the portmanteau packing. He has an aversion to papers

and any form of manuscript. It is with the utmost difficulty that I can prevent his destroying letters and manuscripts, and I am sure if I want any special bit of writing to find it at the bottom of his canvas bag, among the shoebrushes and the blacking. Another of his apprehensions is, that we shall go into the jungle and shoot tigers. When we engaged Kassim, he volunteered the information that he could do everything in the world that could be expected from a Hindoo, and especially shoot tigers. But when he heard our light conversation with Mr. Borie upon his resolution to kill tigers, Kassim looked at the matter from a grave and anxious point of view, and warned me in private of the perils of the jungle, and especially of the peril that Mr. Borie would be sure to invite if he persisted in his purpose.

At Allahabad, the Lieutenant Governor, Sir George Confer, met the General at the railway station, as did also his secretary, our friend Colonel Brownlow, of the passengers of the "Venetia." We were the Lieutenant Governor's guests while there, and it was with regret that we left the pleasant home of Sir George and Lady Confer, for Agra, where we were to remain several days.



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